MEXICAN PROVINCES OF THE UNION.

THE solution of the Mexican question may be delayed by the recal of the Emperor Maximilian to the city of Mexico, and an appeal, after the fashion of modern times, to the voice of the people, but it will not be the less inevitable. The failure to establish a Latin monarchy in Central America may be regretted in the twofold sense, that such alone was adapted to consolidate institutions amongst an essentially Romanist people, to reclaim Mexico from social and administrative disorganisation, and to establish a counterpoise in the south to the spread of the Union similar to what exists in the north. But the Mexicans have sunk too low, and the country is altogether in far too demoralised a condition, to permit of its regeneration; nor, if such were temporarily established, would it be likely to endure in the face of the progress of the Unionists, whose position on the Mexican frontiers is not generally understood.

It is not only that the Americans have annexed New Mexico, Texas, and the western territories of Nebraska and Oregon, and that the more recent States of Colorado, Nevada, and Utah, have sprung up in New California, but it is that one of the few available routes across the Rocky Mountains (known as the Sierra Madre in these regions), from the Southern States to California, lies across the more central Mexican provinces of Chihuahua and Sonora, and that the Unionists have therefore already annexed, by what is termed the "Gadsden purchase," the northern portions of those provinces. Nor are they likely to forego the hold which the possession of the very centre of the ancient Mexican population—Aztec and Toltec—gives them over the mixed Indian and European races that have succeeded to them. Even the arrangements said to have been entered into with one of the competitors for power—Juarez—supposed to be the most generally popular, of a concession of the two provinces just named, on the consideration of moral, if not physical support, may have received a check from the mission of Campbell and Sherman, which is said to have found so great a want of unanimity among the Mexicans themselves, that it was deemed to be politic to disavow the incipient movements of General Sedgewick against other pretenders, Ortega and Escobedo, on the Rio Grande del Norte, and at Matamoras. But all this in a country where discord has become indigenous, and where revolutions spring up from the soil spontaneously—pronunciamentos being, in fact, as common as the prickly yuccas and agaves that stud the rocky wastes of the land—may confuse, entangle, and delay positive results, but not invalidate them. The cession of the northern provinces of Mexico could even itself only be looked upon in the

light of a temporary compromise or arrangement. The Union has already secured to itself one-half (in extent, not in prosperity) of what was once Mexican territory, and it has, by the annexation of the before-mentioned strip of the two central provinces of Chihuahua and Sonora, secured not only one of the most feasible roads to California, but also an extensive and productive mining district, which has, however, been neglected, and indeed almost abandoned, from the insecurity entailed by the incessant onslaughts of the Indios bravos, or savage Indians.

In fact, by the time the government of the United States, which has not yet been able to reduce the Comanches in its own Texan territory, and the Indios bravos of New Mexico and California into subjection, shall have established anything like a firm government in regions overrun by the terrible Apaches as well as Comanches, and by many a lawless bandit of European or American extraction, the further disorganisation of the more southerly or central provinces of Mexico may require the application of the same system of regeneration which handed over Texas and New Mexico to a different race of people, and is now about to hand over the still wealthier provinces of Chihuahua and Sonora, if not also, perchance, Sinaloa and Durango, and the provinces on the right bank of the Lower Rio Grande. We have, indeed, already heard of the occupation of Matamoras, but it appears to have been disavowed as a premature movement. With the north of Mexico, which includes by far the greatest extent of territory in the possession of the Mexicans, the fate of the central, more populous, and more commercial provinces, would be a mere question of time. The incapability of the Creoles and mixed races that occupy Mexico to rule themselves, or to settle down peaceably under any admitted ruler or system of administration, has long foreshadowed the downfal of the existing state of things. The recent courageous and praiseworthy attempt to found a Mexican imperial dynasty from without, may be looked upon as a critical and final experiment; its failure seems to mark an extent of demoralisation in the Mexicans which renders regeneration hopeless. The era of their hold upon the land, or of their capability for organisation, seems, indeed, to be fast lapsing into the past. To suppose that the country, once more divided between the Juarez and Ortega factions, or ruled by Juarez under the nominal countenance of the Americans, at the price of the cession of nigh one-half of the states, will present any more stable features, or better promises to the future than any of the past revolutionary dictatorships, is to rely upon what is countenanced by no existing precedent.

The consideration for this cession, it has been said, in order to win over the allegiance of the European money market, would be divided between Juarez and the French government, the latter accepting her share of it in partial satisfaction of the demands on Mexico, while Juarez will recognise the public loans contracted by Maximilian and his predecessors as being obligatory on himself and his successors in power, whether Mexican or American. The necessities of the situation are such, that the substantial features of the arrangement must correspond with these suggestions, unless Maximilian should himself, by some unforeseen success, be able to set both French, Unionist, and Juarist arrangements at defiance.

The additional territory which is about to be added to the dominions

of the United States is of great extent and value, though its natural resources have as yet been imperfectly described. Lower California is a long, narrow peninsula, jutting southward into the Pacific Ocean, and separating it from the Californian Gulf. It is so continuously rocky and mountainous, the hills generally sloping to the water on either side, or encasing natural inlets and harbours, that it has been incorrectly described as divided in its whole length by a ridge of mountains, forming, as it were, a kind of backbone. The fact is, that a detailed survey of the country has never yet been made, but still sufficient is known of it to determine that this is not the case, and that the irregular mountain-land is broken up here and there by inhabitable spots of great fertility and of some promise to the future. Generally speaking, the soil is unquestionably rocky and infertile; but this is not always the case, and the mineral resources of the peninsula will most likely represent, upon a different scale, those of the adjacent continental ranges. The course or trend of the hills, whether a continuous chain or not, is favourable to the supposition of the existence of the more precious minerals; the disjointed and contrasted configuration of the land is more favourable to the supposition of the existence of the less precious metals, as copper and iron.

On the other hand, the provinces of Sonora and Chihuahua are of vast extent, contain tracts of extreme fertility, with a splendid climate, and are studded with mines of marvellous wealth. The hardy western pioneers, descending on the land with axe and rifle, with pickaxe and shovel, will subdue the wild Indian with the weapon, and the mountain and forest with the tools, so that in a few years the names of new mining districts, new highways, new towns, new ports, and new states will become as familiar to us as those of California, Oregon, Nebraska, Texas, Nevada, and Colorado are now. The port of Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, formerly called the Gulf of Cortez, is the principal harbour on this inland sea, and is the chief outlet of these new provinces for the exportation of grain, which is yielded by the generous soil in an abundance far in excess of the population's wants. On its first discovery, California was fed from these granaries of the Sierra Madre, but its own productiveness soon rendered it independent of imported corn, and the Mexicans in those distant regions had no other market for their productions. Much of the wheat culture was, therefore, abandoned, but will now be resumed to meet the wants of the immigrants who will flow steadily into the country.

It has also been argued that it is not impossible that the acquisition of this extensive territory may produce indirectly a favourable influence on the settlement of the internal dissensions which now distract the American people. Large numbers of Southerners may well be tempted to transport their household gods into adjacent lands, offering abundant resources in parts, as we shall afterwards expose in detail, with a territory quite as fertile and more favourable to European constitutions, and, consequently, to European toil, than the Southern States of the Union, and which, if vexed by the presence of wild Indians, will still be free from the never-ending interference and irritating persecution to which they are now exposed. The Indios bravos may be subjected or exterminated, but the enemies of the South are numberless and all-powerful. A diversion too, it is hoped, may be effected by which the minds of the people in the Federal States will be turned, partially at least, towards other subjects

than those by which their passions are now inflamed. In as far as regards such irritating questions as have arisen between the Federal government and the government of this country as to the action of certain ships fitted out in English ports, and the threats of holding British North America until these claims are settled, we have already discussed that subject in another point of view—that of a colonial empire and a general armament—to secure the action of judicial diplomacy ere it is anticipated by recourse to violence.

If, however, the people, both North and South, can once be animated by the rivalry of some new pursuit, such as that of opening and settling the immense tracts of country—so incorrectly described by some as an immense wilderness!—thus thrown open to them, and can be taught to profit by their mineral and agricultural wealth, kindlier sentiments may take root, and replace the bitter hate of the one party and the sullen submission of the other. There are grounds, at all events, for hopes of the future in such a perspective both to the Federal States themselves and to their relations to other countries. In regions so circumstanced the chivalrous Southerners may even be able to organise new communities in accordance with their own sympathies, which are much less democratic than those of the Northerners. In any aspect of the case, this extension of the Union over regions which are at present rendered almost untenable by the incessant rapacity of the terrible Indians, whose roads are impassable, mines deserted, villages ravaged, and farms and flocks and herds devastated by fierce savages, can only be regarded in the light of being a positive good for mankind, and not less acceptable to us than to the Americans themselves.

By the annexation of the Californian peninsula, and of the provinces of Sonora and Chihuahua, the southern boundary of the United States will be made to extend into Mexico Proper, south of the parallel of 30 deg., and of the general run of the southern coast of the States, but still to a certain extent in keeping with that line. It will acquire two provinces long renowned for their rich mines, their admirable climate, and their general fertility, already well populated, abundantly watered, and having many towns, and in Sonora ports, alike frequented and prosperous.

In all maps that have come under our notice, the Sierra Madre is delineated as running nearly north and south between the two provinces of Sonora and Chihuahua, constituting the water-parting between the streams flowing west to the Gulf of California and those running east to the Rio Grande; but Julius Froebel has argued, in a paper published in the reports of the Smithsonian Institute, and subsequently in his larger work, "Seven Years' Travel in Central America," that this is not the case, and that all the more important rivers which fall into the Californian Gulf take their rise on the high plains of the inner plateau, and, consequently, upon the eastern side of the Sierra Madre. They force their way through the bordering mountains in narrow fissures or gullies, and enter the coast-land at their lower or western foot. This is particularly the case with the Rio de Papigochie, one of the two sources of the Rio Yaqui. The river flows for about sixty miles along the eastern foot of the mountain-chain, until it suddenly makes a right angle, rushes into a deep gully, and along this forces its way through the border-mountains. The road from Chihuahua to the rich mining town of Batosegachic leads

through a similar cross fissure, along one of the sources of the Rio del Fuerte. It is, in fact, a chain of mountains extending along the edge of a plateau, just like the Taurus and Gordyæan ranges in Western Asia, and geographers appear to have been hitherto unaware of the fact that the western border-mountains of the Mexican plateau do not form the water-parting, but lie before the latter to the west.

The same competent observer, who remarks that Sierra Madre—a name which has led to many geographical errors—is, strictly speaking, no proper name, but signifies in general the principal mountain-range of a country—literally, the "mother-mountain," just as the Mexicans call the principal canal in a system of irrigation the Acequia Madre, or "mother-canal"—also adds that the Sierra Madre is not, as is generally supposed, a southerly prolongation of the Rocky Mountains, but a system apart. Froebel admits, indeed, a general connexion between all the mountain-chains and table-lands which occupy the whole western side of the New World, from Tierra del Fuego to the North Arctic Ocean; but he says that, if the Rocky Mountains have a southern equivalent, it must be looked for in the mountains of West Texas and Cohahuila, and if the Sierra Madre has a northern equivalent, this must be found in the Sierra Nevada, the Cascade Mountains, and their northern continuations.

The maps of the American commissioners do not uphold this view of the case; but, be it as it may, it is in the so-called Sierra Madre, or in its parallel and transverse ranges or spurs, that the productive mines of Sonora and Chihuahua are met with. Owing to the inaccuracy of map-makers, who, to meet the necessities of the Sierra being supposed to constitute the water-parting, placed it too far east (just as has been done with the mountain-ranges of Eastern Africa), mines which in reality belong to Chihuahua have been placed in Sonora. The mines of Tubac and Arizona are met with, for example, in the most northerly part of the range at the head of tributaries to the Rio Gila, which have a north-westerly course. In this region, which now belongs to the Union, under the title of the "Gadsden purchase," are also the towns of Tucson and Arizona, the pueblos, or Indian villages, of S. Bonifacio, S. Luis Guebavi, S. Maria Suamca, and others, besides many deserted villages and missions, the most remarkable of the latter being that of S. Francisco Xavier. All along the valley of the Gila—a considerable tributary to the Rio Colorado—are also, owing to the disorganised state of the country, and the inroads of the Indios bravos, as many deserted as inhabited missions and pueblos—a strange repetition in modern times of what is seen on a far larger and more remarkable scale in the Casas Grandes, or monumental relics of the Aztec hierarchy—the immediate progenitors of the Mexicans (and, with the Toltecs, supposed to be of Asiatic origin), and whose terrace-roofed abodes are met with over a vast extent of country on the upper waters of the Gila, as also on the northern slopes of the Sierra Madre in Chihuahua.

The mines of Bacuache, or Batosegachic, are, on the other hand, at the head of the Rio des Ures, on which are situated the towns of Arispe and Ures—the latter the nominal capital of the province—as also the mines of Banamiche and of Babiacara. This river flows from north to south, and is separated by the Opatas chain from another long parallel valley, in the hollow of which flows the Rio de Dolore, or San Miguel. The

latter longitudinal valley has no mines or towns, and as many deserted pueblos as inhabited. The two rivers unite near the town of Hermosillo to flow into Lake Seris, which has probably a subterranean communication with the Gulf of California. The Rio San Ignacio is precisely similarly circumstanced. It waters a more limited extent of country, called Papagos, in which are no mines, villages chiefly deserted, and only one town, El Altar, at the sources of the river. There is, however, one additional town on the coast, called Lobos, but it is separated by hills from the valley of the San Ignacio.

The mines of San Juan del Rio and of Bavispe are situated on the head-waters of the Rio Yaqui, the great river of Sonora, and indeed of the whole region. Not far from its mouth is Guaymas, the chief part of the country, and the most frequented harbour in the Gulf of California. Three other rivers flow into the Gulf in the same neighbourhood, the Rio Mayo, watering the district of Mayos; the Rio del Fuerte, fertilising the territory El Fuerte; and the San José, an insignificant stream. These rivers meet in the one little centre of population and commerce in Sonora. Numerous inhabited pueblos follow one another up the valley of the Yaqui and the Mayo; the mines of Geneguilla and Alamos are worked close to the Gulf, the first in the hills north of the San José, the second on the Rio del Fuerte itself. The Yaqui has also a mountain tributary—the Rio Oposura—which stands precisely in the same relation to the main stream as the San Miguel does to the Ures—that is to say, it flows along a parallel longitudinal valley, with an intervening range of hills. At the head of this range, and on an eminence between the head-waters of the two, are the mines of Nacosari. There are few villages along the valleys and narrow gorges of either river in their upper portions, but half way down the Oposura is the town of same name, and a little below are the mines of Tepache.

The Rio del Fuerte is highly favoured, although of no great extent. Besides the mines of Alamos, not far from its embouchure, there are also the mines of Chimipas and Batepilas at the head of its two chief mountain tributaries. The town of El Fuerte is situated between the upper and lower mines, nearer to Alamos, but on the left bank of the river, and hence in the province of Sinaloa, whilst the mines are on the right bank, and in the province of Sonora. There are many islands off the coast, among which Los Cedros is the largest; and still more in the Gulf of California, some of which, as Los Angel de la Guardia, are rocky and extensive, but few, if any, are inhabited by Europeans.

The best idea will be conveyed of what the towns of Sonora are at the present moment, by a brief description of Guaymas—the chief amongst them. This place, which dates scarcely a century back, is built upon a narrow level between the sea and scarped rocks, which admit of its extension only in one direction. The first mission was founded on the Rio José, near the rancho of same name, and it was called San José de Guaymas. There are still a few villas and gardens along the valley of this little river. Want of depth of water caused the removal of the town to its present site, where it presents a collection of flat-roofed houses, very few of which can boast of two stories. Some, however, cover a considerable space of ground, and in the neighbourhood of the quays and of

the inevitable Plaza Mayor, or chief square, they are whitewashed. Windows in the streets are rare, and when such occur they are protected by stout bars of iron, which project like cages. Glass is unknown—instead, are great wooden shutters, with a smaller one in the centre. With well-to-do people, the patio, or inner space, is converted into a garden.

The town wears a general aspect of gloom from this absence of windows and the long continuous dead walls. Even doors and shutters are not opened till the evening on account of the heat, and most people sleep on the azoteas, or terraces. One might, in fact, but for the costumes of the people, fancy oneself in Aleppo or Baghdad. The few living beings that are to be seen in the streets are Indian porters, or cargadors, very scantily clothed; the fruteras, or dealers in fruit; lavanderas, or washing-women; and occasional aguadors, or water-carriers, with their asses—a well-known Mexican type. Both cargadors and aguadors in Guaymas are Indians from the Yaqui. Their whole costume consists in a shirt open at the neck and tucked up at the sleeves, a pair of ample trousers going down to the knees, with now and then a pair of sandals, but they are mostly barefooted. On the head is a coloured kerchief, surmounted by a straw hat. The ass is small, weak, and scabby, the water-skins are untanned and hairy, and anything but prepossessing to look at. Guaymas, although in the bay of the Yaqui, is in reality close to the San José, from which it is separated by a stony region. Hence the town is supplied by wells, called *norios*, from the wheels used to lift up the buckets.

The quays are only accessible to boats, but there is a jetty, and in front of it what is designated as the Plaza del Muelle, or the square of the mole, or jetty. The representatives of Europe hoist their flags on this plaza, and to the west of it is an eminence surmounted by a fort in a very dilapidated condition. Two rows of bamboo-huts stretch along the foot of this eminence down to the quays, terminating at the custom-house, which is alongside the jetty. These constitute the bazaar, or market. The Indians bring vegetables, fruits, flowers, and sometimes fish in their canoes, and sell them in these huts. Within the town, the streets have no pavement, nor are they lighted at night. The principal street is that of Hermosillo, and in it are the cuartel, or barracks, and the carcel, or colabozo, *i.e.* the prison. Notwithstanding the splendour of some of the missions, which often possess handsome churches and streets of cells, like a row of boxes, for Indian converts, and the well-known magnificence of some of the Mexican churches and monasteries, Guaymas, strange to say, has not a church. The population does not seem to exceed fifteen hundred to two thousand souls, and although some of these are wealthy, one-third are Indians. A mere hovel is made to serve the purposes of a place of worship, and there is also a hill, surmounted by three crosses, called the Calvario, and which constitutes with the fort a prominent object on the approach to the city, backed as it is by precipitous rocky cliffs, like some of the smaller ports on the eastern shores of the Adriatic. Rock—bare, barren rock—with deep glens and ravines and perpendicular precipices, constitute, indeed, the most marked feature of Sonora and of the Californian peninsula, but these are relieved

here and there, especially in the former, by plains and uplands of considerable extent—notoriously in the region of the Aztecs—by valleys of great fertility, and by passes and openings of exquisitely beautiful scenery.

The Yaqui Indians are industrious and skilful. They are the artisans, shoemakers, carpenters, masons, and smiths of the place, as well as porters and servants, but they return annually to their villages, and whenever difficulties arise between the Creoles and Spaniards—and they are of frequent occurrence—they emigrate to a man. A strange incident occurred in Guaymas in the year 1854. A number of adventurers, chiefly French, headed by Count Raousset-Boulbon, a young gentleman of a daring and enterprising disposition, sailed from San Francisco with the view of getting up one of those interminable pronunciamentos which are the curse of the country, and beginning by reorganising the fine province of Sonora, they projected the regeneration of all Mexico! The authorities of Guaymas were not, however, in favour of the pronunciamento, a combat took place between the Mexicans and the French, said by M. Vigneaux, the historian of the expedition, to have numbered three hundred and fifty men, in the streets of the town on the 13th of July, when the French, after losing one hundred men, were constituted prisoners by Don José Maria Yañez, governor of the State of Sonora. The young count was shot, but the remainder of the band were, we believe, ultimately set at liberty.

The harbour of Guaymas is extensive and safe, and so well is it sheltered, that it constitutes the best port on the western side of Mexico. Two hundred ships can ride easily in that part of the roadstead which extends in front of the town, and is protected by the rocky islands of Almagre and Ardilla. The Island del Pajaro, or "of the bird," also constitutes an additional breakwater, and thus the inner harbour is almost always placid as a pond.

The Indians of Sonora appear to have been always quiet and industrious. When the Jesuits first penetrated along the Rio Gila, and discovered the ruined cities of the Aztecs in 1773, they found the Indians clothed and assembled together to the number of two or three thousand in pueblos or villages, where they peaceably cultivated the soil. They saw fields covered with maize, cotton, and gourds. The civilisation to be found among the Indians when we approach the north-west of America, from the thirty-third to the fifty-fourth parallel, De Humboldt long ago remarked, is a very striking phenomenon, which cannot but throw some light on the history of the first migrations of the Mexican nation. The Jesuits found many of these Indian communities living in towns with squares, houses of several stories, and well laid-out streets, the construction of these edifices being the same as that of the Casas Grandes of the Aztecs. These Indian towns are still met with, and have been minutely described by Fremont, Froebel, Bartlett, and other travellers. It is to the Indios bravos, chiefly Apaches, that Sonora is indebted for its insecurity and poverty. Hermosillo and Alamos alone have some six or eight thousand inhabitants. A few tribes, as the Yaqui, the Pimas, the Papajos, and the Opatas, successfully resist the inroads of the Apaches, who come down with the regularity of the tide to devastate and depopulate this fine province. The Creoles have no heart. They gather

together in towns or fortified haciendas, where they live in a perpetual dread. Beyond the parallel of thirty degrees nothing is met with but ruined ranchos, and herds and flocks living wild. There is, as modern romancers have not failed to make known, a dramatic story of robbery, fire, and murder connected with every one of these isolated ruins.* Hence, also, it is that the very mines are no longer worked save by a few intrepid "gambusinos," who toil on their own account. Their productiveness has passed away, and the very sites of many are ignored, and that whilst the whole region of Sonora is well known to be rich in metals, especially silver.

Sonora is, as before observed, a hilly country, but it has also many plains, the soil of which is, like that of the plains of Sinaloa, a sandy clay almost without a pebble, and it is fertile wherever it is irrigated. If Sonora is spoken of, then, by some writers as a sterile country, it is more from want of moisture than from want of good soil, and as the country has not been in the possession of the Spaniards more than a century and a half, and that possession has ever been disputed by the Apaches and other Indios bravos, it is not surprising that agriculture has not yet made much progress. It will be a very different thing under an enterprising and industrious people.

It is the same with Chihuahua, a province whose extent of surface is greater than that of the three united kingdoms of Great Britain, and which has been represented as "a wild uncultivated country," and the soil as "in general very dry, and unfit for agricultural purposes." There cannot be a greater mistake; the uplands are among the most fertile districts in the world, the slopes of the mountains and lake districts pasture vast herds of cattle, horses, and sheep, and the lower country, where it is irrigated, is most productive.

As in Sonora, entering the province from Durango in the south, the traveller is at once struck at the frontier military post of Cerro Gordo with the Moorish aspect of the houses, which are all built of adobes, or sun-dried bricks, some of which are three feet long and two and a half in depth. They have only one story, flat roofs, and central patios, with a gallery running round. The thickness of the walls renders the interior warm in winter and cool in summer.

Proceeding northwards, Central Chihuahua is found to consist of a lofty upland, bordered to the west by the Sierra Madre, which is here well wooded, and inhabited by the Tarumare Indians, said to be all converted, and to live by agriculture and hunting. The Apaches and Comanches carry their inroads, however, even to the south of the province, and every hacienda, or farm, is a veritable fortified place, enclosed in four walls, with towers at the angles pierced for musketry. The azoteas, or terraces of the houses, are also battlemented. The enclosed

* The Apaches, the fiercest tribe of Mexican Indians, have waged continual war with the Spaniards. At the commencement of their warfare, the Spaniards used to take them prisoners and make slaves of them; but finding that their unconquerable attachment to liberty made them surmount every difficulty and danger to return to their mountains, they adopted the practice of sending them to Cuba. This the Apaches no sooner learned, than they refused to give or to receive quarter; and in no instance have there been any taken since that period, except when surprised asleep, or knocked down and overpowered.

space is called a coral, and the herds, which are numerous on the evergreen pastures, have frequently to be driven into them for protection. The tenants sleep at the doors, on the terraces, or on low tables covered with untanned hides. Some of these haciendas, as that of Rio Florido, are old Jesuits' colleges or churches, and there are sometimes other houses and even well-furnished shops near them, upon the same principle that in the middle ages houses were grouped around the castles of the barons.

The first town met with on the road from Cerro Gordo to Chihuahua is Santa Rosalia, which contains a population of 2000 inhabitants, has a good church, and is situated at an elevation of 1204 French yards above the level of the sea. The country around is watered by the Rio Conchos, a tributary to the Rio Grande. A good road, available for carriages, communicates with Chihuahua, forty-one leagues distant. A French gentleman lived a few years ago in this region, at the hacienda Sansillo, who, by mining and farming, realised a fortune estimated at fourteen millions of piastres, showing what can be done by skill and industry. His property is at present overlooked by Don Nafarondo, the Spanish vice-consul.

Chihuahua, said to be at the present moment the head-quarters of Juarez, being indebted for its prosperity to the neighbouring mines, and being on a rocky soil, the environs are not well cultivated. The name of the town is Tarumare Indian, and is said by some to signify "the pass or flow of water," but by others, "the place of pleasure." It is situated at an elevation of 4640 feet above the level of the sea, and reckons 14,000 inhabitants. Its population is said to have once amounted to 70,000. From all points, except from the south, the city presents a picturesque appearance. Built on a gentle slope, churches, convents, and houses stand out from the darker coloured mountains, beneath an almost always clear sky, in remarkably clear and distinct outline.

In the United States, towns are founded at points which present facilities for commercial communication either by roads, railway, or water transit. Not a site is selected without the chances of its future having been duly calculated. Hence, also, towns rise as if by magic, and almost invariably prosper. In Mexico, on the contrary, towns have sprung up in the neighbourhood of mines, with little regard to any other considerations. Hence it is that many even of the more important places are met with out of the way of all natural lines of communication. Chihuahua is, however, an exception; built near its mines of silver, it is a point of transit for all the commerce from the south to the north of Mexico, and it communicates by good roads with the United States, both by San Juan, or the Presidio de Norte, and by Paso, on the Rio Grande. The province of Chihuahua, so soon probably to belong to the Union, constitutes, in fact, the right bank of the Rio Grande, just as Texas does the left.

The river of Chihuahua city comes down from the Cañada or Pass of Chilcote, in the Sierra Madre, and it joins near the metropolis another stream, called Nombre de Dios, the two uniting to flow into the Rio Conchos. Froebel describes the spot as "La Junta," or the point of junction of the two rivers. A mill, he says, with an agave plantation, at the foot of a steep rock—surrounded by old poplars shading hollows filled with crystal clear water—and, lower down, this same stream, foaming

through a narrow cleft between the mountains, present a scene of much beauty. This locality is well known to the inhabitants as a resort for parties of pleasure. The upper portion of the city is further provided with water by means of a noble aqueduct of remarkable construction. The Alameda, or public walk, is in the higher part of the town, and is planted with rows of alamos, or poplars, which afford a grateful shade. The whole city turns out on the Alameda on a Sunday afternoon. The ladies in carriages, after the fashion of the time of Louis XV., the gentlemen on horseback, and the people on foot. Men and women vie in the richness and splendour of their costumes, and the love of luxury extends down to the very poorest classes. It is not an uncommon thing to see an Indian with white satin shoes and no stockings, her red skin contrasting strangely with the colour of her chaussure. Another square or open promenade, called that of the "Constitucion," exists in the lower town, and is most frequented on week days.

The parish church, the state-house, the governor's palace, and the best shops, stand in this square. The parish church was built by the architect Nava, in 1764, by means of a small tax raised upon the silver extracted from the mines of Santa Eulalia, and which produced a sum of eight hundred thousand piastres by the year 1789.* Pike describes it as the most superb building he saw in Mexico, and all travellers unite in extolling its beauty and the richness of its sculptures and decorations. Opposite to the church is the state-house. It has only one story, with a façade of columns, and on its terrace is a flag-mast. In the middle of the square is a fountain in the shape of a pyramid. On the north side is the governor's palace, with little save the sentry to distinguish it from other buildings. Stone benches are placed around, and the evening walk is lighted up by candles.

The inhabitants of Chihuahua rise at four in the morning, dine at noon, and sleep till four P.M., during which interval the shops are closed and the town deserted. After four the shops open again, and people walk out till dark; after which the town is given up to the serenos, or guardians of the night, who call out every quarter of an hour.

After the parish church, served by the regular clergy, next in importance is the convent of the Franciscans; but there are now only two or three monks attached to it. It has a college, which is not much frequented. The wealthy send their children to Mexico or to Léon, which possesses a seminary; and as to the remaining population, so great is their indifference in respect to the education of their children, that M. Rondé says he does not believe there is a single school for primary instruction in Chihuahua! San Felipo, with its convent of Jesuits, is also a remarkable building. It was indeed designed to rival the parish church, but owing to the expulsion of the fathers from the country it was not completed. The convent alone is entire, and is now used for the purpose of barracks and hospital; the church has no ceiling. In the rear of the Jesuits' convent, and in front of the barracks, is the plazuela of

* Froebel says the church cost 600,000 dollars, and that at Santa Eulalia itself 150,000 dollars, and that at a tax of two grains of silver on each mark shows the produce of the mines to have been 14,500,000 marks of silver.

San Felipo. Several heroes of independence—Hidalgo, Allende, Jimenez, and others—were put to death by the Spaniards in this little square. Subsequently, in virtue of the edict of July 19, 1823, a quadrangular pyramid upon a pedestal, thirty-four feet in height, was raised to their memory.

The Casa de Moneda, or "Mint," situated in a street called after it—Calle de la Moneda—has no architectural pretensions, and yet is said to have cost 24,000 piastres for its construction. Gold, silver, and copper coins are struck here. According to the statistics of the Mint, when Mexico was a Spanish dependency, 3,428,278 marks of silver, which produced 28,283,273 piastres and 4 reals, were coined here in the space of twenty-four years, from 1738 to 1761. The administration of the Mint is at present in the hands of two intelligent Englishmen—Potts brothers—who have introduced steam-machinery, by means of which they have been enabled to strike off 206,539 piastres in silver, and 6992 piastres in copper, in the space of six months.

There are, or were, fifteen mines in Chihuahua and its vicinity: thirteen of silver, one of gold, and one of copper; the furnaces for most of which being situated round the town, they present, except on Sundays, volumes of smoke rising in every direction, which are seen from a distance long before the spires of the churches strike the view. The quantity of cinders, in piles ten or fifteen feet high, is incredible. M. Rondé was so far misled by the appearance of these on his approach from the south, that he says, "Les montagnes et les plaines étaient recouvertes de pierres volcaniques noirâtres et poreuses!" Some time back an enterprising European wrought at these cinders, but although productive, fuel was too expensive to render the speculation profitable.

The chief silver mines are those of Santa Eulalia, in a hill which stands isolated on the plain, about twelve miles to the south-east. There are others at El Parral, a place which contained fifty thousand inhabitants when the mines were productive, but now, probably, not six thousand. At Mauperne are one gold and seven silver mines, and there are others at Botapilas and at Jesus Maria. The history of mining operations throughout Mexico is pretty nearly the same as the political history of the country, and they have been subjected to the same vicissitudes. The gold mines occur chiefly on the western side of the Sierra Madre, north of 24 deg. north latitude; the silver mines are richest on the mountains which rise on the table-lands, and in those which border their margin. During the civil war, which began in 1810, and lasted for many years, the greater part of the mines were neglected. Their working was, however, revived in 1825, chiefly by the English mining companies which sprung up about that time. The insecurity caused by the frequent inroads of the Apaches has, however, been the main cause of most of the mines in Sonora being abandoned; and it has told with almost equal severity in Chihuahua. The inhabitants cling more and more to the towns for safety, and seek to procure a livelihood by tanning, weaving, hat-making, and other more humble branches of industry. A strong and active government, by curbing the rapacity of the Indians, would restore these two fine provinces to tranquillity and a general prosperity.

Out of fourteen thousand inhabitants in the town of Chihuahua, two-thirds are Indians, or mixed races. Postal service is established on

mules, to Rio Florido (120 leagues), for Durango; to San Antonio de las Huertas (220 leagues), for Sonora; to Brasito, for Paso, Texas, and New Mexico (260 leagues). The couriers of the presidios are devoted to the service of the military stations, and they often fall victims to the treachery of the Indians. Like all timid people, the Spaniards and Creoles are partial to combats of bulls and cocks, and there are circuses for the display of each at Chihuahua. It is, however, questionable if the bull-fights have not a useful tendency in teaching the people to subjugate their cattle, which, roaming as they do in a half-wild state over vast extent of pastures, can only be captured with the lazzo. Among the products offered for sale in the markets are wild potatoes, brought down from the mountains by the Indians; but they are not so mealy as when cultivated. Meat is excellent, and the meat market is, with its colonnade, one of the most remarkable places in the town. There are only six hundred inhabitants at Santa Eulalia, and their houses are scattered over the mountain, but they possess a handsome parish church. A considerable number of horses, mules, and asses, are employed in the transport of minerals, and their food has to be obtained from the neighbouring haciendas. Not having a circus, the miners amuse themselves with an occasional bull-hunt in the streets.

Both Comanches and Apaches are occasionally to be met with at Chihuahua. The former, whose strongholds are in the mountains in Texas, or on the left bank of the Rio Grande, are at deadly feud with the latter, who dwell to the northward; and both come on requests to be allowed to carry out raids against the other. A third class of dangerous characters are met with, who are generally Americans—but Americans without the pale of the law. The governments of Sonora and Chihuahua have put a price of two hundred dollars upon every scalp of an Indio bravo, and these bold outlaws come to earn as many dollars as they can. To do this, it is said they are not particular in taking the scalp of the Indios manzos, or peaceful and industrious natives. When M. Rondé was at Chihuahua a band of this description arrived there, headed by an American of French extraction; the band itself was said to be composed almost entirely of Celtic Irishmen, who, Fenians in the North, become desperadoes in the South. They had killed seven Apaches on their way from Paso to Chihuahua, and captured four children, and they came to demand the price of their exploits from the State.

When Froebel was at Chihuahua, such was the social condition of the city that residence within its precincts was actually unsafe, and the traveller never slept without his revolver under his pillow. Yet Froebel did not take the same gloomy view of matters as the Frenchman Rondé did. He admits the rapid and startling decline in wealth and population, and mourns over the prevalent immorality of a degenerate race of people, which he attributes to the change from long habits of affluence and luxury, with a natural taste for pleasure, to extreme poverty and the seductions of unprincipled libertines and rich travelling merchants. He also admits the insecurity of the country around, as well of the town itself; but he describes the so-called Irish band of scalp-hunters as in reality Shawnee Indians, under an Irish adventurer named James Kirker; and he further adds that Colonel Langberg had, during the survey of the Rio Grande territory in the State of Chihuahua, concluded a treaty

between the government of the latter province and the Comanches against the Apaches, which has had important results.

But, on the other side, the German naturalist avers that, in spite of the bleak aspect of the mountains, the whole region possesses much beauty, not only in the generally grand character of its scenery, but in many of its more peculiar forms and features. Of the town he also says, that whilst its pleasant streets and many noble edifices mark the past periods of its splendour, even in its present decay it is far more beautiful, as a whole, than any town of similar pretension in the United States. Finally, he adds, there is both for the mines of Santa Eulalia and for the town of Chihuahua every prospect of a renewed and lasting period of wealth and splendour, since, sooner or later, there can be no doubt that capital and enterprise will be found to develop the natural resources of the locality into permanent activity. Little did the writer anticipate that this valuable province was likely to be peaceably handed over in so short a time to the people of the Union.

To the north of Chihuahua city is the plain of Sacramento, where was fought the decisive battle between the Unionists and Mexicans which delivered up for the time being the whole state into the hands of the invaders. In the same neighbourhood, and in that of a great lake of same name, is the hacienda of Ensinillas, which belongs to the governor-general, Don Angel Trias. It has a population of 430 souls, a church, and 1400 horses, and 150 mules, 2460 cattle, and 52,600 sheep are reared on this vast farm. Beyond this, again, is Carmen, a village of four or five hundred inhabitants, with a church built upon a river of same name. Beyond this point neither churches nor priests are met with, and every village and farm is provided with a tower, which serves for an observatory, not of stars, but of men, and whenever the Indians are seen approaching, the herds and flocks are, if possible, driven into the corrals.

Galeana, on the river of same name and at the foot of the Sierra del Carcay, is said to possess mines of coal as well as of precious metals and tin. The usual globular masses of the latter metal are met with as large as an orange. There are also thermal waters in the same neighbourhood. Galeana has a church, but no minister, and its inhabitants are said to make little distinction between the Saviour and Izliputzli. A mountain pass called Puerto del Chocolate leads through the Sierra, and opens upon a splendid country, one of the homes of the Aztecs in Chihuahua, watered by a fine river, and which, from the remains of the ancient people, is also known as the Rio Casas Grandes. The ruins in question have been described by every traveller who has passed this way, from the Spanish missionaries of the seventeenth century to the officers of the most recent expeditions sent by the United States, and the numerous reports that have been collected offer abundant material for study to the inquirer into Mexican history. It appears from these descriptions that the general character of the ruins on the slopes of the Sierra Madre in Chihuahua—called De la Malizin—is the same as that of the Casas Grandes in the neighbourhood of the Pima villages on the Gila, as also on the Salinas, and that all are unquestionably works of the same race. Ruins of a similar character have also been discovered to the northward, as on the Colorado Chiquito, and it would appear that the northern structures must be older than the southern, and that greater experience, and the wish to

erect more durable abodes, occasioned the construction on the Gila, the Salinas, and in Chihuahua, of larger, more commodious, and more solid edifices. A further resemblance has also been established between the Casas Grandes and the buildings of Acoma and Pueblo de Taos; so much so, indeed, that it has been said that no further proof is needed of the common origin of the Pueblo, or village-dwelling Indians, and the Aztecs.

There is a little modern centre of industry called Baranco, on the Rio Casas Grandes, which contains some three hundred persons, under a Franco-American called Flotte, and who smelt the silver ore obtained from the mines of San Pedro, situate eight leagues to the south-east of the village. Still lower down the river is the village of Corralitos, where are also silver furnaces, and a population of some four hundred souls, under Don José Maria Zaluaga. Apache prisoners are employed in these works. The instincts of these Indians (for the so-called Apaches comprise, in reality, distinct races) seem to be almost purely animal; and whilst the Pueblo or village Indians, descendants of the civilised races of old, whether Asiatic or not, exhibit every sign of docility and social amenability, it is to be regretted that, unless by some unseen influence it pleases Providence to turn their hearts, the Apaches and Comanches will, with the progress of civilisation southwards, have for the most part to be hunted down like wild beasts.

Janos, which Major Emery, in his narrative of a military tour in 1846, places in Sonora, is, in reality, on the frontier of Chihuahua. It is a presidio, with a garrison of sixty to seventy men and two guns, and it protects the entrance to the pass known as the Boca Grande. The vast plains around are covered with shrubs called mezquite (*Prosopis glandulosa*). This valuable plant bears most refreshing fruit, and also furnishes charcoal for the smelting works. More stony spots are richly decorated with giant cacti—cactus organos and opuntia, the Peruvian cactus, and the Mexican agave. The river is bordered with alamos poplars, and the bamboo reeds of which the Indians make their arrows. The Boca Grande narrowing, soon becomes the Boca Chica, or little pass; this, again, is followed by the defile of Carizalio. The Pass of Guadalupe is to the left. The government of the United States has for years past urged upon the Mexican government the importance of carrying a railway through this latter remarkable opening in the Sierra Madre, but in vain. This is, no doubt, one of the objects in view in obtaining possession of the two Mexican provinces, by which a line of communication will be established between the southern provinces of the Union and the Pacific Ocean at the excellent harbour of Guaymas. As it is, American caravans take this road to California, and are constantly arriving at Las Vaccas, whence they follow a road which coasts the great lake of Guzman to the Pass of Guadalupe.

North of Las Vaccas, situated between the two wooded ranges of the Sierra de Mogoyon and the Los Mimbres, are the gold-mines of Nacayé and the copper-mines of Santa Rita del Cobre. This copper is also richly auriferous. These mines are now deserted, the miners having been all destroyed by the Apaches. Yet are they only two leagues from the Rio Gila, and in what has been for now some years territory added to the Union. The Rio Gila is enclosed in this part of its course by pre-

cipitous rocks decorated in places by Indian sculptures and hieroglyphs. Some sculptured vases are of colossal proportions. The road which passes Las Vaccas comes down from the Upper Rio Grande, or New Mexico, east of the peak of Los Mimbres, to the Pass of Guadalupe; but the most frequented road to California lies across the river at Paso del Norte, and passes thence to Corralitos and Janos, before described, and thence through the pass to the presidio of San Bernardino.

El Paso, or, in its full Spanish form, El Paso del Norte, *i.e.* the passage over the north river, is a small deserted-looking town, the population of which, estimated at five thousand souls—as is often the case in Spanish-America—first neglected, then retrograding, has ultimately been demoralised by foreign elements. The place, however, spreads itself in scattered dwellings among fields and meadows, vineyards and orchards, along the poplar-bordered banks of the river, eight or nine miles down its course, and with its suburbs contains a population of fourteen or fifteen thousand. The market presents a striking scene to the stranger. On the one side stands the church, a square block with a flat-roofed nave, devoid of all architectural beauty. The tower is built separate. On the other side are one-storied houses, the flat roofs of which project, and are supported by rough columns. Above these tower the bare summits of the adjacent mountain-chain. Under this primitive piazza women sit and offer melons, onions, beans, chiles, and fresh and dried fruit for sale.

The gardens and fields of El Paso are well irrigated from the river, and the exquisite climate, at three thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, impart to the place that charm which is peculiar to all the scenery of Northern Mexico. On the left bank of the river is Franklin, and about two miles lower down Macgoffinville, both rising American towns. Near Franklin are the mud buildings of a former fort of the United States—Fort Franklin—which has been superseded by Fort Bliss, near Macgoffinville. Both sides of the river are infested with Indios bravos, and rendered insecure on the one side by the Comanches, on the other by the Apaches. Whenever there is a respite, it is to be attributed to the hostility existing between the two. At the time when Froebel was at El Paso, in 1853, they had attacked the farms on the Texan side of the river, and carried off the cattle close to the houses in Franklin and Macgoffinville. They had also attacked several caravans near El Paso.

Guadalupe, lower down the river, received some years ago an access of population from immigrants from New Mexico, who gave up their former homes upon the annexation of the country to the United States. This will probably be also the case upon the annexation of Sonora and Chihuahua, when the well-to-do classes will emigrate to the more southerly provinces. Near Guadalupe is a presidio, or military colony, in which the married soldiers have to cultivate the land as well as to defend it, yet such is the state of insecurity that the Apaches had carried off thirty cows the evening before Froebel arrived at the place.

From hence the country rises gradually to the interior, the terrace of Cantarecio, of firm clayey soil, being separated by a range of hills from the Medanos, or "sand-hills." In the latter, the phenomenon of moving sand-hills and whirlwinds, met with in Africa and in Babylonia, are common, as are also efflorescences of carbonate of soda. The Laguna

de los Patos is, like the other lakes both in the uplands and lowlands, frequented by numbers of water-fowl. Beyond is Carrizal, beautifully situated, but ruined by the Apaches, who actually have a Rancheria in the neighbouring mountains, whence they descend to carry off the cattle. Beyond this, again, is Ogo Caliente, a hot spring, but abounding in fish, then bare mountains, and rocky, treeless, but grass-covered hills, as far as to the Laguna de Encinellas—before alluded to as a vast and splendid grazing country—and where troops of antelopes are met with, thousands in number; then the battle-field of Sacramento ; and, lastly, Chihuahua city.

In Froebel's time two scientific expeditions, one sent by government, the other by a company of New York, were in search of the most favourable line to California. The first attempt made by the New York expedition to reach the Laguna de Guzman nearly met with an unfortunate termination ; the party wandered about in the steppe unable to find a lake, and want of water forced them to return to Rio Grande, leaving behind a waggon, and all the baggage in it. Several persons had gone mad from thirst, but they soon recovered. On a second expedition they were more successful. At this time the Pass of Guadalupe was approached by what is called "Cook's route," and the party had no sooner reached Cook's spring than they were attacked by the Apaches. The leader of this band was a Mexican called Delgadito, and it was apparently the same band that attacked M. Rondé and his party a year previously, for that traveller describes the leader as one in whom it was easy to recognise his Spanish or European descent.

The Laguna de Santa Maria, which lies south-east of Lake Guzman, is surrounded by green meadows, and bordered by a thick underwood of mimbre (*Chitopsis*), whence the Rio and Sierra de los Mimbres derive their name. The rest of the country is an undulating steppe, overgrown with grass, bordered here and there by isolated mountains and mountain groups. In this part of the country the road makes a bend due south, and, crossing the Guadalupe Pass, leads through Santa Cruz, San Xavier del Bac, Tubac, and Tucson, all of which places have since been incorporated in the territory of the United States with the so-called "Gadsden purchase." But a man of the name of Leroux has tried successfully a much shorter line, which, cutting off the whole bend, leads straight to Tucson, and which has since come into use under the name of Leroux's route. This Froebel's party attempted to discover by the tracks, but failed. The Guadalupe Pass itself is approached by steppes, with dry lakes having a basis of gypsum, luxuriant grassy plains with deep round holes filled with water clear as crystal, and plains overgrown with grass, with single large agaves, palm-like yuccas, and plantains, on banks of torrents.

The road ascends gradually from these upland plains, until the traveller finds himself suddenly on the edge of deep precipices. Higher mountains rise in the vicinity, but the road leads nowhere over a ridge. From the edge of the plateau the traveller looks down into a chaos of defiles, rocks and ridges overgrown with juniper-bushes, dwarf oaks, yuccas, cacti, and agaves. It takes days to drive waggons a few miles along this difficult road. From these heights the road sinks into a labyrinth of defiles, in which it is difficult to trace any connexion. Huge masses of

débris—from which rise mighty blocks and towers of solid rock—show different colours, like masses of clay, which, containing various oxides, have been exposed to fire; did the road pass through the large open crater of a volcano, the scene could not be more wild or chaotic. It would seem scarcely worth while to describe this pass so minutely, but when we consider that it is almost the only available one between Chihuahua and Sonora, and from the Central Rio Grande to California, its importance will be felt; and it is not too much to say that, unless superseded by the discovery of some more available route, it will one day become one of the highways of the world.

At length, a more regularly formed valley is reached, which leads out of the mountains to a large circular plain, surrounded on all sides by hills, and covered with green meadows, with numerous springs and water-courses overgrown with reeds. Here, upon a dry acclivity, stand the ruins of extensive buildings—the deserted presidio of San Bernardino. These springs constitute the sources of the Rio Yaqui—as we have before seen—the principal river of Sonora.

There is another pass from Chihuahua to Sonora through the Sierra Madre, almost due west of the city of Chihuahua, and which leads to the sources of the Rio de Papigohic, a third and more easterly tributary to the Yaqui than the rivers of Ures and Dolores. Froebel examined this pass during his stay in Chihuahua. The road lay by Santa Ysabel, a small town lying about thirty miles to the south of the capital through the Cañada del Fresno, which is described as being "one of the most notoriously dangerous places in the state," which, considering that every footstep taken in the country is to some extent dangerous, must be an agreeable climax. It is a valley of about four miles in length, between hills covered with dwarf oaks, and Apaches avail themselves so effectively of the advantages of the ground, that not a hundred steps can be passed without a cross—the "memento mori" of some unfortunate traveller. Beyond this pass is, however, a prosperous hacienda, called that of Los Charcos. The owner of the hacienda erected a stronghold at his own private expense for travellers in the pass below; but when Froebel came back the Apaches had obtained possession of the stronghold, and had murdered twelve or fifteen persons. This in the space of four weeks!

The vegetation, it is to be observed, of the slopes of the Sierra Madre differs much from that of the plains. The chaparral, as it is called, of cacti, yuccas, agaves, and mezquite-bush, is supplanted by a thick carpet of the finest grass, the hill-sides are covered with evergreen oaks, and the high peaks of the mountains are clothed with dark masses of pine forest. Steppes and deserts and barren rocks, with their stiff prickly plants and grey thorny shrubs, only appear again in the lower region of Sonora, at the western base of the Sierra. Santa Ysabel is situated in a volcanic pass, and was originally founded as a mission for the Tarumare Indians. It is described as "a delightful spot," the more so, possibly, as the hollow sound of the Apache drums can be heard at night from the neighbouring hills, which are hence known as the Sierra del Tambor! Next comes Carretas, a village in a well-cultivated valley on the same river—a tributary to the Rio Conchos. Froebel, whose admiration of the scenery and climate of Chihuahua knew no bounds, was equally charmed

by the reception he met with from the Mexican farmers. He describes them as in every respect—in friendliness and unaffected kindness—in good breeding and politeness—"far superior to his German countrymen, and much the more refined of the two."

Beyond, the road lay through a depression called the Puerto de Coyachic, with two conical mountains in front and one isolated peak, which, according to Wislizemus, the first who marked its geographical position, is 7918 feet above the level of the sea. From the town of Cosihuiriachic at its foot, about 7000 feet above the sea, the level continues to rise to the small lake of Cerro Prieto, which lies on the broad water-parting between the Mexican and Californian Gulfs. The Pass of Coyachic is difficult, but not uninhabited. At first we meet grass, oaks, and pines amidst picturesque rocks of porphyry; then a steep descent down to a village with an old mission-house; and then another ascent to a broad grassy plain, which branches off between mountain-chains and groups, and is remarkable for its numerous lakes. Among these are the Laguna de los Llanos and the Laguna de Castilla, the latter the largest lake in North Mexico. It is surrounded by rich pastures, which, being irrigated by warm springs, remain green winter as well as summer. This lake, some fifty miles in circumference, occupies the summit of a central part of the table-land, and round are other lakes—the sources of brooks and rivers flowing to the four quarters of the world. This remarkably interesting and beautiful lake region is the most unexplored part of Mexico, and whilst we have a map of the "Gadsden purchase," Sonora, and portions of New Mexico, Chihuahua, and California, by Herman Ehrenberg, C.E., from his notes, and those of Heintzelman, Sitgreaves, Derby, Bartlett, Gray, Froebel, and others, and which was published in San Francisco in 1854, we do not find the lakes of Guzman, of Castillo, Encinillas, Patos, Candelana, or Santa Maria in the generality of maps.

This central upland is bounded to the west by a chain of mountains which is passed by the Puerto de las Casas Coloradas, or "of the Red Houses"—a pass, like the rest, of evil repute. Remains of waggons that had been plundered and destroyed by the Apaches are ever to be found in it. Beyond is the plain and lake of Cerro Prieto, a real Alpine prairie in the heart of the Sierra Madre, where thick and lofty pine forests descend down to the shores of the lake. The village of Cerro Prieto lies to the south-west, and the Rio Papigochie, meaning in Tarumare "Snipe River," has its sources here. This river passes several villages, as San Antonio, the Villa de la Concepcion or Papigochie, Santo Tomas, and others, and then breaks with a sudden turn west through the Sierra Madre. This elevated valley constitutes the richest portion of the State of Chihuahua, and is looked upon as its granary. The scenery is beautiful and the climate perfect. The cold is not severe in winter, nor is the heat in summer oppressive. The celebrated mines of Jesus Maria lie within a few days' journey of Papigochie. These mines yield auriferous silver ore; some, however, as the Mina del Rosario, are worked exclusively for gold, yielding at times ten thousand dollars' worth of gold a week. Another—Santa Ludubigen—yielded in six months a clear profit of four hundred thousand dollars. The principal mine—the Santa Juliana

—is now full of water, and it is said that it would require two hundred thousand dollars to empty it and resume the works. But what of this, if it would yield four hundred thousand dollars in six months?

A very different scene is presented by the lowland plains of Chihuahua to the eastward, or in the direction of the Rio Grande. We have the records of several journeys in this direction, one made in company of General Trias, who was sent by Santa Anna in 1853 upon the bootless expedition of recovering the valley of Merilla from the Unionists, one of the most beautiful and fertile portions of the right bank of the Rio Grande, and which was afterwards included in the cession of that strip of land which we have before alluded to under the name of the "Gadsden purchase." We also before noticed that a highway leads from Chihuahua city to the Presidio del Norte, on the Rio Grande, and this is the shortest and most direct route to Texas, Paso being considerably to the north, on the same great river.

This road passes through what Froebel describes as "a desert country on the grandest scale." The Cañon del Ojito, a pass between the plain of Mapula and that of Bachimba, is studded with white and red varieties of the mimbre, and the yellow tufts of the acacia fill the air with its violet perfume. Between Bachimba and the warm baths of Julimas is a plain covered with yuccas, which, when in full bloom, present one of the many enchanting sights which Mexican scenery can alone display; their gigantic pannicles, covered with the richest profusion of large white bells, rising from a circle of stiff, radiant leaves, on a stem of ten or twelve feet in height. The Rio Conchos, near which the hot springs of Julimas are situated, and which are in great repute in Northern Mexico, is a clear stream, in which soft-shelled turtles are found. Beyond Julimas is a succession of the grandest desert scenery. Now over bare plains surrounded by steep mountains of the most grotesque and rugged character; then through rocky defiles; through the dry beds of wild mountain-torrents, or down declivities covered with yuccas and agaves. The charm of these mountain scenes by moonlight is described as beyond description; but it is evidently in the central mountains, uplands, and lake districts, and their rich mines, fertile meadows, productive soil, and European climate, that the future of Sonora and Chihuahua lies in the hands of the Unionists.

To a naturalist, however, the bare, solid, rocky mountain-chains, frowning upon him through thousands of giant yuccas and agaves, have an inexpressible charm. "How little could the boldest fancy," Froebel exclaims, "realise the beauty of such striking scenes. The most daring imagination of a scene-painter would never have ventured upon such a picture even for a fairy tale!" Nor is the country less barren or bleak as the Presidio del Norte is approached by the Rio Grande. It is impossible to conceive an inhabited district which so strongly retains the character of a savage wilderness. The eye rests on nothing but gloomy mountains of the most irregular and varied forms, while near a high, thick, thorny chaparral obstructs the road and the view as if guarding a paradise.

The valley of the Rio Grande is closed at the Presidio del Norte by a mountain rampart, like a bar pushed across, through which a narrow in-

accessible chasm gives at once passage to the river and access to its banks. It is this that renders these passes necessities to man, and will ensure their remaining for ever among the few great lines of communication between one portion of the globe and another. The very people here are as savage, and their habits are as rude, as the nature around them. The Norteños—as the inhabitants of the Presidio del Norte are called in Mexico—are the allies, spies, powder-purveyors, and the receivers and buyers of stolen goods of the Texan Comanches. Necessity may have driven them to this; for, isolated and exposed as they are, they could scarcely otherwise have held their ground between the Comanches on the one hand, and the Apaches on the other. Their alliance with the Comanches is in so far advantageous to their Mexican countrymen, as by it they assist in the extermination of the Apaches. This kind of friendly intercourse, and special treaties between individual villages and the Indians, is universal in Mexico, and neither patriotism nor morality can say much against this fulfilment of the law of self-defence. On the other bank of the river is a large building, surrounded by a mud wall, called by the Unionists Leaton's Fort. The man Leaton, who founded it, was a character for any tale which might be written of the wild frontier life of this region. Beyond this is a road known as Connelly's Trail, which joins at the watering-place Agua Delgada, the more frequented one which connects El Paso with San Antonio, in Texas.

It may appear strange at the first blush that the lust of territorial annexation should carry the Unionists across the Rio Grande into Chihuahua and Sonora, when they have so many unconquered lands in Texas and other portions of their own territory, and so vast an extent of unowned, uninhabited, and unreclaimed land in other portions of their own country; but the sketch we have given of Sonora and Chihuahua will, we think, throw light upon this subject. Beyond frontiers of desert —of unwatered and little available regions—lie mountain regions, with a splendid climate, of almost inexhaustible pastoral, agricultural, and mineral wealth, and it is to these that the eyes of an adventurous and enterprising population are directed.

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

See in the West how tranquil, sweet, and still,
The sobered sunshine smiles,
Crowning, like saintly haloes, every hill,
Gilding the lake's small isles!

Such is life's closing hour; the peaceful scene
With golden memories blest—
An hour so heavenly coloured, so serene,
The last, perchance the best.

Youth! with the lightsome step and frolic eye,
Snow brow, and cheek of bloom,
Dread not the time when these young charms must fly,
Think not calm age is gloom.

What though your glossy-black or golden hair
Be streaked ere long with white,
Think not the soul will shine less proud or fair;
For soul there comes no night.

Your burning joys too oft the heart will scorch,
And hopes but ashes lie;
Enter with reckless laughter Pleasure's porch,
Come out with weary sigh.

Age, dear expected haven of sweet rest,
After the storms of life!
Close of a war, when passions in the breast
Lay by their arms of strife!

Blest season, when the soul free thoughts can send,
Like doves, through earth and sky,
Action's wild flood subsided; when we end
Harsh notes in harmony.

Yes, music a farewell from Nature peals,
Sweet to reflective hearts;
So richer glory o'er life's landscape steals,
As its soft beam departs.

Fond recollections cast their mellow haze
O'er hours of joy gone by;
The soul feels pleasure backward still to gaze,
Though she may pause to sigh.

Oh, many the delights that wait on age,
Unknown in earlier years!
Leisure to counsel youth, con wisdom's page,
And wipe off others' tears.

In our arm-chair, by book-lore, we can roam,
Each scene, each country view;
The sight of happy faces in our home
Will make us happy too.

Calm hour, when soul is peace, hopes lure no more,
Blest resignation given;
'Tis as a bridge of gold, life's trials o'er,
Passing us on to heaven.

THE DEEPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

By M. Sullivan.

I.

WHY THEY DIED.

The blinds were all drawn carefully down over the front windows of No. 1, Clifton-street West; at the back of the house they were up, for the November days were short and dark, the Londoners were glad of as much daylight as they could get, and the mourning was only for a baby. He had enjoyed ten months of life—scarcely enjoyed them, though; his poor little soul, from the new existence on which it had now entered, must have looked back with disgust on ten months of doctoring, physicking, and "treatment" (a term which should generally be read ill-treatment); for he had been the youngest of five boys, not one of whom had lived to be quite a year old. The parents had watched the growth of this one with anxious solicitude, and had hoped against hope, long after the grave face and manner of the doctor had conveyed to them the opinion that he had not, as yet, directly expressed in words.

That functionary was just coming out of the darkened room of the childless mother, Mrs. Ashton. He stopped to speak a word or two to the nurse, recommending great quiet, and the absence of all excitement, for his patient, and he was about to leave the house when he encountered Mr. Ashton, just then returning from business in the City. Mr. Ashton stopped him with, "A moment, if you please, Dr. Crawford; I want a word with you before you go."

Dr. Crawford followed him into the library, a long narrow room on the second floor, and sat down on one of the two antique chairs with straight backs that stood near the large window, opening like a door upon the balcony.

"I want to ask you," Mr. Ashton began, "what you really think of my wife; I don't mean as to her state to-day—you told me this morning that she was rather better—but I am anxious if possible to find out the cause of her persistent ill-health. Have you met with similar cases in the course of your practice?"

"Yes, I have met with cases more or less similar to hers," the doctor answered. "Nervous complaints take a great variety of forms, and Mrs. Ashton's sufferings have been aggravated by quite an unusual amount of anxiety and disappointment. I need not tell you how glad I should have been if any known remedy could have prolonged your little boy's life."

"Thank you. I know that. What do you consider that he died of?"

"He died, like the others, from some species of head-affection, connected remotely or otherwise with dentition."

"Do you think that they inherited it from their mother?"

"That is always a difficult question. The fact that five children have been similarly affected seems to suggest the idea of hereditary liability to these complaints."

"And you suspect nothing more—really nothing?"

"You know what I did suspect."

"Yes, drugging. But, in the case of this child, the nurse is in all respects trustworthy, and it is certain that the two last swallowed absolutely nothing except their natural sustenance, and the medicines supplied by you. After receiving your hint, I had them closely watched, but the symptoms never varied, as you know."

"Never. I can only think that my suspicion was quite unfounded,—and yet at times my mind reverts to it."

"You don't think," Mr. Ashton hesitatingly suggested, "that my wife has any tendency to mental disease, and that it reacts thus on the children?"

Dr. Crawford shook his head.

"I have not seen any evidence of mental disease in Mrs. Ashton, nothing more than great excitability at times; and such a thing, even if it existed, would not stupify and kill the children. To suppose it, would be to confound two essentially different misfortunes."

"And in any case to get no nearer to the remedy," Mr. Ashton concluded, with a sigh. "I did not mean to detain you so long from your other patients; I only wanted to ask if you thought there was anything in that idea of mine; no doubt it was a mistaken one." And the doctor took his departure.

That evening his assistant, Mr. Vernon, brought him a certificate to be filled up and signed before the burial of the child.

"This makes the eighth that they have lost with the same complaint, doesn't it?" he asked.

"Not quite so bad as that. It makes the fifth, though. And the worst of it is that I only half believe my own certificates; at times it is 'borne in on my mind,' as the Methodists say, that these children are helped out of the world."

"Poisoned with opium?"

"That, or some other narcotic. But I have no grounds for demanding an inquiry, the symptoms being consistent with natural disease."

"Has any one an interest in getting rid of the poor little beggars?"

"Quite the contrary; the parents are anxious for a son of theirs to live. And besides, some property would be lost to the family, failing a direct heir."

"But their loss would be somebody else's gain. Now suppose that this somebody else has an understanding with the nurse, eh?"

"It won't do, my dear fellow. I haven't been worried for six years about these children without thinking of all that. The nurse has been watched, and changed, and watched again, and the property, failing a direct male heir, is to revert to the crown. It is only one or two hundred a year."

"It's a beastly shame that such a lot of property should go to the crown! It ought to be portioned out among the deserving young fellows of the country, alphabetically—I mean the other way, you know, beginning with the Z's."

"And getting on quickly to the V's? Well, we must suggest the plan to an enlightened legislature. Here is the certificate."

With which Mr. Vernon departed.

In the dark and silent nursery a little coffin stood at the foot of the cradle-bed, now no longer needed, and arranged in exact and hopeless order. The coffin was lined with quilted satin, and a small pillow, bordered with lace, supported the baby's head, with its fringe of short, light-coloured hair. The little face was pinched and lined, for its short life had been full of suffering, and the expression seemed to convey the idea of a kind of mute protest against some power that had called it into life, only to let it sink back again into the dim regions of death and forgetfulness. One thin little hand, very white and waxy, took feeble hold of a late autumn flower; the other was spread out over a white satin counterpane, edged with swansdown.

A lamp stood on a small round table, by which a woman was sitting with some needlework in her hand; but the work progressed slowly beneath listless fingers, and at last she laid it down altogether, as her thoughts drifted away into reverie, so far away, that a timid and hesitating knock at the door made her start as if a gun had gone off close to her ear, and her "Please come in" sounded strange, even to herself.

The knocker did come in, a woman short and broad, and kindly faced, wearing a canvas apron, so remarkably long and wide that her head and shoulders appeared to be emerging from a sack.

"I've done up the rooms, and put in the table-leaves, all ready for the funeral," she announced, "and I've come for one more look at that blessed lamb, and to see if you was any way skeery, sitting up here by yourself."

"No, Mrs. Wood, thank you. I'm coming down to the kitchen presently; perhaps that will be better than sitting thinking here."

"Much better. It isn't just the parting with this one, though that's hard after caring for it all these months, but it's the shivery feeling that there seems to be a fate on the poor little creatures, and that death's waiting for them from their birth. I wonder whether it's anything in the house, now?"

"Yes, it's something in the house," the nurse answered, gloomily.

"Lor! and yet you all seems to have your health pretty well, master and servants and all, except the missis. Do you think that the place is damp, or that the drains isn't seen to regular?"

"I think—I think—oh, I wish I could have saved him!" She laid her head down on the little table, that shook and quivered with the sudden passion of her grief.

A grimy hand was laid with comforting intent upon her shoulder.

"I know you feels it almost as if it was your own, but it's gone where it will be took better care of, poor little dear. And don't you worry about the house; the first house as Jim and me lived in hadn't a speck of damp about it, even water for use was scarce enough, and the dry rot was in all the boards, and the drains couldn't get out of order, because there wasn't any. But we buried our three first there all the same, and Jenny's never been to say healthy. It isn't in the houses, bless you, it's the will of Providence, and we has to bow to it. If you'd moved into another house, baby would have gone just the same."

The nurse dried her eyes.

"I know he would," she answered, "and that's the worst of it."

Something in the tone of her voice, involuntary, perhaps, but still significant, struck upon the listener's ear.

"Miriam," she said, gravely, "if there's anything that you do know or suspect, you ought to tell it, if not to your missis, leastways to the doctor."

"I have tried. No one would believe what I think if I was to speak out, and when I told the doctor what I thought would save baby, he said, 'Oh dear, no, that would be giving up the last chance.'"

"But you didn't tell him out-and-out what you thought?"

"I couldn't. No."

"What *did* you think, Miriam?"

This in an awe-struck whisper.

"Never mind, I may have been wrong. And it's all over now."

"Yes, I should think you was wrong if it was anything about the house; you'll be leaving now, I suppose?"

"I think not; master asked me to stay for the present, and this morning Dr. Crawford said something about another baby that he thought might be born in the beginning of summer."

"And a good thing too, even if it goes like the rest; rich people ought to have children to give work to poor folks; they're sure to do that if they live any time at all. And now come down to the kitchen for a cup of tea instead of moping up here."

"Perhaps it will be better," Miriam assented, but she stood a moment beside the coffin, and lovingly arranged a fold or two of the coverlid before she left the little corpse.

For a time all was silent in the nursery, except the ticking of the large clock in the corner, the clock that had marked the hours for the little child's medicine to be given—so vainly, for weeks and even months past. For he had been a frail and delicate infant, more so than the preceding ones, and his little life had been a lingering death. Presently the handle of the door was softly turned, and a lady came into the room, hastily wrapped in a shawl and a dressing-gown, as if she had that moment risen from her bed. It was the mother, come to look her last upon the little face that the coffin-lid was soon to close upon; whispering voices in her room had broken the silence when she was thought to be sleeping, and she knew that after this one evening and night she could never look again upon her baby's face. So, when all was still, and the servant who watched beside her had been called to tea in the kitchen, she softly rose, and trod with noiseless feet on the soft carpeting of the lobby that separated her room from the nursery.

Ten years ago she had been accounted a handsome woman; years of variable and declining health had told upon her beauty, but at times a singular flush and glitter of excitement about her recalled for a while the promise of her youth, and its bright fulfilment in her early womanhood. Only for a while. Often, as on this evening, she was pale and absorbed, only half conscious, as it seemed, of things that passed around her, as if her faculties of thought and observation were drawn away to some spot in the far past or the dim future. Very slowly and cautiously she opened the door, so as to avoid all noise that might be heard down-stairs, and moved towards the coffin; but her face was like the face of a sleep-walker, and no natural grief convulsed it at the sight of her little child. She sat down beside the dead, and smiled to herself at some picture, then slowly unfolding before the eyes of her mind; she saw the child, no longer

sickly and suffering, but strong and able to run about—she saw it in a wood, dotted here and there with gaily coloured flowers; now it ran to one, and now to another; both little hands were full of nodding blooms, when the unwary foot caught in the moss-grown fibre of a root from some large forest tree, and in a moment the child fell, but recovered its footing with a laugh. The mother laughed too, and the sound roused her from her waking dream, and she looked round the room with a start. Her glance fell for a moment on the coffined face, and, for that moment, she felt the bitterness of her sorrow; then her eyes closed, and she could see that her trouble moved slowly away from her, far away into the distance, where she could only feel it indistinctly; some influence was numbing her brain, and in this way lightening her heart. She smiled now with a kind of pity for the mothers weeping over their little ones, without the solace that she possessed—that comfort without any name, that lifted her out of the regions where grief has power over the soul. A soft white cloud appeared to fill the room, and she could no longer see the baby, but she had a feeling of its presence, and she was happy, quite happy.

Tea was over in the kitchen, and the servant, returning to her post, was shocked to find that her mistress had left her bed and her room: quickly guessing the direction in which she had wandered, she hastily ran to the nursery, and found Mrs. Ashton sitting in a rocking-chair, with bare feet, gently rocking herself to and fro, a happy smile upon her face. "It give her a turn," she told the other servants, "more than if she'd found her crying over him."

"Oh pray, pray, ma'am, put on your slippers and come back with me," she remonstrated; "you'll ketch your death, if you haven't caught it now."

Mrs. Ashton roused herself with an effort to understand where she was, and what the woman was saying; she carefully guarded her secret, a difficult matter at times, and tried to explain the circumstances.

"I came just to look at baby," she said, "and I seem to be comforted by the thought that he is to be spared all the troubles of life; perhaps he's better where he is."

"Yes, ma'am, no doubt, and I'm glad you can see it so."

But now the tears rose to the mother's eyes; the effort that she had made to see things as they were, and to shape her answer accordingly, had made the dreary present real to her for a while, not for long; she knew where to go for consolation.

"Bring me my bag of sweetmeats," she said to Sarah, and Sarah brought it.

There, among sugared almonds, coloured sweets, and lumps of black liquorice, were some pieces of a dark substance, unlike the rest, but not so remarkable as to excite observation. Sarah had once put one of these in her mouth, but had rejected it with intense disgust, for the taste was bitter. Mrs. Ashton loved her children as much as her deadened faculties would allow her to love anything; in spite of failing health, she was a good nurse, and her anxiety to give them their natural sustenance was encouraged by the doctor. But the children pined away, and died of that which should have been their most fitting nourishment. Only Miriam guessed why.

II.

LOVE, OR FEAR?

THE pleasant summer time had come back again, and the gardens of Clifton-street West were all in bloom. London gardens, with three laburnums and four lilacs, a tiny lawn, some lilies of the valley in bloom, and some geraniums that would bloom later on, a nut-tree that never bore anything, and a vine that bore a good many tiny grapes, only you couldn't eat them.

At No. 1, Dr. Crawford was constantly in attendance, for the birth of another child was expected; he thought it more than likely that it would not live, but he determined that, if it were born alive, it should have the best chance that could be given it, by being brought up by a nurse instead of by the mother. His eyes had been opened at last, for Mrs. Ashton's evil habit had grown and strengthened, even with the trouble that it had brought upon her, and its effects were no longer to be confounded with those of ordinary illness. He did all that could be done to cure her, but with little or no success. To deprive her of opium, suddenly and by force, would have been to cause her speedy death, and the attempt to break through the habit by degrees proved a signal failure; the quantity allowed by him was exceeded, and doubled, and trebled: indifferent as she had grown to most external things, she showed an endless depth of cunning and resource when it became a question of obtaining her favourite poison, and nothing but the stupefaction induced by the drug could long prevent her from getting more of it. The last few months had made a fearful alteration in her health and appearance, and her mind and body were alike failing rapidly.

A servant who had been in attendance in the sick-room came downstairs to announce to Mr. Ashton the birth of another son; Dr. Crawford thought it feeble, and feared that it would not live; another messenger reported the birth of a second child, a daughter, but said that she was dead; the mother was doing well. Presently Mr. Ashton went up-stairs, and met Dr. Crawford, who was then coming down.

"I think we shall do better than we expected," he said, cheerfully. "Mrs. Ashton has got over her trouble wonderfully well, and the twins will live."

"They told me the little girl was dead," Mr. Ashton remarked.

"Did they? I only said I was afraid it was dead; it is breathing regularly now. But remember, these children are far too delicate to be brought up by hand; two nurses will be absolutely necessary."

"Will you inquire for them?" Mr. Ashton eagerly asked. "I should not know whom to apply to."

Dr. Crawford undertook the commission, and the children were allowed that chance of life that had been denied, through ignorance, to their five little brothers. The boy soon outgrew the feebleness that had seemed almost to forbid the hope of his surviving the first month of his life; the little girl continued to be so small and delicate, that friends and acquaintances predicted her death from month to month, but still she lived on.

Lived to be a tiny fragile child, who at five years old was guessed by strangers to be about three, with hair like spun gold, and grey eyes too large for the little face they lighted. The child was fair, with the fairness that does not promise length of days, and thin, not because she grew with any degree of rapidity, for Miriam sighed over the fairy wardrobe that required so very little alteration from time to time; she would rather have seen the garments torn, and spoilt, and outgrown; the tidy ways and quiet habits of little Grace seemed strange and ominous to her. Especially she wondered and grieved over the singular timidity and predisposition to fear shown by the child. Miriam was of a character and intelligence that might safely be trusted with children: to say this is to assert that she never allowed fear, as an occult influence, to have any part in her ways of training and managing; little Grace had never heard of any one of those nursery bugbears that are supposed to excite a wholesome terror in the infant mind; no antiquated individual took up an occasional abode in that nursery chimney, no little bird chirped its secrets into the nurse's ear, nothing mysteriously "bad" was ever spoken of before the children. To such an extent did Miriam carry her objection to these and kindred topics, that she procured the dismissal of an undernurse, who, with the best intentions, and acting upon her own religious convictions, had endeavoured to impress upon the mind of Grace an idea of the doom which is supposed to await the wicked and the impenitent. A Sunday-school print possessed by this zealous disseminator of Christian knowledge, represented several black and horned individuals, each adorned with a liberal length of tail, cheerfully engaged in heaping brushwood on a blazing pile, and at the same time keeping active guard over a number of human beings, who vainly struggled to escape from the flames. This instructive print was duly explained to the shrinking child as representing a scene of which she would be a privileged spectator (front seats, and no charge to box-keepers), if she repented of her sins and turned from the evil of her ways; otherwise she would be compelled to furnish the amusement, instead of enjoying it at a distance. Grace began to whimper, and finally to cry, whereupon Miriam appeared, with two faces like Janus—all tenderness for the child, all wrath for the exponent of Perdition-made-easy. She, strong in her orthodoxy, appealed to Scripture, but appealed in vain; she was denounced as an ignorant busy-body, and the print as a pack of heathen stuff.

"But the Bible says——"

"It doesn't!"

"But look here." And a ready finger pointed to St. John's description of the second death.

"Oh, to be sure! And do you know who wrote that?"

"St. John the Evangelist."

"And do you know where he was?"

"In the isle that is callèd Patmos," the well-instructed one replied, proud of displaying her Biblical knowledge.

"And were you ever in the isle that is callèd Patmos, or in any desert isle at all, with nothing to do and little to eat?"

The student of the Apocalypse confessed that such a life was quite beyond the pale of her experience.

"Then I'd advise you to get yourself shipped to Robinson Crusoe's

island, or any other handy place of the kind, with only cannibal beasts for companions, and see whether you won't have dreams and visions. And now you may go to the isle that is called Patmos, or to any other isle you like, except this nursery, for here you come no more. I won't have the children frightened with bad things, nor yet with good things. Mind that."

And she kept her word.

But Grace cried more at parting with the girl than at the terror inspired by her well-meant lecture. The child was affectionate, and clung tenaciously to any one who showed her kindness, and in that respect, as in many others, she contrasted oddly with her twin-brother Robert. He was a strong, well-developed child; the taint derived from his mother had not fallen on his constitution, although his features were ugly without any redeeming points. Wiry red hair, that could scarcely be coaxed into order, an abnormal absence of forehead, small pig's eyes, a depressed nose, and a lower jaw that projected sullenly, made up a face that one did not like to contemplate, seeking from it an index of the mind within. The chief peculiarities of the boy were negative; he did not care for any one, he was not sociable, he did not like story-books, and so on. It was observed of him that he never excited affection; even Miriam, who had cared for him from his birth, confessed to herself that she did not like him, that what she did for him was done from duty, and in no wise from love. His father, and others, felt the same; it seemed to be a general rule as regarded him, but, like other rules, it had an exception, a she-exception (they are generally feminine), and that was—Grace.

Even Grace was never very demonstrative towards him; to any one else who had won her affection she would nestle up like a bird, and prattle by the hour together; to her brother she seldom spoke much, and she scarcely ever offered him a caress, or any other of the visible signs and tokens of love. But it seemed as if his will animated her frail little body as well as his own; what he wished her to do became in some way a law to her, and Miriam often wondered whether an influence that was beyond her comprehension should be attributed to love or to fear.

For Grace was singularly timid and fearful, in spite of Miriam's wise precaution against unreal terrors; no tale of ghost or goblin had ever met her ear, yet to her imagination the darkness was peopled by phantoms, all the more terrible because of their utter vagueness. Even a dark cloud made her shiver with undefined dread, and she covered up her eyes from the splendours of sunset. Miriam understood easily enough that the child's nerves had been injured and weakened through the mother's vice; so much was clear to her, but she could not understand the strange influence exercised over Grace by her brother, and as she disliked the suggestions to which it would at times give rise, she sometimes sought relief from them in altogether denying the existence of the phenomenon, and flatly contradicting any one who remarked upon it.

At other times she would anxiously reason with Grace, telling her that she ought to have a will and a mind of her own; feeling sadly all the while the exceptional nature of the task she had undertaken, for were not other nurses trying rather to induce their charges to give up their own wills and ways? But Grace would answer readily that she really wished to do so and so, naming some plan or project of her brother's, to

the carrying out of which she would have been strongly opposed, had any will but his been brought in contact with her own. Sometimes a servant would admiringly point out such instances of the little girl's goodness and docility, but Miriam would sigh over them as over something that we shrink from with half-comprehending dread.

The children often asked why they were never allowed to see their mother, and were generally told that poor mamma was too ill to see them, that they must be very good, and must hope that some day God would make her well again, and so on. But the mother, living, and in the house with them, and yet unseen, was naturally an object of great interest, especially to the sensitive imagination of Grace, who would often be found looking, with a kind of painful curiosity, towards the great door covered with green baize that separated Mrs. Ashton's rooms from the rest of the house. She was never known to approach the door, or even to go down the long passage that led to it, but Robert, who did not share in the species of nameless dread which his sister associated with the mystery, would often linger about the door, listening for any sounds that might come through its muffling cover, and occasionally trying whether any knocks or signals that he could make would elicit an answer from within.

Once, when the children were between six and seven years old, Robert proposed to his sister a plan by which he intended that she should gain sight of their mother, and thus satisfy the curiosity that in different ways they both felt as to her appearance and condition.

"Shouldn't you like to see mamma?" he began.

"I—I don't know. Shall we ever?" Grace hesitatingly asked.

"You can to-day, if you like. Leave your doll out in the garden, and, just before it strikes seven, ask Miriam to fetch it in. As soon as she's gone, take off your shoes, and just as the clock strikes, Sarah will go by with mamma's tea; she's hardly ever a minute later or earlier than seven. You slip along the passage behind her, and when the large door is unfastened you get in too."

"Oh, Robert! I daren't. Why don't you go?"

"For one thing, I can't walk so lightly as you can, and besides, you know that when Miriam came back from the garden she would hunt after me directly, thinking that I must be somewhere in mischief. But she'll think that you are in some of your holes and corners, poking into a book, and she won't say a word for ten minutes at least."

"I can't—oh, indeed I can't. What should I see in there? How should I ever get back again? Oh, I can't, I can't."

"How stupid you are, Grace. You'll see mamma, and a servant, I suppose, and you'll get back the same way that you got there—through the door. Come now, you've got to go, because I want to know what mamma is like, and what they keep her in there for."

"Oh, Robert, please, *please!*"

But yet she consented. The doll was left in the garden, and Miriam, suspecting nothing, went down to look for it, just as the nursery clock gave warning for seven. It was early in the spring, and the candles had not yet been lighted, though daylight was fading fast, and the long passage, down which Grace scarcely ventured to look, was sombre and shadowy in the twilight. Her heart beat fast with a kind of despairing

hope that Miriam would return before Sarah appeared, but even now she could hear the footstep on the stairs, and the slight jingle of the tea-things on the tray. Yes, it was Sarah, and she must go; she did not even think of appealing again to Robert. With a trembling hand she unfastened the buttons of her shoes, and a shrinking little figure glided down the dark passage behind Sarah, oppressed with the weight of an unutterable dread. To her imagination there was something awful in the idea of the mother, always so near, but always unseen, and the very name had not for her the tender significance it has for other children. The small unslippered feet pattered noiselessly down the long passage, but a suffocating fear was at her heart, and when Sarah stood still and rapped at the baize-covered door, the child heard the sound indistinctly, for a noise like the rushing of water was in her ears, and all external sounds were muffled and far away.

The door opened to admit Sarah, and the child entered with her, impelled by a power stronger than her own will. A red curtain, partly undrawn, hung against the inner side of the door, and Grace managed to hide herself among its ample folds. At first she had only been aware of a sudden glare of light, that made her close her eyes after the darkness of the passage, for the room was lighted with gas, but after a minute's pause she ventured to look out from her hiding-place, clutching all the while at the screening curtain, as if it had been a living friend and protector. The room was large and comfortably furnished, and a half-open door, opposite to the one by which Grace had gained an entrance, showed a portion of another room, and of a large four-post bedstead. At this door Sarah knocked again, having first put down her tray upon a small table beside the fire.

A tall bony-looking woman came from the inner room. Grace had often seen her on the stairs and in the long passage, and she knew that this was the nurse and special attendant who waited on her mamma.

"Well, Mrs. Mans, how's the missis this evening?" demanded Sarah.

Mrs. Mans, in reply, laid her finger on her lip, and carefully closed the door of the bedroom.

"Worse to-day than she's been yet," she said then; "awful all the afternoon. We had to send twice to Dr. Crawford's, and he's sent her something composing, and now she's having a doze in there."

"Perhaps I'd better set the teapot on the hob, and take the toast down again," Sarah suggested.

But at that moment a quick rustling noise was heard from the inner room, the door was hastily pushed open, and Mrs. Ashton came through the doorway; she wore a long white dressing-gown and a frilled night-cap, and her face was white and ghastly, like the face of the dead.

"Have you posted my letter?" she asked, turning to Sarah.

"Yes, ma'am," Sarah answered, readily; for she was by this time accustomed to fall in with the fancies and delusions of her mistress.

"And has any other claimant put in a plea for the title?" Mrs. Ashton asked next.

Sarah glanced towards Mrs. Mans for instruction.

"Oh no, ma'am," she said, in answer to a look from her; "no one at all."

"And let them beware," Mrs. Ashton continued, theatrically raising

her arm—"let all who would infringe my rights beware of the vengeance they bring upon themselves." She snatched two cushions from the sofa, and piled them up with a footstool, and another cushion taken from an easy-chair. Upon this heap she seated herself, and raised both her arms above her head as she concluded her sentence, "For I, and I only, am Queen of the East!"

It was a strange, ghastly spectacle. She was very thin and yellow from long-continued illness, and her eyes glittered with the uncertain brightness of insanity. She looked eagerly and suspiciously from face to face, and then smiled—that strange smile at something conjured up by the vagaries of a diseased brain, and once more repeated, "For I only am Queen of the East!"

A sudden movement near the door attracted the attention of the three women simultaneously; they saw that the curtain moved, and Sarah and Mrs. Mans both hurried to the door, and lifted the heavy folds of the curtain. Behind it they found Grace, crouching down upon the floor, with widely-dilated eyes, and hands spread out as if to screen some terrible object from her sight.

"Well, if it isn't little missey! How ever came she here?" Sarah exclaimed.

"Get her away directly," answered the more practical Mrs. Mans.

But Mrs. Ashton had risen from her extemporised throne, and making one spring upon the crouching form of Grace, she shook her violently by the arm, and repeated:

"Don't you know, little girl, that I am the Queen of the East?"

Mrs. Mans, with words alternately soothing and authoritative, separated her patient from the terrified child, who was taken back by Sarah to the nursery. Robert was found, watching with silent curiosity for the reappearance of his sister, while Miriam, who believed the child to be in one or other of the nurseries, engaged with some favourite book, had just called to her admonishingly not to try her eyes by looking at pictures "between the lights." Receiving no answer, she had left her place at the window to look for Grace, when the door was pushed open, and Sarah appeared with a bundle in her arms, which she carried straight into the inner nursery and laid upon the bed. The child's face was distorted by terror, blind unreasoning fear, that raised a barrier round her, through which tender words and caresses could not penetrate; she understood nothing that was said to her, and the touch of a hand threw her into a paroxysm of fright. There was no time for explanations, and Miriam, in great alarm, sent word to Mr. Ashton that little Grace had been suddenly attacked by some kind of fit or seizure.

Mr. Ashton was quickly by the child's bedside; the rigidity of her limbs, and the strange, set expression of her face gave him the idea of a cataleptic attack. He knew that a messenger had been already sent for Dr. Crawford, and the minutes seemed long to him until help should come. To speak to Grace, or to touch her with a soothing hand, was to bring on new demonstrations of terror and distress; the women had already found this out, and they were watching her silently, powerless to help or comfort her, when Dr. Crawford came in. He knew the peculiar temperament of the child, and he was not long in finding out the truth.

"The little one has had a fright," he said, "and her nerves have been

seriously shaken. At present there is little to be done for her, but I will stay here until she is sufficiently recovered to take some medicine that I shall send for. Afterwards I hope that she will sleep, and will awake much better; but some one must sit up with her to-night."

When at last the strange paroxysm of terror had yielded to sleep, partly induced by the doctor's drugs, Mr. Ashton sternly questioned Miriam on the subject of the fright that the child was said to have received. She had already heard from Sarah the account of what had taken place in Mrs. Ashton's room.

"I had taken in the tray, and bolted the door behind me," she averred, "and them would be my last words if I was to die to-morrow. Missis had been asleep, and she woke up all wild like, looking as if she'd been buried alive and got out again, and began making herself a throne, and going on like a play-actor. She didn't say or do anything to call frightful till Miss Grace moved in the curtain where she was hid, and then missis made one jump upon her, like a wild cat, and her eyes glared all green and yellow, and before we could stop her she gave the poor child a relishing shake, as a cat does before it eats anything, and asked her if she believed the nonsense she'd been talking, and shut her teeth on her words with a snap, like a tiger before dinner-time. We separated them the moment it was possible; but Miss Grace was like a dead child at first, and then wild with fright."

Miriam, for her part, explained that she had been asked by Grace to fetch the doll from the garden, and that the child must at once have taken advantage of her absence to get into Mrs. Ashton's room.

Mr. Ashton turned to Robert, who had been wholly unimpressed by Grace's illness and his own share in producing it.

"This is your doing," he declared; "your sister would never have made such an attempt of her own free will. Tell the truth, sir."

But Robert objected to telling the truth on general principles, and also because, in this particular instance, punishment might probably follow on the confession of his fault. So he stoutly affirmed that, when Grace took off her shoes and followed Sarah down the long passage, he did not know what she was going for.

Mr. Ashon could not understand it.

"I shall find out the truth from Grace when she is better," he said.

But when Grace was well enough to be questioned, she adhered to the statement of her brother, declaring firmly that the idea of getting into her mamma's room had been her own, and that Robert knew nothing of her design. And yet the child was naturally truthful!

III.

THE TWO GRACES.

AFTER the circumstance last recorded, Mr. Ashton began slowly to recognise the necessity, long since pointed out by Dr. Crawford, of placing his wife under regular superintendence and restraint. For a long time she had shown the most unequivocal signs of insanity, and it was obvious that her best chance of recovery would consist in the skilled attendance and exact routine of an asylum. But Mr. Ashton had de-

ferred from year to year the step that had been so often suggested to him, and had set apart three rooms, separated by a long passage from the rest of the house, for the use of his wife and an attendant. Now, however, that Grace had made her way to these rooms, under circumstances that no one in the house except her brother could understand, and had received so severe a shock, Mr. Ashton decided that it would be better to remove her without further delay, and this was accordingly done. For months, and even years afterwards, Grace could never be induced to enter the rooms that had once been her mother's; a dread, with which one could not reason, weighed upon her, and she would turn away her eyes from the baize-covered door, and hurry in an opposite direction.

As long as Mrs. Ashton remained in the house as its nominal mistress, its doors were closed to other members of the family; her calamity was more than guessed at, but, until the day of her removal, its full extent was not known. As long as it had been possible to screen even a part of her misfortune from friends and relations, her husband had endeavoured to do so, but now the world knew all, and condolence poured in upon him. Among other letters, he received the following from his mother:

"My dear Arthur,—It was with deep distress that I received the sad news of your poor wife's misfortune, for although I never approved of your marriage, I was most anxious for her welfare and happiness, and I feel that the trial which has befallen her is among the most grievous that can afflict humanity. It seems to me that sorrow upon sorrow falls now to my lot. Two years ago we received the news of the death of my son, your only brother, and the mail from Australia to-day brings me a letter announcing the death of his widow, your sister-in-law. I knew her when she was Miss Meadows, an interesting and pretty girl, and I thought that every prospect of this world's happiness stretched fair before them; but how uncertain are all our earthly dreams of bliss and enjoyment! Their little girl is now left an orphan, richly provided for indeed; she will have two fortunes, one from her mother and one from old Mr. Meadows, when she comes of age, or when she marries, whichever event happens first; but money alone cannot secure the happiness of any human being, and the poor dear child is desolate in the midst of her splendid prospects. The trustees propose to send her to me for the present, as she is so destitute of relations on her mother's side. The charge, no doubt, will be a heavy one, but I cannot close my heart to the interesting little stranger, and I accept the responsibility. It strikes me that you may now require some one to look over your household affairs, and, if so, I propose to take up my abode with you for a time, and to bring the little Australian with me. Your children will be pleased to know their cousin, and the benefit will be mutual. One year must now elapse before I can receive her, so that you will have plenty of time to make up your mind as to the desirableness of the arrangement. With love to my grandchildren, I remain, dear Arthur,

"Your affectionate mother,

"Grace Ashton."

Mr. Ashton pondered long over this letter, and finally decided that it would be better to accept his mother's offer. He went up-stairs to the

nursery to tell the children that in all probability their grandmamma and their little Australian cousin would come to live with them in Clifton-street. Robert received the news with characteristic indifference, but the imagination of little Grace was excited at once.

"Oh, papa, when will she come? What will she be like? How old is she?"

"She cannot come yet, Grace; your grandmamma must first write to say that she will receive her, and the voyage from Australia is a work of time. I cannot tell you what she is like, but I know that she is two years younger than you."

"And her name is Grace; how funny that is. When Miriam calls 'Grace,' we shall both run together, and not know which she means. Two Grace Ashtons!"

"Yes, you were both named Grace, after your grandmamma; but it strikes me that little Australian Grace has some other name—Grace something or other, I forget what."

"What a pity," Grace remarked. "I should have liked two Graces with exactly the same name, it would have made such a nice confusion."

"And you, Robert," his father went on, "shall not you be pleased to see your cousin?"

"One girl in the house is enough," replied the amiable twin.

Months passed on, and the time drew near when the little Australian might be expected. Every morning Grace desired to know how many days would now have to be got over before the earliest date on which her cousin might possibly arrive; every day some toy or nursery valuable was carefully added to a store that she had collected for "the other Grace;" every night she wondered afresh what the Australian would be like, whether she would love her, and what particular part of the sea she was at that moment passing over. Only once did Robert show the slightest sign of interest in the advent of the stranger, and that was when some remark was made by the servants about the large fortune settled on her, for servants have quick ears for such topics as these, and a chance word or a fragment of a letter will always have for them its full significance. At the word "rich," Robert became immediately attentive to the conversation, and after a thoughtful pause he anxiously inquired, "Do you think she would buy birds' eggs?"

For he had been in the habit of investing his pocket-money in various small articles, including strings of blue and speckled eggs, brought in from the country by bird-nesting boys, and of afterwards inducing Grace to buy them again at an advanced price.

One day a letter was brought in, directed to Mrs. Ashton, at No. 1, Clifton-street West, and was opened under the belief that it was intended for the unfortunate wife and mother, whose place among her own people now knew her no more. Its contents were as follows:

"Madam,—I have this morning placed your granddaughter, Miss Grace Ashton, on board the ship *Good Intent*, together with her nurse, and I expect that this letter will reach you at about the same time as the *Good Intent* arrives at the port of London. I hope that the young lady and her attendant will be met and conducted to their new home, and for all expenses required for the education and suitable maintenance of Miss Ashton I refer you to her late father's solicitors."

Then followed the address of the solicitors, and some good wishes from the writer on the part of himself and his co-trustee.

"This was intended for your grandmamma," Mr. Ashton observed, after reading to Grace such parts of the letter as would be specially interesting to her, "and we must forward it to her at once. But I must also inquire about the ship; possibly your cousin may have reached London, and may now be waiting for some one to meet her and take her home."

Even while he spoke, a cab stopped before the house, and a ring and knock brought little Grace at once to the hall door, where she tugged manfully at the great round knob, too large and stiff for her little hands to manage, until a servant came to help her.

There entered then a child, as nearly as possible the same size as Grace, and like her, inasmuch as she was fair-haired, grey-eyed, and had a similar expression and cast of countenance. She was wrapped in many mufflings, as one who has come from far, and she carried three or four parcels. After her appeared a young woman, eighteen or nineteen years old, with very bright black eyes and a plurality of packages; and finally the cabman handed down box after box, until the spectators began to look at the cab as one looks at the hat from which a conjuror is producing unnumbered repetitions of the same article.

"She's as big as me," exclaimed Grace, disappointed and ungrammatical.

For a long time past she had thought and spoken of the Australian as "little Grace," with an idea of protection and motherliness; two years make such a great difference in a life that has attained to little more than four times two.

"You are such a midge, Grace; you must make haste and grow tall," Mr. Ashton observed, as he placed the cousins together, and the new comer, looking up in his face, informed him gravely that *she* was Grace and not a midge.

"Yes, but have you not some other name—Grace something Ashton?"

She of the bright black eyes volunteered an answer:

"She call herself Grace Meadows; elle s'appelle Grace Meadows Ashton."

"Ah, then we will call you Grace Meadows, to avoid confusion. And you have a French nurse, I see; so I suppose you speak French very nicely?"

"Justine says I speak him passably well for a shild."

"Ah, mademoiselle mock herself of me. She learn me bad English express."

And, chattering thus, the party went up-stairs, where rooms had already been set aside for Grace Meadows and Justine.

She was older and less childish at seven years old than Grace at nine, and about equal to her in educational progress. Some persons declared the likeness between the cousins to be so remarkable that they scarcely knew one child from the other; and then, again, the likeness would be called slight, and scarcely perceptible, and some people could not see it at all. As the little girls grew older the resemblance was sufficiently apparent when they were apart, though a great difference could easily be pointed out when they stood together.

Mrs. Ashton, who soon afterwards made her appearance, was delighted

with the little Australian, declaring her to be the finest child she had ever seen.

"Only look at her by the side of Grace, two years older!"

"But she has been poorly ever since she was a baby," Grace Meadows would reply.

"Bless the sweet child! what consideration, what an angelic temper, she has!" and so on.

"Handsome is that handsome has," might have been Mrs. Ashton's motto; she never for a moment forgot the "two fortunes" settled upon her younger grandchild, and a golden halo circled round Grace Meadows, so that she could do no wrong, and when any mischief had been traced to her for which some one must be scolded, the blame was generally laid, directly or indirectly, upon the elder Grace.

Many children would have been injured in character by this species of injustice, but so it was that Grace did not grow sour and ill tempered, and Grace Meadows did not develop into a nursery tyrant. The children were fond of each other, and thus an invisible barrier was raised between the two-edged shafts of partiality, and the temperaments on which they might have worked so much mischief.

"Arthur," Mrs. Ashton one day began, opening a subject on which she had resolved to speak seriously to her son, "it is time for the children to be sent to a fashionable school."

"I intend to send Robert to a good working school; the boy is doing little or no good at home, and I have been inquiring for one that seems suitable for him. The little girls are better here than at school."

"But how are they to be educated?"

"They have regular lessons with their daily governess, and they speak French with Justine."

"They do sums, and write copies, and answer questions in the history of England; if you call that education, I don't. They ought to go to school, that their manners may be polished and their characters refined, and that they may form friendships which will be of use to them in future life, especially to your Grace, who is but slenderly provided for at present."

But on this point Mr. Ashton would not concede a single step.

"We will leave their manners alone, if you please, mother," he said, coldly. "I have no wish to see them walking and talking by special license, and I would rather that their characters should develop as nature intended, instead of being trained by conventional rule and compass. As for school-friendships, don't talk of them, please; it was from a school friend that my wife learnt the evil habit that we were so slow to discover, and that has placed her where she is now."

Mrs. Ashton saw that for the present it would be useless to pursue the argument.

"At all events, you will send Robert to a gentlemanly school?" she asked.

"I will send him, as I said, to a good working school, not to a very expensive one—at least, not for the present."

"But, my dear Arthur, he has very tolerable prospects as it is, and it will be his own fault, or yours, if Grace Meadows' fortune goes out of the family."

"He will have the Kinmure property, and one-half of whatever I may be able to leave, and altogether he will not be a rich man, or anything like it. I have not the slightest idea of your meaning about Grace Meadows' fortune."

"You know that it is very large, and that she would come into full possession at once if she married under age."

"Well?"

"Well, Robert is two years older than she is—just about the right difference between husband and wife—and he will be very foolish indeed if he does not marry her."

"I wish you would let these things alone, mother. In the first place, I disapprove of marriages between first cousins, and, in the next place, I do not think that Robert, unless the coming years alter his character very much, would be likely to suit Grace Meadows, or to find favour in her eyes. And in any case, I would rather let all such matters arrange themselves, without planning or interfering at all."

"You are so odd, Arthur; you were always the same from a boy. Any other father would be delighted at the prospect of securing a splendid fortune for his son, and would take every possible precaution that the heiress should be brought up with the idea of marrying him, and no one else. The mind of a girl is easily impressed, and nothing would delight Grace Meadows more than to be told that a husband had been chosen for her."

"I beg that you will tell her nothing of the kind," Mr. Ashton observed, decidedly.

But his mother persisted in counting the unhatched chickens, and the principal and accumulated interest that should hereafter belong to Grace Meadows was set down in her own mind as the future property of Robert, her favourite grandchild. *Why* he was her favourite it was impossible to say—perhaps because he was a boy, and the only one in that generation—certainly not because he evinced any liking for her, or any lovable qualities in general. As he was inclined to tyrannise over both the little girls, and as Grace Meadows was by no means disposed to submit passively to his will, Mrs. Ashton concluded that it would be better to separate them with as little delay as possible, that the dislike already entertained for him by the heiress might not grow with her growth, and strengthen with her strength. With a vague hope that absence would make Grace Meadows' heart grow fonder, Mrs. Ashton urged her son to send Robert at once to the school selected for him, lamenting at the same time that it was not "an establishment of a certain class," by which term she intended to describe a school in which very little work is done, although a great deal of money is paid.

IV.

THE TWIN'S TASK.

THE introductory portion of our tale has been told, and now we tuck up our sleeves for real work. The curtain rises on a pleasant morning-room in No. 1, Clifton-street West, and there, at a long table, the two girls were sitting, at work upon drawings lately finished, and one was

now being "mounted" upon buff-coloured cardboard. The drawings were of the conventional type attained to with more or less success by school-girls. In one, a lady, with massive plaits of black hair (giving delightful opportunities for light and shade), gazed with an admiring simper at a moss rosebud that she held in her hand, with pretty little twirls of green curling round it like clippings from a green worsted wig, and this was called "A Student of Nature," the words being prettily written in German characters just where the lady's waist would have come, if she had not been prematurely cut off, and reduced to a head and shoulders, codfish-wise. The other drawing represented a little girl "after Hayter," with supernaturally large eyes, and eyelashes that must have been put in curl-papers the night before, holding in one hand a tortoiseshell butterfly, which had apparently resigned itself to its situation, and was good naturedly spreading out its wings and poising itself generally, so as to produce a good effect. Both drawings were tinted here and there, and both, as a matter of course, were copied from "studies." One was marked G. A., and the other bore the initials G. M. A., from which the ingenious reader will readily divine the artists' names.

The girls were both dressed in deep mourning, for the death of Mr. Ashton, the father of Grace, and the uncle of Grace Meadows, had taken place three months previously, and the house had still for them the strange and empty feeling that comes with the knowledge of one voice silenced—one accustomed footstep to be heard no more. The provision that he had been able to make for his daughter would not have been sufficient, or nearly sufficient, to enable her to keep up the expenses of so large a house, but added to a yearly sum allowed by the trustees of Grace Meadows, and to the income of their grandmother, it sufficed to prevent the necessity of a removal, or of any marked alteration in their household arrangements.

The likeness between the cousins was still remarkable; almost every one was struck by it, except Mrs. Ashton, who, for her part, could not imagine how any one could confound the aristocratic lineaments of the heiress, Grace Meadows, with the pale and delicate features of the twin. They were both pleasing, without being exactly pretty, and were very nearly the same in height. When one came to know them well, one perceived in the elder Grace a quickness of fancy, and a peculiar sensitiveness, that was not shared by Grace Meadows; but to superficial observers they were alike in disposition and temperament, as they undoubtedly were in person.

"There!" Grace Meadows had carefully deepened the shadow of the lady's nose, and now she drew back a step or two, to contemplate her work from a new point of view. "I must put it away for a little while, and then see how it looks. I have strained my eyes over it till I see nothing but the shape of a head and a lot of smudges. How does it look to you?"

"Very nice, dear, all but that last shadow. If you stand sideways it almost looks as if you had given her a moustache."

"Grace, you're a spiteful beast, that's what you are."

"Now fancy if I had said that, and grandmamma had heard me, what a lecture I should have got about propriety of speech and demeanour, and the way in which young ladies used to speak when she was a girl."

"Yes, but then you scarcely ever do say anything naughty, Gracie dear; and I believe that if I were to break out into absolute oaths, grandmamma would only snigger faintly, and say what delightfully high spirits I had—all because I have got a lot more money than you have. Never mind, when I am twenty-one I shall have it all in my own hands, and then you shall have half of it. Only two more years to wait, for I am nineteen now."

And Grace Meadows counted on her fingers nineteen, twenty, twenty-one.

"Lots of things might happen in those two years. One thing I should especially like to happen, and it would not separate us either."

And Grace stole an anxious look at her cousin as she spoke, but Grace Meadows turned away with a pained and displeased expression.

"I wish—I do wish that you would not say anything more to me about *that*. It is bad enough to have grandmamma continually hinting at it; but you don't know how it vexes me when *you* begin too."

"If you could look over his reserve, and certain peculiarities that will wear off more and more, and if you could only know how very, very fond he is of you——Well, I won't."

After this there was silence for some minutes, while the girls arranged the contents of their drawing-boxes, and pared off the edges of the cardboard. But it was not in the nature of Grace Meadows to be silent for long together.

"I say, Gracie," she began, "I know what you were thinking of when you said my Student of Nature looked as if she had a moustache; out of the abundance of the heart—and so on, you know."

"I was thinking of the odd shape of the shadow just over her lip. You can see it in the bought one as well," the twin replied, quietly.

"Oh, to be sure you were! And what a peculiar effect the light has just now, as it falls upon your cheek; you take to studying shadows, and a counter effect is at once produced on your own face. Now, if a certain person, who is distinguished from ordinary mortals by a silky and aristocratic moustache, were to compare that attractive appendage with the fabulous one in the picture, substance with shadow——"

"If you knew what nonsense you are talking, I really think you would leave off," the twin suggested here.

"There now, you've put what I was going to say out of my head. Never mind, I'll try again. Supposing that Mr. William Brooks called twice upon Miss Grace Ashton, and that each time he was induced, by the lady's manifold attractions, to stay a long time, would you be justified in speaking of the occurrence as a *pair of stays*?"

"I think that any person would be quite justified in speaking of you as an intolerable nuisance," her cousin replied; but she laughed, nevertheless, at Grace Meadows' problem.

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. Ashton came into the room. She wore deep mourning for her son, and on that account was obliged to modify the juvenile style of dress which she usually affected. She was growing old, and the "front" of light curls that she wore flapped uncomfortably against her withered cheek, that looked all the grimmer for the contrast.

"I heard your merry voice, dear child, though all the doors were shut

between this room and mine," she said to Grace Meadows. "What a thing it is to have such excellent spirits! The trials of life will not come near you, as long as you are able to place such a barrier of cheerful contentment between yourself and them."

"It's a good thing to be merry and wise, grandmamma, and not a bad thing now and then to be merry and foolish."

"Foolish! That word does not in any way apply to you. How you fill up your leisure time with elegant and improving studies! What a lovely drawing that is of a child with a butterfly; how naturally the creature settles upon the dear little chubby hand!"

"Very. It's a way butterflies have of settling on children's hands, with a view to improving the child's knowledge of natural history." And Grace Meadows winked wickedly at the twin.

"Well, perhaps not that exactly, dear. There are bounds, you know, between reason and instinct. So far shalt thou go, but no farther."

"It was not possible to go any farther, grandmamma, because the cardboard leaves off here, just below the child's sash."

"You apply things so quickly, dear, and you draw so beautifully. That child's face is Nature; it is all one can say of it."

"And, after all, I have not touched that drawing; it is Gracie's from beginning to end."

"Is it possible that it is yours, dear? Well, it only shows how you improve by associating with Grace Meadows in your studies. When you were practising drawing by yourself, you only drew jugs, and lamps, and coal-scuttles, and goodness knows what, copying from all the common articles of furniture about the house, and now you can copy these elegant studies with really very tolerable success."

"And, after all, I think that the coal-scuttle practice is the best," the twin replied.

"If I thought so, dear, I would not say so; but sometimes I think you say eccentric things for the sake of being thought unlike other people."

Grace Meadows promptly interposed between her cousin and the implied blame.

"She *is* unlike other people, grandmamma. She is more clever, and more loving, and more unselfish than people generally are; she only wants to be a little stronger; but then, perhaps, she would be unpleasantly perfect."

"I like that—and I can walk faster and farther than you can."

"I did not mean that, though you might be physically stronger with advantage; I meant that I should like you to have a will of your own when Robert is concerned; sometimes it seems as if you argued against your will and against your principles, only because he wishes you to do so."

Grace Meadows' face contracted with a pained and thoughtful expression as she spoke.

"I think, love, you are mistaken there," Mrs. Ashton put in. "Grace is attached to her brother because he has so many lovable qualities, which you perhaps, knowing him less intimately than she does, do not yet perceive. He will be at home for some time this summer, and you will have an opportunity of knowing him better, and of finding out his worth for yourself."

After which it seemed as if both the girls had something to think about that kept them silent.

That evening Mrs. Ashton found an opportunity of speaking alone to the elder Grace, and of blaming her for what she called her bad management.

"As long as Robert is here, you are willing to promise anything," she said, "but when he is once out of the house you neglect to urge his cause, either because you will not take the trouble, or because you secretly side against your own twin-brother."

"Indeed, grandmamma, I tried this very morning to speak to Grace Meadows about his attachment to her."

"Tried! And she is so fond of you that she cannot bear to have you away from her for a week or two. She refused that invitation to the Barringtons for no earthly reason except that they did not invite you too. And it was a good thing that she did refuse it; as soon as ever she begins to go into society, she will be snapped up by some fortune-hunter unless she is already engaged to Robert. And with your influence over her, you might manage it so easily if you would only take the trouble."

"I do take every opportunity of speaking to her on the subject, grandmamma; but as she shows a marked dislike to it, don't you think it would be better to leave matters alone for a little time longer, until Robert has made a better impression for himself?"

"No, Grace, I don't think that anything is to be gained by waiting; in these cases especially delays are dangerous. You, perhaps, think that if she were to remain single she would share her fortune with you, but you may as well put that out of your head, once for all. Girls with tolerable good looks and very large fortunes do not often remain unmarried, and in her case it will be Robert, or somebody else; it might just as well be Robert, if you would only try hard enough."

"But suppose that she really does not care for Robert, and is not suited for him, would she make him happy, or be happy herself, grandmamma?"

"There you go again. That is so like you, Grace. As if any girl with any sense of propriety would permit herself to love a man until she was married to him. Grace Meadows has been brought up under my own especial direction, and she would not for a moment think of departing from the rigid line of feminine delicacy and correctness. I tell you that she will be married before two more years are over her head, and will make a wife that any man might be proud of, although she will not indulge in any sentimentalisms beforehand. And why should not such a splendid fortune be kept in the family, instead of going to a stranger?"

Grace was silent. She wished with all her heart that Robert could find favour in her cousin's eyes, but since Grace Meadows appeared almost to dislike him, it seemed to her that it would be useless to press the matter, at least for the present. The slightest expression of her opinion brought down reproaches from Mrs. Ashton, and so she decided that it would be better to say nothing.

ROME.

THE temporal power of Rome is no more: with her spiritual power we have nothing to do, being advocates of perfect religious freedom. Under the crown in this realm and in its fifty colonies, within the rule of which the sun never sets, every man may worship his Maker in the mode he deems right. This state of things has been achieved in despite of that open or sullen distaste, qualify it how we may, which ecclesiastics of different creeds exhibit towards each other. In Ireland, it is too true that the dominant creed of a fraction of the people makes the exception to the rule in England. There, to obtain secular ends, it still tramples upon the faith of the majority, consisting of Roman Catholics and dissenters of the Presbyterian belief.* This may be the case at present, but an injustice originating in a lust after profit cannot much longer be suffered to wear the mask of a regard for religion by those whose acts show that religion with them is little more than a pretension to support a secular under a religious end—an endeavour to retain a usurped advantage essentially of a sordid character.

It was this misuse of the influence of religion upon the human mind that held Italy so long under the temporal thraldom of Rome. The adherents to the doctrine of that Church became awake at last to the usurpation of the temporal as well as the spiritual rule by the popes, under the pretence of religion being the predominant power by the law of Heaven. They discovered that the Christian kingdom, in other words, the "faith," was, in reality, not of this world. They felt that for ages the beautiful Italy had been cajoled into crediting a pernicious principle, stifling civil freedom under a sovereignty usurped by the priesthood. At length the Italians determined to march with the enlightenment of the time elsewhere, and vindicate their temporal freedom from the black stole of intimidation worn to subject them to the most mischievous and arbitrary of despotisms, that which hampers the soul more effectually than fetters of steel can enchain the body.

It must be remembered that the important changes now developed in Italy are not effected by heretics or idolators, as the present dictators in the city of the Cæsars would fain make the world believe. They are the work of Rome's own children arrived at a mature age, and determined to be fed with the provender of the papal nursery no longer. The discerning children of the Church of Rome insist upon her restoration to something like her primitive state, and that she shall keep to that spiritual domination which was her legitimate sphere of action for seven centuries and a half, until Stephen II. grasped the temporal power amid the gloom and ignorance of the dark ages. Alexander II. and Hildebrand still further carried their sway. Before, the popes were no more than "bishops of Rome" to the world, however governed by the lust of temporal rule, and, in reality, possessing at that time a considerable share of it.

The present changes in Italy are, it is to be hoped, effective from the extreme north to south, for they only place its rule under the right prin-

* Irish population: Catholic, Presbyterian respectively, and other dissenters, 5,798,967; Church of England, 693,357!

ciple, or that before papal usurpation governed and supported a state of things utterly incompatible with popular freedom or progress. That it will not consist with ecclesiastical pride is a natural consequence, but arrogant impotence is a subject rather for risibility than pity. There is no aid for the dominionless monarch with the triple crown. He may continue to wear the glittering bauble, and liken it to a more noble coronet—that of thorns—but neither the pretence nor similitude will answer. The age will only deal with political facts. In vain the pretended Vicar of Heaven stretches out his arms and implores temporal aid to reinstate him in plenitude of power. The day of his usurpation out of his immediate domain is over. Ecclesiastical pride in a great and ancient European nation is effectively humbled, though its ambition may be as eager as ever to blaze out anew under pleas as hollow as those which nourished it in the past time.

Where can his Holiness look for temporal aid? Nothing endangers his spiritual position unless it be that advance in the human mind of which he could not stay the progress, even if he had all the aids of his past terrors at his beck, together with the most potent and most abject of his stirrup-holding kings. None of the enlightened among mankind, even of his own creed, will tender him their sympathies, unless he be content to resign the claim to that power he held by a usurped inheritance, and to rest his claim alone upon the faith he professes, being content with a kingdom not of this world. Hard lines for that ecclesiastical ambition, which is so apt to overleap itself. Hard terms for ecclesiastical pretension of any established colour to subscribe.

But where can the Pope look for a temporal ally to sustain him? As it was consistent with the pride of a Roman pontiff not to permit mental advance when he stood on the most exalted basis, so would it be now a weakness to confess that he was no longer that model of earthly perfection by which his predecessors characterised themselves—that solitary pharos which alone enlightened the compassless nations, and drew them into the only true course—drew them to the footstool of St. Peter. Where now is an ally extant to afford aid to the ruler of St. Angelo? Austria, the latest trust of his Holiness, the darkest and most obtuse of European governments, allied in bigotry and despotism to Rome, and as repugnant to mental advance as the Pope himself, she is disunited and shattered. Italy is free. The modern Goth of the Danube no longer desolates her fair fields. The lordly patron of Rome, his despotism and alliance in Italy, are alike become things of the past, or only a subject for papal mourning, with a sermon from the text "Art thou, too, fallen from heaven, Lucifer, son of the morning!" Thus Rome has once more returned to her old ecclesiastical position, for even her latest protector is incapable of giving her more than a useless sympathy, if its former pretences of regard were disinterested, which is very doubtful.

Those of the Catholic faith with truly elevated views must now, like the followers of other unprotected creeds, rely upon the innate strength of their principles for support. The miracles and legends of Rome will no more be credited out of Rome, except among those of the blindest of her own creed. The enlightened Romanist will not build all his future hopes upon fictions and tales of miraculous origin and fabulous efficacy. He will move forward with the intellect of the age, and admit evidence con-

temned under the assumed authority of St. Peter. Austrian bayonets are no more effectual in his behalf than they were when united with Prussia and George III. to arrest free principles—no more able to restore a Bourbon or put down the French Revolution, or that popular freedom, though abused at the moment, ultimately successful—Austrian bayonets can no more protect the Pope for sinister ends than the fallen Bourbon. The combination of Romanism with the feudality that darkened Europe for ages received its death-blow in France. In England some of its dregs still remain, for her revolution did not sweep away all their barbarisms, but these are rapidly disappearing under the progress of laws enacted in the improved spirit of the time. In this state of things the war of Rome, with the advance of the human mind, on which, with feudalism at its side, it ever waged relentless war, opposing to intellectual freedom and the welfare of the many a fictitious right from Heaven to govern wrong—in this state of things, it set at nought the signs of the times, until its adversity was beheld without respect or sympathy. It cannot be denied that, like Cæsar, to fall with dignity is some claim to respect; but Rome displayed in her decline nothing worthy of her past fame; even when falling she fell without dignity, with Francis of Naples, too, for her ally, recalling in his fall the distich,

A begging prince, what beggar pities not!

His Holiness must still be admitted far above the level of his friend Francis in misfortune, if it be only from his position, and the respect due to him from thousands who have a right to ask and receive credit for sincerity in that religious belief, which must not be refused by those of a different faith. They cannot credit that the theocracy of Rome has lost the charm of its power for ever, since it is always difficult to credit what contravenes high hopes.

But we are not now objecting to the Roman faith upon religious grounds. Litigious ecclesiastics on both sides will not cease to keep the minutest of such differences alive, and thus exhibit how remote from the principles both affect to profess are those which prompt or guide their discussions. We are alluding to Rome under a political usurpation of this world in its essence or character that has worked out its day. It had played its wary and proud game with the stolidity of crowns, and invariably won. It has tried the same means against mental advance in the people, and been beaten. Despite Index, chain, and fagot, it has fallen. The time has come when never more will its cogged dice be permitted to pass for the honest bones. Never as before, under its showy and embroidered robes, its golden chalices, its censers rolling clouds of fragrance, its images and gilded altars, with more than the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of heathen temple and worship, will it deface the simple and sublime worship of Him, who, pointedly eschewing those low-minded toys, gave the world a beautiful faith of the simplest character, of which the heart was the depository, and of which an individual, worshipping alone on a solitary hill, constituted a living temple under a worship without formularies at all, and adapted to the people in all countries, leaving the things of Cæsar to Cæsar's own care, and high priestcraft to its subtleties. No embroidered garb, no glittering ephod, mitre-crowned, became with its faith the instrument of anathema, nor concealed philters to work

miracles under a consecrated stole. Simplicity was the characteristic of the original faith which Rome simulated in a day that is past. The papal ensign no more flaunts on the breeze from the walls of the City of the Seven Hills, but hangs down mournfully and unreverenced. It will never flutter as haughtily again as in the past ages. Religiously speaking, it may become more worthy than before; but it will be only the shadow of the dead in respect to power, the mere reflexion of what it was once in religious despotism, and in rule over monarchical apprehension. Its aged limbs may continue to move some time longer, but it will be as the muscle of the dead under voltaic action. There will be no real being. As with man himself, so it is with his labours and institutions, those which die out depart for ever.

Rome has completed its cycle: it may still exist in decrepitude. No more will the papacy rule by acting upon human fears. The pretence of governing politically, by alarming the consciences of men respecting their fate in another world at the fiat of one in this, self-elected God's vicegerent, keeping their consciences for them as well—that pretence must now fail. For a considerable time Rome h d relied, as was natural, upon Austria, the least enlightened of all the European courts. Austria had cast over the Vatican her protecting arm, but the power of that arm is withered; it is palsy-stricken. Austria can no longer shield her protégé from her own humiliated condition. She has to take care of herself. The interests were common, but they were both dishonest to their people. The Italians saw their opportunity. Austria was expelled from the land in which, under every possible point of view, she was a usurper and an alien oppressor. The last protective power gone, Rome sank. She succumbed to resuscitated Italy, that now belongs to her own children. They would not consent to the demand made by the Pope for a restoration of territory, and for the authority of a temporal prince. The spiritual claims of Rome for temporal power can meet regard no more. Italy has no desire to be ruled again by a conclave of priests, in common with those of other provinces, over which the Roman pontiff has been compelled to resign his authority. The people will never jeopardise their unimpeachable rights to enable a spurious temporal claim to resume its power, and exhibit its wonted arrogance and worldly ambition. The Church affected to consider her kingdom not of this world. Let her own word be taken, her own expressed desire be secured to her. The Italian people have signified by actions, which speak louder than words, to their own sovereign and to the world that they will render "temporal" obedience to that sovereign alone, for they have selected him who is to rule over them, and disavow "divine right," the abracadabra of monarchical rule in dark times. They owe the Pope only ecclesiastical obedience as the spiritual head of their Church, and no more. It would be wonderful how his Holiness can have the conscience to demand more, while declaring in the same breath the vanity of earthly things, and boasting that his kingdom is not of this world, were it not that so many ecclesiastics have, in place of a decision by truth and plain sense, a latent power of reconciling contradictions upon an emergency, and reducing reason to a convenience—a power quite marvellous, belonging to no other order of men. The age has, however, borrowed a hint from their virtue in this respect, by regarding the past thunders of the Vatican no more

than the squibs let off to celebrate the papal birthday, or rather its anniversary, from the Castle of St. Angelo. His Holiness may retain the keys of St. Peter, but he has no thrones, like his predecessors, to bestow upon favoured candidates for defence or subservience. The lord of the City of the Seven Hills must fall back upon the Roman bishopric alone, and to retain his present titles put up with a spiritual dominion, as the early apostles did, who never used it as a *pis aller*. They had no ambition to wear triple crowns, put on purple, and demand that princes shall kiss their feet, for they had not such a thirst after worldly vanities, nor after universal dominion. Rome, too weak to resist the attack of one of the provinces over which she had before held absolute dominion by means of Austria—that had an eye upon it for herself—still spoke as if she commanded as many millions as Xerxes led against Greece.

How is the mighty fallen! What has become of that ambition which aspired so lately to dominion over the souls and bodies of men? Tarshish is desolate. Its own children are rebellious. Its temporal sway is for ever gone, or reduced to a shadow, to a cloud, that may be dissipated by a zephyr.

Singular is the change time and reason have effected in the world, but most in having overcome even papal obstinacy, and humbled it *de facto*, if not in its own conceit. It cost the papal constancy and hauteur two centuries and more to acknowledge one physical truth, and to do that justice to Galileo, for example, which the less proud, ignorant, and aspiring had long ago conceded. Two centuries and more were needful to compel a Pope to assent to a self-evident truth. Having denied that the earth moves, it must not be admitted, if doubted by the wearer of the triple crown. The world must forget the denial before Rome admits the fact. A better picture of the papal drag upon the progress of truth for centuries, as well as its immeasurable pride, could not have been conceived in the way of illustration. Was it not time that such an obstacle retarding the wheels of truth and humanity should be abandoned, from its lying across the track of intellectual advancement?

The forward movement of the human mind may be retarded, but it cannot be arrested, in these days by popes or kings. Knowledge will enlarge its sphere, and if neither are content to share in its progress, it will triumph over their hostility. It will do more; it will precipitate them from an elevation of which they are unworthy. Yet, shaken to its foundation, the Vatican still hopes against hope.

In the middle ages the Pope was regarded as the Vicar of Christ. He was supported by the credulity and intellectual deficiency of princes, who, being of this world and the priest of the superior, were persuaded to become obedient to him on the very ground of their own deficiency in station. By the confessional, the Pope subjected monarchs to his will. He denounced hierarchies, set feudality at defiance, or made it his footstool, and proclaimed all men equal before himself. He summoned them as being the Vicar of God upon earth, and so bound to pay him obedience. He thundered forth his censures as being the representative of the humble Nazarine, without fearing that the discrepancy between the character of such a representative as he was and the past reality would dare to be questioned by the superstitious who feared, or by the

obtuse unlettered, who had no power of judgment on such questions, being instructed to leave them to their spiritual teachers. Thus men lived and moved by the Papal mandate, religiously and politically. The priest ruled princes by his arrogance and their fears. He ruled the masses, too, by his mandate, as their spiritual head. Popular convictions were then with the popes, and they are strong and cannot be shaken without violent reactions, even in their own too evident perversions in dark ages. Governments can only last while in a certain conformity with the people, for, after all, they are constrained by them for good or evil. All power must, if unconsciously, emanate from them. Thus the papal rule, by its subtlety and affectation of a high calling, had sustained itself for ages, supporting truth and justice, or depreciating them—to-day humane, to-morrow merciless, as it suited a crafty, or daring, or unprincipled ambition. Kings were interdicted, or made to bow before the mitre; their policy counteracted, and their consciences alarmed. If here and there a sovereign seemed to disdain the owner of the triple crown, the thunders of St. Peter were hurled against the crowned offender with terrible effect. Humiliations and apologies followed, for the terrors of excommunication were dreaded by the proudest thrones. Instances need not be quoted; they are familiar to all readers of history. The union of pride, insolence, and cruelty in him, who proposed to represent in personality the humility, simplicity, and holy kind-heartedness of the Saviour of the world, was notorious, yet not conspicuous enough to overcome the intellectual prostration of the masses, on remarking its inconsistency. The papal vengeance, too, and the dire penalty of resistance to the most absolute of all authorities were so many obstacles to overcoming what was established by that ancestral wisdom, which, it was artfully taught, was only to be found in the deeds and axioms of the darker ages. But enough; Rome now turned in vain to her old ally. She cried in vain to Vienna: "Come to my aid, set up my banner; we are able to aid each other!"

The truth is that, as a political institution, Rome, having terminated its career, is abandoned to her own feeble resources. The Eternal City is no longer regarded but in her religious vocation. Let her cherish her power there if she pleases, and make the most of her theocracy. The age is tolerant. The temporal rulers will secure freedom of worship to all creeds. The age, too, tends at present, and soon will tend more, to place all creeds upon an equality, and thus terminate those unseemly religious differences which are so strongly opposed to social peace and religious truth, repressing, also, the unseemly scenes which are every day enacting at our own doors, in at ime of great toleration to religious sentiment everywhere, compared to the spirit displayed within living memory.

That Rome has been reduced to limits little calculated to content her insatiate ambition is true enough. Was that ambition consistent with the doctrines and practices of which it would be supposed she was the organ of administration? It is clear this was not so. Her ends were more positively selfish than religious. Power veiled at times by the faith, but as often boldly displayed before the noontide sun, was her aim. Not long ago Rome held in command the crown of the Two Sicilies, which she had always bestowed where it appeared likely to administer

best to her own private and temporal views. For the notoriously bad morals and loose conduct of the people, she let them pass as long as they were obedient. The crown was in her interest, and this was enough to assure her of temporal power in that quarter. Morality was of no importance. It was different in relation to her power in the middle states and north of the peninsula. There, where Rome had once decided the disputes of nations herself, without other aid, as when, at Liguano, Barbarossa was routed. He, in the first instance, conciliated the Pope, whose word finally, such was the papal influence in the north, settled the affairs of the Lombard league.* The Pope claimed the centre of Italy as heir of the Countess Matilda, and the territory from Rome to the Po. Complications arose, but the grasp of the Church turned it to its own profit, and a new state of equilibrium ruled in Europe—the effects of the league of Cambray. The war against France in the time of Henry VIII., made by England, and numerous changes and intrigues under Pope Julius, show how strong was then the itch of temporal power in the rulers of Rome, and how far her preponderance effected her desire. This preponderance was at its highest point in Italy, as regards dictation to the temporal governments, when the Reformation broke out. From that period it was remarkable that the Catholic Church began by degrees to lose its political influence. The princes of Europe, as if ashamed of their former weak conduct, exhibited less fear of the papal power, and began by little and little to free themselves from their former ignominious shackles. The popular element had no politically constituted head, but it acted with no less force under the robe of Luther than it had done under the purple of Gregory.

Julius II. made Italy his sole care, and insulated himself from the surrounding princes. He gave place, at his decease, to the celebrated Leo X. That Pope treated all monarchs upon an equality with "High Church" pride—often with an air of decided superiority. But the emperor, Charles V., made Rome feel that her desire of temporal power was incurably wounded. At the same moment Luther was making a breach in her spiritual defences. For three centuries subsequently the efforts of Rome were vain to regain what she had lost. She could no more pass the line of demarcation. She could no longer arbitrate to thrones. Kings knelt no more at her feet. She no longer, with a proud and lofty air, visited or addressed courts with her high-sounding language. She changed her tactics afterwards, and crept into the presence of temporal princes disguised in the mantle of Loyola. It was not out of the reach of human prescience to foretel that the day would soon arrive when the Pope would be obliged to give up openly, at least, that pernicious alliance at the dictum of civilisation after having used it for all sorts of indefensible ends. Thus, despite the pomps of the past, the Pope now sees himself reduced to seek his vengeance in appeals to Heaven. Neither Austria nor the Jesuits have power longer to aid him—reduced to the exercise of a few ceremonies, and the utterance of impotent menaces and appeals to that unlistening Heaven which his order, existing for sacred purposes originally, had for ages been outraging.

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* Reference for the facts, which would occupy too much space to quote here, may be found in all the different histories of Italy.

Such was the state of papal Rome almost ever since the end of the eighteenth century, and so fallen is it at present. It still denounces and is disregarded; it complains, and is unpitied; it threatens, and its menaces are despised. Still it combats to the last against the progress of the human mind; it sees, without the power of preventing it, that new lessons of conduct must rule in the religious world; that all creeds will have an equal protection; that with the discrepancies of a faith that still lives but faint, time-worn, and gasping, amid the ruins of the mother of dead nations, its remembrances must soon assimilate with the past if it will not advance. Its unsound principles and selfish ends must inevitably become no more than the stuff of which dreams are made, and before long rest upon the relics of a belief, in considering which mankind must marvel how its aberrations from truth and reason and the professions of its own children originated. It must marvel itself at so long an existence, so protracted a toleration by reason and the dictates of the sense of the common family of nations. It must be admitted that the feudal system had been the great support of its ambition, until Charles V. restrained its further advance. Thus, for three centuries past Rome struggled to regain her lost ground in vain. Her previous wide domination over thrones ceased. No more kings were seen prostrate at the feet of a Roman pontiff. The Vicar of Christ was humbled, but still carried a proud front in his stronghold, while the temporal sovereigns of Europe, not Roman, were in their turn employed in obliterating, if possible, the popular element, and all that was conspicuous attached to it. In this all the crowns, single or triple, more or less partook. Some showed the spirit, but, daunted by the enterprise, dropped into half measures.

Still the popular element could not be extinguished, and in due time vindicated itself or showed its power. Parliamentary reform, in England, proved that the principle only slumbered there. In France, the compression of the popular power had exploded in living thunder, scattering a devastation proportioned to the compression. At the French Revolution, an appeal for aid was made by the Bourbons to the saintship of Rome to hurl the denunciations of the Vatican against the opponents of divine right. Thrones have been accustomed to use any means to an end. The appeal of a "Church in danger," was here, as in some other instances since, employed to the support of arbitrary principles and a rotten system. Rome, neglected Rome, where the popular principle began to vindicate itself, was called on to personate the champion of the absolutists in France, and to place itself in front of the battle for those who before knew Rome but as a name. The act deceived nobody, for the end was too clear. Italy saw through the trick, and why the neglect of her sons had ceased until that ominous moment. The pontiff, who had been accustomed, in the jargon of the papal conclave, when opposed, to speak of martyrdom, bent as flexibly before the changes of the hour in France as a supple reed before the tempest.

The popular principle next became embodied in a military form under Napoleon I., as it had been formerly under Luther in a religious one. Checked for a moment by his brother despots self-named the Holy Alliance, embodying the time-shattered feudality of old for a passing moment, Rome, just before courted, now hoped for a permanent rein-

statement as in past days, but in vain. No honest return was made for her good will, and all hope of gain and aggrandisement vanished when the Bourbons fell with its bigot-head, Charles X. Rome had been restrained by concordats on the part of France, it is true, but still she was in name the cherished son of the Church, although the filial affection was not of the strongest. Rome, as before said, was constrained at last to rely upon congenial and despotic Austria as her right hand—Austria garrisoned her cities, but it regarded the trust like a half-hungry man, who, being guardian of another's food, is prepared to swallow it up at the first opportunity. At last, France behaved to his Holiness like another Absalom to his parent, restored temporal Italy to its lawful owners the Italian people, and the Pope's temporal power ceased beyond the walls of Rome.*

But even then the Roman faith, the kingdom not of this world, remained to her. The ceremony and pomp of St. Peter's were still hers. She might canopy its lofty roof with clouds of incense, and exalt the Host amid admiring thousands, but what claim save unchristian ambition had Rome beyond the kingdom not of this world? Here is the point, no matter for what is consistent with the book of Christianity. Consistency is out of the question in a temporal creed, built upon begging the question of St. Peter having been in Rome, which there is no proof he ever had been, and that he founded a bishopric there, afterwards metamorphosed into the papacy. No matter that the institutes of the Christian faith had been confided to heads with the triple diadem that out-Heroded temporal rulers in crime and ambition. They were Heaven's vicegerents still, and their reigns must all be considered sacred. Who would uphold a kingdom on the character of its not being of this world, if it were not to be seasoned with a fair quantum of temporal advantage as a makeweight?

Italy contains above twenty millions of conscientious Catholics, who differ with his Holiness upon the question of the temporal power, retaining their faith still. They claim that power as their own right. They rightly regard the old papal use of it as an abuse—a usurpation. Are the

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* In 1814, when, in all the insolence of triumph by foreign bayonets the Bourbons returned to France, and the Holy Alliance deemed its leaders the Solomons and Goliahs of the age, intellectually feeble as they showed themselves by results, Louis XVIII. gave a charter to the French, in which he insolently disavowed all the facts relative to the government that had occurred from the death of Louis XVI.! He also condescended to give France a charter, such as it was, for all time to come! The Pope, too, in like plenitude of the bayonet-law of his allies, issued a bull, after re-establishing the order of Jesuits, so convinced was he of the wisdom and permanence in power of the Holy Alliance. This bull is worthy of being repeated. It must recal how well it harmonised with Lord Castlereagh's depth of mind as a statesman and that of his holy allies. "We command that the present letters be invariably observed, according to their form and tenure, in *all times to come*, that they may obtain their full and entire effect, and that they *never* may be submitted to the consideration or scrutiny of *any judge*, BE THE AUTHORITY WITH WHICH HE IS INVESTED WHAT IT MAY! Should any one seek to infringe the smallest particle of this ordinance, or oppose the same by an AUDACIOUS TEMERITY, let him remember that he thereby will incur the indignation of Almighty God and of the apostolic saints Peter and Paul!" What a lesson has been given since to prove the wisdom of the politic arrangements of the Holy Alliance, and of the levity of Vatican thunder so mighty of intention! Who now heeds documents so inveterately feeble in their insolence?

Italians free to choose their system of government or not? His Holiness says not: and his creatures alone reply "Amen." The Italians, like others of the enlightened world, will in future march parallel with free nations. They will no longer submit to a proscription of ideas, to Church dependence, to the Index, to a denial of private judgment, to a civil rule of priests, to the stamp of impiety being placed upon knowledge. If this be rebellion against the Holy See, because it is public enlightenment, then the Italian people will consent to be in error. Will the enlightened nations of the world not agree to this as a fact? Would not Rome have been wiser to have kept to the crosier in place of craving after a crown? Rome alone is ample for the independence of the head of her faith. Her religious influence would still be felt everywhere, for her devotees possess institutions of no stinted limit, and she might still issue her oracles or her commands from St. Peter's chair; monastery and convents and their children are still her own. She might still be an apostle among them, and advance civilisation too, had she not denounced all progression, all social advance, all claim to be a benefactor to her race by the extension of knowledge. By the opposite conduct alone can she survive long and retain influence. Human intelligence will continue to advance, despite bull and anathema, and overwhelm her. The Pope has chosen to pursue a retrograde course, and in sympathy for him England is educating proselytes in the bosom of her own Church, thus adding to the vitality of the Roman faith at a moment when it can only be preserved by its proclaiming that which it has never yet been permitted by its head to acknowledge, and of which the proverbial obstinacy of the priesthood will ever thwart the good policy. The pomps of the Catholic Church may continue to seduce weak minds even when it is itself on the verge of the sepulchre. It is now at the entrance, and, when prostrate there, it will be succeeded by new institutions. It is the law of sublunary things. Everything changes to make way for progressive benefits, the loftiest as well as the vainest. The Pope will not give way to the unity and nationality of Italy even in the last struggles of senility on the part of its traditions. He will appeal to Heaven, he will threaten, he will still invoke the command of the temporal power, affect to desire martyrdom, and amid harmless denunciations protract the duration of his feebleness, he will still crave and be the representative of defeated ambition, and the victim of perished illusions. He will leave a moral for his successors, and his biography will be of service to the world in protecting it against the ambition of the heads of all Churches that have had noble opportunities for good, and sacrificed all to pride, hatred of progress, and lust of wealth and secular power.

But wherefore thus offer unwholesome sacrifices? Wherefore, amid the rapid advances of the human mind, retrograde thus? Why not assimilate with the Italian people, and not, at such a moment as the present, lust after the blackness of gloom of the middle-age worship? Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and give the Church that due which, while it should not savour of the things of this world, should not nurture that superstition than which nothing is more distant from the true spirit of Christianity; not, indeed, that faith founded by the tools of the Emperor Constantine, but by the apostles. Is it not politic, if religion be really the question, and not the extension of priestly ambition, that

man should seek the enlightenment of his kind rather than cover it with the black garb of a perverse ignorance, in order to misrule the human mind more effectually? Is it not prudent to silence censures rather than provoke them? Perhaps this recourse to dark times and analogous opinions, in order to augment priestly power, is a sort of challenge to attract pity by courting persecution. Unhappily, if such be the case, there is no chance of martyrdom in the present day. The risk may be run with impunity. Smithfield will be desolate as far as the stake is concerned. There will be no retaliation for its past fires, *en revanche*, as the French would say, thanks to the rule of the secular power, and to the days of enlightenment so abhorrent to the semi-votaries of the papal power existent here, and lusting to become wholly so.

But many of our clergy go over to Rome; the more sincere in retrogradation do so openly, the less honourable by stealth, softly treading on tiptoe in the old track, now a short step, and then a longer step. This apostate repeating some passages exclusively Roman, with lips scarcely parted, as he passes up his church aisle, masked with some many-coloured vestment from Rome half hidden, or bearing some gewgaw derived from Jewish or heathen worship, which Rome had introduced into her service—it may be with a chalice of holy water beneath a stole, thus trying the public patience with new-old superstitions. This, too, at a moment when Catholicism is relaxing its former strictness, and travelling in a good degree with the age in respect to civil liberty. The reformed Catholic Church is not to the taste of our ecclesiastical deserters. They thirst after those days when popes outwitted monarchs, and nations were led by St. Peter's ring thrust through their noses. They would scout a milder Catholicism than that of the middle ages. All this at a time when a part of the Church of England, as was observed by an eminent dissenter from it the other day, "never was more actively employed in doing good."

A stranger, from the desire of returning to Rome thus exemplified, might suppose our Church falling, in place of flourishing, by these clerical desertions, prompted by the desire of priestly power, or by the memory of Thomas à Becket and of Loyola. But houses are said to be forsaken at times by rats, and that most unaccountably. Our Church suffers just now in a similar matter. Ratting has become common, and the practice does not seem to diminish among the feeble-minded, for religion has often in weak hearts pretty strong ambitions. Can the Church of England expect to survive an exode so extensive—ought it not rather to be regarded as a purification of the Protestant Temple?

CYRUS REDDING.

ABOUT CONSUMING ONE'S OWN SMOKE.

A QUAINT TEXT PRACTICALLY APPLIED.

By Francis Jacox.

There is a period in the inner-life-history of Mr. Carlyle's great clothes'-philosopher, Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo, when his passionate soul, agitated with all the problems of this unintelligible world, precipitated through "a shivered Universe," has only one of three things to propose for him to do next: establish himself in Bedlam; take to writing Satanic Poetry; or blow out his brains. In the progress towards either of which consummations, do not less philosophical readers, it is asked, anticipate extravagance enough; "breast-beating, brow-beating (against walls), lion-bellowings of blasphemy, and the like, stampings, smitings, breakages of furniture, if not arson itself?" But nowise so does Teufelsdröckh deport him. "What ragings and despairings soever Teufelsdrockh's soul was the scene of, he has the goodness to conceal under a quiet opaque cover of Silence." The first mad paroxysm past, he "buttoned himself together," we are told; was meek, silent, or spoke of the weather and the journals: only by a transient knitting of the shaggy brows, by some deep flash of those eyes, glancing one knew not whether with tear-dew or with fierce fire,—might you have guessed what a Gehenna was within; that a whole Satanic School were spouting, though inaudibly, there. "To consume your own choler, as the chimneys consume their own smoke; to keep a whole Satanic School spouting, if it must spout, inaudibly, is a negative yet no slight virtue, nor one of the commonest in these times."*

The very head and front of this offending in the Satanic School, Byron himself, has he not said,

> Existence may be borne, and the deep root
> Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
> In bare and desolated bosoms: mute
> The camel labours with the heaviest load,
> And the wolf dies in silence,—not bestow'd
> In vain should such examples be; if they,
> Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
> Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
> May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.†

Byron was twitted, however, by Dr. Chalmers, with having wailed upon the housetop.

Depend upon it, said Dr. Johnson to Bennet Langton—and he was constantly saying the same thing, *et pour cause*, to too demonstrative James Boswell,—depend upon it, that if a man *talks* of his misfortunes, there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him; for when there is nothing but pure misery, there never is any recourse to the mention of it.‡ To Boswell the Doctor writes in 1778: "When any

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* Sartor Resartus, book ii. ch. vi.
† Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, canto iv.
‡ From Langton's Johnsoniana.

fit of anxiety, or gloominess, or perversion of mind, lays hold upon you, make it a rule not to publish it by complaints, but exert your whole care to hide it: by endeavouring to hide it, you will drive it away."* A year and a half later he renews and re-enforces the admonition: "You are always complaining of melancholy, and I conclude from those complaints that you are fond of it. No man talks of that which he is desirous to conceal, and every man desires to conceal that of which he is ashamed. Do not pretend to deny it; *manifestum habemus furem;* make it an invariable and obligatory law to yourself, never to mention your own mental diseases. . . . From this hour speak no more about them."† Next year Mr. Boswell is found pestering himself and his friend with obstinate questionings and dismal misgivings all about fixed fate, free-will, and foreknowledge absolute; and an impatient epistle from Johnson opens with "Dear Sir,—I hoped you had got rid of all this hypocrisy of misery. What have you to do with Liberty and Necessity? Or what more than to hold your tongue about it?"‡

Horace Walpole professed himself an adherent, on principle, to the silent system, in times of trouble. Nature takes care, he says, that hopeless griefs should not be permanent; "and I have seen," he tells Lady Ossory, "so much affectation of lamentation where little was felt, and I know so well that I have often felt most where I have discovered least, that I will profane my affection to my lost friend§ with no ostentation. . . . I live enough in solitude to indulge all my sensations, without troubling others."‖

Sir Walter Scott, in his manly, unaffected way, adverts at the close of one of his poems to the solace the composition of it had afforded him in hours of secret depression—

> Through secret woes the world has never known,
> When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
> And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.¶

At the time of his severe illness, in 1819, when dictating one of his novels to William Laidlaw, the physical agony he endured the while made it a marvel to his amanuensis—and to a second one, John Ballantyne—how he could possibly nerve his mind to the exigencies of composition. The affectionate Laidlaw, as Mr. Lockhart describes the scene, implored him to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause. "Nay, Willie," he answered, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen."** Miss Martineau, in her essays written from a sick-room, declares that she knows of no comfort, at the end of a day of suffering, comparable to that of feeling that, however it may have been with one's self, no one else has suffered,—that one's fogs have dimmed no one's sunshine; "and when this grows to be the nightly comfort of weeks, months, and years, it becomes the most valuable element in the peace of the sufferer, and lightens his whole lot."†† Pathetically Mrs. Browning tells the poet Cowper's story:

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* Johnson to Boswell, Nov. 21, 1778.
† Ibid., April 8, 1780.
‡ Ibid., March 14, 1781.
§ Mme. du Deffand.
‖ Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, Sept. 27, 1780.
¶ Lady of the Lake, canto vi.
** Lockhart's Life of Scott, ch. xliv.
†† Life in the Sick-room. Essays by an Invalid, p. 32.

How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.*

The French moralist, Vauvenargues, is seen in his biography, prematurely closed, "malade, mourant, ne se plaignant jamais devant ses amis." So of Madame Necker the foremost of French critics tells us that "une sensibilité, qui se contraignait et se refoulait souvent en silence et avec douleur,"† went far to age her before her time. As the same accomplished writer observes in an essay on *Les Regrets*, "Les natures moins délicates ou moins maîtresses d'elles-mêmes ne peuvent se retenir; il en est qui s'exhalent en propos vifs et outrageants, d'autres tournent au tendre et à l'élégie. M. de Chateaubriand" (to illustrate this diversity of temperament by examples from a political crisis in French history) "éclatait tout haut avec rage et menaces; M. de Martignac avait des bons mots et des soupirs; M. de Serre, emportant sa blessure au foie en silence, s'en allait mourir à Naples."‡

When Columbus was arrested at San Domingo, and put in irons by order of Bobadilla, he conducted himself with characteristic magnanimity under these and many like injuries heaped upon him. There is, says his biographer, a noble scorn which swells and supports the heart, and silences the tongue of the truly great, when enduring the insults of the unworthy. Columbus "bore all his present indignities in silence."§

Mrs. Stowe represents in Edward Clayton one of those natures whose fate seems to be that they cannot speak of what they suffer. It is not pride nor coldness, she says, but a kind of fatal necessity, as if the body were a marble prison in which the soul is condemned to bleed and suffer alone. And she accounts it "the last triumph of affection and magnanimity when a loving heart [in another] can respect that suffering silence of its beloved, and allow that lonely liberty in which only some natures can find comfort."‖ Contrast with this the Dudley Venner of another American novelist—the man of acute sensibility, to persons of whose nature passive endurance is the hardest of trials, but who has to keep all to himself the terrible secret of Elsie's destiny. "What made it still more a long martyrdom was the necessity for bearing his cross in utter loneliness. He could not tell his griefs. He could not talk of them even with those who knew their secret springs. . . . How could he speak with the old physician and the old black about a sorrow and a terror which but to name was to strike dumb the lips of Consolation?"¶ True misery, writes one of the highest thinking and deepest feeling of German women, is ashamed of itself; hides itself, and does not complain. You may know it by that, she says.** In the words of one who by various ties and affinities was almost one of the Lake Poets:

I wear a smile upon my lip,
I teach my voice a careless tone,
My cup of woe I lightly sip,
Nor let its harsh contents be known.

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* Cowper's Grave. † Sainte-Beuve.
‡ Causeries du Lundi, t. vi. p. 332.
§ Irving's Life and Voyages of Columbus, book xiii. ch. iv.
‖ Dred, ch. xxxviii.
¶ Elsie Venner, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, ch. xx.
** Rahel Levin (von Ense).

I will not droop to worldly eyes
As if my grief their pity craves,
Though here* I breathe my lonely sighs,
Within this solemn field of graves.

For mine are woes that dwell apart,
And human sympathy reject;
Too sacred to the jealous heart
To seek compassion's cold respect.†

There are a good many symbols, as Dr. Holmes has it, that are more expressive than words: witness his mention of a young wife of his acquaintance, who, having to part with her husband for a time, did not write a mournful poem; indeed, she was a silent person, he tells us, and perhaps hardly said a word about it; but she quietly turned of a deep orange colour with jaundice. "A great many people in this world have but one form of rhetoric for their profoundest experiences,—namely, to waste away and die."‡ Like the poet's Valeria, who

——breathes away her weary days and nights
Among cold, hard-eyed men, and hides behind
A quiet face of woe.§

Of Lord Lytton's Adela we read, that, as she never complained, and as the singular serenity of her manners seemed to betoken an equanimity of temperament which, with the vulgar, must have passed for indifference, her sufferings had so long been borne unnoticed, that it ceased to be an effort to disguise them.‖ One of Mr. Dickens's autobiographic heroes bears record, of a darksome period in his chequered career: "That I suffered in secret, and that I suffered exquisitely, no one ever knew but I. How much I suffered, it is . . . utterly beyond my power to tell. But I kept my own counsel, and I did my work."¶ Byron is the designed original of Mr. Disraeli's boy-hero, who, constrained, at times, by home troubles, to lock himself up in his room and weep, would at any rate allow no witnesses of that weakness. "The lad was very proud. If any of the household passed by as he quitted the saloon, and stared for a moment at his pale and agitated face, he would coin a smile for the instant, and say even a kind word, for he was very courteous to his inferiors, and all the servants loved him; and then take refuge in his solitary woe."** An elder master of the sentimental novel in like manner records of an older sufferer, that his melancholy, deep as it was, disturbed not the circle of those around him, so that few observed anything peculiar in his behaviour. "But he holds it not the less sacred to himself; and often retires from the company of those whom he has entertained with the good humour of a well-bred man, to arrange the memorials of his much-loved Emily, and call up the sad remembrance of his former

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* English burial-ground at Oporto.
† Edward Quillinan's Poems, p. 257.
‡ The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, p. 152.
§ The Second Brother, by T. Lovell Beddoes, Act I. Sc. 2.
‖ Zanoni, book v. ch. iv.
¶ David Copperfield, ch. xi.
** Venetia, ch. xii.

joys."* The heroine of the same story thus refers, in one letter of the series, to her *souffrante* mother, who, suffering, makes no sign: "I met my mother in the parlour, with a smile of meekness and serenity on her countenance. . . . What an angel this woman is! Yet I fear, my friend, she is a very woman in her sufferings."†

Horace Walpole is strenuous in his admiration of "poor Lady Suffolk's" repression of shows of grief or grievance. "She bore *knowingly* the imputation of being covetous, at a time that the strictest economy could by no means prevent her exceeding her income considerably. The anguish of the last years of her life, though concealed, flowed from the apprehension" of debt. In his account of her last hours, he checks himself in saying that she complained of pains all over her, by the parenthesis, interjected at the word "complained"—"but you know she never did complain."‡ To another correspondent he writes to the same effect—that her fortune, always less than was supposed, of late years was so diminished, as to have brought her into great difficulties. "Yet they were not even suspected, for she had a patience and command of herself that prevented her ever complaining either of fortune or illness."§ Of another "perfect martyr" to the pains of rheumatism, "that very amiable unfortunate Mrs. Robinson"—the use of whose lower limbs was quite gone, and who was carried from her room like an infant, yet "had the nerve to control her bodily sufferings" in a remarkable degree,—Mr. Boaden, the biographer of the Kembles, tells us, that, at the pleasant parties she gave in St. James's-place, she "disdained to intrude upon conversation any evidence of pain actually suffered at the moment. So that at the jest of others, and sometimes during her own repartee, the countenance preserved its pleasant expression, while a cold dew was glistening upon the forehead."‖

Madame de Charrière, still read by students of French literature, and an ever-memorable name in the career of Benjamin Constant, is said by a distinguished critic to have had "une vieillesse assez triste et qui renfermait stoïquement sa plainte."¶ She carried out in person the self-restraint described by one of her best-drawn characters:** "La plainte commencée meurt sur mes lèvres, et, dans le silence auquel je me force, mon âme se raffermit." To apply what is said of Cordelia:

> It seem'd she was a queen,
> Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
> Sought to be king o'er her.††

Or again, a stanza from *In Memoriam*:

> You thought her heart too far diseased;
> You wonder when her fancies play
> To find her gay among the gay,
> Like one with any trifle pleased.‡‡

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* Henry Mackenzie's Julia de Roubigné, letter xxix.
† Ibid., letter iii.
‡ Walpole to the Earl of Strafford, July 29, 1767.
§ Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, July 31, 1767.
‖ Boaden's Life of Kemble, ii. 136.
¶ Portraits des Femmes, par C. A. Sainte-Beuve.
** Constance, in the *Lettres de Lausanne*.
†† King Lear, Act IV. Sc. 3.
‡‡ In Memoriam, § lxv.

Or one from Mrs. Browning:

> But in your bitter world, she said,
> Face-joy's a costly mask to wear,
> And bought with pangs long nourished
> And rounded to despair.
> Grief's earnest makes life's play, she said.*

The same poetess feelingly, though quaintly, depicts the effort of an unhappy young mother to hide her sorrow from her child:

> It is not wholesome for these pleasure-plats
> To be so early watered by our brine . . .
> And so I've kept for ever in his sight
> A sort of smile to please him,—as you place
> A green thing from a garden in a cup,
> And make believe it grows there.†

Mr. Thackeray, in his story of Caroline—since expanded and completed, no longer as a shabby-genteel story—describing the hardships of her early life, says of her misery that it was dumb and patient, and such as thousands and thousands of women in our society bear, and pine, and die of; made up of sums of small tyrannies, and long indifference, and bitter wearisome injustice, "more dreadful to bear than any tortures that we of the stronger sex are pleased to cry 'Ai! *ai*! about. In our intercourse with the world . . . we get a glimpse behind the scenes, from time to time, and alas for the wretched nature that appears there!—among women especially, who deceive even more than men, having more to hide, feeling more, living more than we who have our business, pleasure, ambition, which carries us abroad."‡ Most uneasy may lie the female head that wears a crown, in such cases, deceiving and being deceived; like that gentle Elizabeth Alexejiona, empress of Alexander I., of whom the historian tells us, that, under a calm and serene air, and the occupations of a life entirely devoted to deeds of beneficence, she concealed, as perhaps only women can, a heart wasted by sorrow and disappointment. Mr. Thackeray is copious of illustrations of this feminine self-restraint in high and low. Look at his patient Emmy in "Vanity Fair," after detailing some of whose griefs, he adds: "Nobody ever heard of these griefs, which had been part of our poor little woman's lot in life. She kept them secret from her father, whose improvidence was the cause of much of her misery. She had to bear all the blame of his misdoings, and indeed was so utterly gentle and humble as to be made by nature for a victim.§" If the same author's Harry Esmond divines my lady's sorrows and wrongs, it is only through his affection leading him easily to penetrate the hypocrisy under which Lady Castlewood generally chooses to go disguised, and see her heart aching while her face wears a smile. "'Tis a hard task for women in life, that mask which the world bids them wear. But there is no greater crime than for a woman who is ill-used and unhappy to show that she is so. The world is quite relentless about bidding her to keep a cheerful face; and our women, like the Malabar wives, are forced to go smiling and painted to sacrifice themselves with their husbands; their relations being the most

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* The Mask. † Aurora Leigh, book vi.
‡ A Shabby-Genteel Story, ch. i. § Vanity Fair, ch. lix.

eager to push them on to their duty, and, under their shouts and applauses, to smother and hush their cries of pain."* Even at the stake, pyre, suttee, it behoves them to consume their own smoke.

Tenderly the same tender-hearted master of satire remarks of Washington Irving and his early, irreparable bereavement, that the very cheerfulness of his long after-life adds to the pathos of that untold story. "To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it; and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time."† Dr. Robertson was held by many to be deficient in warmth of heart, because he was, on principle and in practice, opposed to exhibitions of sorrow. In society they were altogether misplaced and mistimed, he maintained. In the words of his biographer, "he considered, and rightly considered, that if a person labouring under any afflictive feelings be well enough at ease to go into company, he gives a sort of pledge that he is so far recovered of his wound, or at least can so far conceal his pain, as to behave like the rest of the circle. He held, and rightly held, that men frequent society not to pour forth their sorrows, or indulge their unwieldy joys, but to instruct, or improve, or amuse each other by rational and cheerful conversation."‡ If a man be gloomy, says Mr. Disraeli, let him keep by himself: no one has a right to go croaking about society, or, what is worse, looking as if he stifled grief. "These fellows should be put in the pound. We like a good broken heart, or so, now and then; but then one should retire to the Sierra Morena mountains, and live upon locusts and wild honey, not 'dine out' with our cracked cores, and while we are meditating suicide, the Gazette, or the Chiltern Hundreds, damn a vintage, or eulogise an entrée."§

Of course the Sierra Morena mountains remind us of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, how they differed on the expediency, if not the practicability, of consuming one's own smoke; and how to the Don's assurance that if he did not complain of the pains he suffered, it was because knights-errant are not allowed to complain, be their extremity ever so great, Sancho answered, in his frank, simple, genial way, that, for all that, he should be glad to hear his worship complain when anything ailed him; adding, "As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel,"‖—or he would be glad to know the reason why *not*.

Distinguo, in such matters, was Sénac de Meilhan's cue: "Je n'aime point à me montrer à mes amis sous un côté défavorable. . . . . Il faut donc cacher ses plaies, dissimuler les grandes impuissances de la vie: la pauvreté, les infirmités, les malheurs, les mauvais succès. . . . . Il ne faut confier que les malheurs éclatants, qui flattent l'amour propre qui les partage et s'y associe."¶ Both in sentiment and expression this is very French.

So, in another style, is the exclamation of Mélac Père in one of Beaumarchais's domestic *drames*, when a sympathising friend is counselling a

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* History of Henry Esmond, ch. xi. † Nil Nisi Bonum.
‡ Lord Brougham's Lives of Men of Letters: Dr. Robertson.
§ Disraeli, The Young Duke, book v. ch. i.
‖ Don Quixote, ch. viii. ¶ Portrait de lui-même.

more confiding spirit: "Mon ami, l'expérience de toute ma vie m'a montré que le courage de renfermer ses peines augmente la force de les repousser; je me sens déjà plus faible avec vous que dans la solitude."* This is pretty much, again, what Miss Austen's Elinor feels, in her time of trouble. From the counsel or conversation of even her nearest friends she knows she can receive no assistance; their tenderness and sorrow must add to her distress, while her self-command would receive encouragement neither from their example nor from their praise. "She was stronger alone, and her own good sense so well supported her, that her firmness was as unshaken, her appearance of cheerfulness as invariable, as, with regrets so poignant and so fresh, it was possible for them to be."†

Mr. Trollope is effective in his description of the demeanour of Lucy Robarts, in her sore distress—how her grand and slow propriety of carriage lasted her until she was well into her own room. There are animals who, as he says, when they are ailing in any way, contrive to hide themselves, ashamed, as it were, that the weakness of their suffering should be witnessed. "Indeed, I am not sure whether all dumb animals do not do so more or less; and in this respect Lucy was like a dumb animal. Even in her confidences with Fanny she made a joke of her own misfortunes, and spoke of her heart-ailments with self-ridicule. But now, having walked up the staircase with no hurried step, and having deliberately locked the door, she turned herself round to suffer in silence and solitude —as do the beasts and birds."‡ Like one in a poem of Charlotte Brontè's,

> Pale with the secret war of feeling,
> Sustained with courage, mute, yet high;
> The wounds at which she bled, revealing
> Only by altered cheek and eye,
> She bore in silence.§ . . . .

A subject, this, with which Currer Bell was practically conversant, and which she has treated with force and all the emphasis of earnest iteration in more than one of her works. Take "Shirley" by way of example. In an early chapter of that elaborate story she pictures the case of a disappointed "lover feminine"—one who, expecting bread, gets a stone, and must break her teeth on it, not shriek because her nerves are martyrised; who, holding out her hand for an egg, receives a scorpion, yet must show no consternation, but close her fingers firmly on the gift, let it sting through her palm. "Never mind: in time, after your hand and arm have swelled and quivered long with torture, the squeezed scorpion will die, and you will have learnt the great lesson how to endure without a sob. . . . . Nature is an excellent friend in such cases; sealing the lips, interdicting utterance, commanding a placid dissimulation; a dissimulation often wearing an easy and gay mien at first, settling down to sorrow and paleness in time, then passing away, and leaving a convenient stoicism, not the less fortifying because it is half bitter."‖ Later in the work we read of Caroline Helstone, in her misery, that she refused tamely

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* Les Deux Amis, Acte IV. Sc. 7.
† Sense and Sensibility, ch. xxiii.
‡ Framley Parsonage, ch. xxxi.
§ Poems by Currer Bell: Mementos.
‖ Shirley, ch. vii.

to succumb; there was native strength in her girl's heart, and she used it. "Men and women never struggle so hard as when they struggle alone, without witness, counsellor, or confidant; unencouraged, unadvised, and unpitied.

"Miss Helstone was in this position. Her sufferings were her only spur; and, being very real and sharp, they roused her spirit keenly. Bent on victory over a mortal pain, she did her best to quell it. Never had she been so busy, so studious, and, above all, so active."*

So, and yet not so, with Shirley Keeldar, when *her* turn comes. Wasting with wretchedness, she scornfully ridicules the idea of her spirits being affected: she makes every sort of effort to appear quite gay, and is indignant at herself when she cannot succeed; "brief, self-spurning epithets burst from her lips when alone. 'Fool! Coward!' she would term herself. 'Poltroon!' she would say: 'if you must tremble—tremble in secret. Quail where no eye sees you!'" That lad knew Shirley Keeldar better than most, who declared his belief that, if she were dying, she would smile, and aver, "Nothing ails me."† The Ellis Bell who wrote "Wuthering Heights,"—the Emily Brontè who was to Charlotte so dear in sisterhood and so near in genius—was the original in fact of this portrait in fiction.

IDALIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRANVILLE DE VIGNE," "STRATHMORE,"‡ &c.

Book the Fifth.

CHAPTER XVI.—*continued.*

THE hours passed, and they were left in solitude. As they had forgot all other life save their own, so by it they seemed forgotten. Through the heavy masonry of the iron-bound walls, no echo of the world without came to them; on the hush and the gloom of the chamber there was no sound, save only the soft gliding of a night-bird's restless wing. Whatever fate rose for them with the dawn, this night at least was theirs: there is no love like that which lives victorious even beneath the shadow of death; there is no joy like that which finds its paradise even amidst the cruelty of pain, the fierce long struggle of despair.

Never is the voluptuous glory of the sun so deep, so rich, as when its last excess of light burns above the purple edge of the tempest-cloud that soars upward to cover and devour it.

The hours passed, and the rays of the morning slowly stole inward

* Shirley, ch. xi. † Ibid., ch. xxviii.

‡ *All rights reserved.*

through the narrow casement, bedded high above in the granite-blocks, whilst with the coming of the day the birds of the night returned from their outward flight, and nestled in their dark haunts, with their eyes hid beneath their wings. As the first light touched her brow, and the dawn came not there till the day was full risen for the earth without, she smiled in his eyes, and loosened from her bosom the slender steel blade, scarce broader than a needle's width, that had rested there so long.

"Take it. You have said—they shall not part us now."

His hand closed on it while his smile answered hers.

"I will find strength enough for that;—it shall give us eternal liberty, eternal union."

Once before he had pledged this promise to her. And as she had known then, so she knew now, that he would find strength to deliver her from dishonour and himself from captivity; strength to be true to her, even to this last thing of all.

Having reached the supreme ecstasy and the supreme anguish of life, death was to them, as to the races of the young world, the god of deep benignant eyes, whose touch was release, and whose kingdom was freedom, on whose face was light, and in whose hands was balm.

As the words left his lips, on the quiet of the air a single shot rang.

The first sunbeam had slanted through the slender chink above; the stillness was intense; far below the measured step of the sentinel fell muffled on the turf, and the liquid stealing music of water, that fell down through thick acanthus foliage without, alone was dimly heard. At that moment, as the brightness of the day reached high enough to enter the vaulted chamber of the upper story of the granary, the stillness was thus broken. There was a stifled cry; then silence reigned again; and on that silence there was heard no more the monotonous tread to and fro of the soldier on guard.

He started to his feet, his hand on the Venetian steel he had just grasped.

"The man is shot!"

His voice was low and rapid, his eyes turned on hers with the same thought that came to both alike. There were those in that world they had lost who would have done all that courage and true friendship could in his service had they known of his extremity; there were those also by the score who would have let their lives be mowed down like the millet sheaves around them in her cause, had they had power to reach her from the grip of priest and king.

Hope had been dead in them.

In the lowest depths of woe the oblivion of passion had made them senseless to all else—senseless even to the fate that must await them with the awakening of the dawn. But no thought of deliverance had ever come to them. It had seemed meet that their lives should end, once having reached the deepest joy that life could hold—joy taken from the very jaws of the grave—joy burning through the frozen chillness of despair.

Yet now, when hope, vague as remembered dreams, once touched them, they felt drunk with it as with the fumes of wine.

They listened, as none ever listen save those on whose straining ear the first sound that falls will bring the message of death or life.

For a moment that hushed stillness lasted, unbroken now by even th treading of the soldier's feet. Then there broke forth the loud rejoicin bay of a hound loosed on to his quarry: shot answered shot, steel clashe on steel: the din of tumult filled the soft peace of the early day; th old-remembered rallying words that had so often floated to her ear abov the din of conflict vibrated on it now: "Italia!" "Idalia!"—the tw names blent in one.

As she heard, she rose erect; her whole frame seemed to strain upwar to the sun that glanced through the high bars of their prison-room; ther was fire in her eyes, light on her lips, the glow of liberty on all her fac and form. She was the living symbol of Italy unchained.

"Do you hear? Do you hear?" she cried to him. "*She* is free!"

Before her own freedom—even before his—the liberation of the nation so long enslaved, came to her heart first; then, while the great tear coursed down her cheeks, she clung to him, trembling with a terror tha had never touched her fearless life—the terror less for him, as for the land for which she had so long endured and suffered, this hope only dawned again to die out in endless night.

"Ah, God! give them strength—courage—victory!" she prayed, as she lifted her face to the sun. "My love—my love! listen for me, listen! I cannot hear. Hope kills me—hope for you!"

They stood there, barred in, in the shadows which that ray of wandering sunlight on high alone parted, whilst beneath them unseen raged the struggle on which their lives hung. Confused, broken, indistinct, the echoes of the contest came strangely through the hushed prison-chamber. The bitter riot of war tossed to and fro the fate of their coming years; the balance of chance swung, holding their destiny, and they could not tell to which side the scale was swaying; the measure of blood would be the purchase-coin of their ransom, or the price of their bondage, and they could not know whether foe or friend now claimed it. They stood, locked in, in solitude, with but a hand's-breadth of the morning sky through the grating above their heads the only thing visible of all the living world without, and heard the tumult striving far beneath upon whose issue all their future hung.

The time was very brief; a little bird upon an ivy-coil outside the window-bars had lifted its voice in daylight-song as the first shots were fired, and still was singing softly and joyously, untired; but to them the moments seemed as years. Then, loud and rejoicing on the summer air, wild vivas broke the bitter noise of conflict, and crossed the moans of fallen men; the dropping shots grew fewer and fewer. Upon the stone stairway the rapid upward rush of feet came near; the bolts were drawn back, the door was flung aside, with his flanks white with foam, and his mighty jaws crimson with gore, the great dog sprang on her with a single bound; behind him, upon the threshold, stood Conrad Phaulcon.

His eyes met theirs one instant; then headlong at her feet he fell, a deep, slow stream of blood staining the grey stone of the floor.

Thus at last he met his foe. Thus at last his foe looked on him after the weary search of baffled vengeance, long and hot as tiger's thirst.

As he fell his hands caught the hem of her dress.

"Idalia!—Idalia——"

The word died as his head smote the granite, and the broken sword

he had pressed into his side to lend him strength for a moment pierced further, driven in by the weight of the fall.

Erceldoune staggered forward and raised him.

"He is dying!" he said, as he looked at her. There came upon him a strange awe as he saw the death that at dawn he had so nearly dealt, smite thus, as another day broke on the world, the man from whom he had fled, as David from the sight of Saul, lest murder should be upon his head if longer he lingered where his enemy lay.

She never spoke, but sank on her knees beside her father where he had fallen, held up in the arms that a score of hours before had flung him upward like some worthless driftwood to be cast into the flames. Her eyes were fastened on his flushed and haggard face, that still had so much left of the old bright classic beauty.

"You have saved us! You——"

She doubted her own senses; she thought she dreamt as madly as though she were dreaming that the heavens opened and the angels and archangels of mediæval story descended with the sword of Michael, with the spear of Ithuriel, to their rescue.

He drew his breath with a great sigh, and his voice came in broken whispers.

"You said right—there are things gods would not pardon—your wrongs are of them. You stung me at last!"

She did not answer; she gazed at him with blind tearless eyes that saw his face, but only saw it as in the mists of dreams.

He pressed the sword that had broken off in his loins closer and harder to stanch the blood, while his voice rose ringing and resonant.

"Our day has come! They have Palermo; Naples must follow. The king has enough to do to think of his capital. They fear the news should get to the populace. We have done a bold stroke to-day; they have been hunting us down like wolves, but we have turned and torn them. The sentinel killed, the rest was easy. Ah! look you—there is vengeance for you too. That white-faced Northerner betrayed you to Giulio Villaflor. Well, the boy Berto caught him in his own toils. They hold him safe; they will kill him like a cur at your word. Ah, Christ! how the steel pierces! I would not die if I could help it. Not just now—not till I have seen that traitor's face. It is hard—hard—hard. He has cut and galled me so often; it is hard to die just when I could pay him all!"

The ferocious words gave way as his breath caught them; he moved restlessly, driving the blade in still, so that by this means he might yet gain a moment's force. As his wandering glazing eyes glanced upward he saw whose arms supported him; and the old relentless hate glowed in them—dark and deathless.

"So! you have his vengeance, and I am balked of mine. Lay me down, signore. I would sooner die a minute earlier than gain the minute by your help."

The old savage tiger lust was in the words. Erceldoune never heeded them, he rested the Greek's head on his own breast, and held him upward with gentleness and in silence.

Idalia hung over him.

"Tell him—tell him! If you would atone for your sin—if you would

redeem your infamy—if you have ever known remorse—bear me witness what you are to me!"

The evil faded off his face; a softer look came back there.

"Late—late—late!" he sighed: yet he lifted his head and made the sign of the cross with that latent superstition which lingered in him even whilst he made reckless jest of Deity, and denied with flippant laughter man's dreaming hope of God.

"By her mother's memory I swear,—Idalia Vassalis is my daughter. To her most bitter calamity. Those who have spoken evil against her have lied. I have been a coward, a traitor, a shame, and a darkness for ever on her path; but—she has ever been loyal to me. She never feared, and she was never faithless; I loved her for that; but,—for that too,—I hated her."

As the words, more vivid in the southern tongue he used, left his lips firmly and distinctly, her eyes filled slowly with tears, and across the stricken form of the wounded man, met those which had seen her aright through all the mists of calumny, which had looked down through the shadows of doubt, and read, despite them, the veiled truth of her life. The faith in him had been sore tried; but at length, after many days, his reward came.

Neither spoke. That one look uttered all between them.

Conrad Phaulcon pressed his hand closer yet upon the jagged steel that for a few brief moments still could thus hold life in him. Something of his old laugh hovered on his lips.

"Look! I make a fair ending. Pity there is no priest to crow above me. Death-bed repentance!—there is no coin like it; you sell the game you have lost already, and you buy such a fine aroma for nothing——"

She shivered at the awful mirth as she stooped to him, and passed her hand over his forehead.

"Silence! Live rather to repent! He will forgive; and I—you have tried my mercy long, you need not fear it now."

"No," he muttered, more huskily, more faintly. "If you had been willing to take your vengeance you could—long ago—you knew what would have sent me to the galleys. But you were true to your word. Strange, strange enough! You were so bold, so careless, so proud, so reckless; but one could hold you in a bridle of iron, if once you had given your word!"

His sight, that was beginning to fail him, sought her face with a wondering, baffled glance; through her whole life this loyalty to her pledged honour had bewildered him, even whilst by it he had found so merciless a power to bind and to drive one whom fear could never have swayed, nor force have moved. As she heard she lost remembrance of the deadly wrongs done against her by the man who should have been her foremost guard, her surest friend; all the long years through which he had persecuted and poisoned her freedom and her fame fell from her; lying, in his last hour, at her feet, having thus at last, however late, however slightly redeemed the cruelty of his past against her, he brought to her but one memory;—that of a long perished time, when on her childish ear his voice had come like music, breathing the poetry and the heroism of the world's dead youth.

"Be more just to us both!" she murmured, while the salt drops fell from her eyes upon his brow. "What I remembered always was what you at last remember too,—the love you bore my mother, the love she gave to you. Let it bring peace at last between us."

He shuddered as she spoke.

"God! if priests' and women's tales be true, and she lives in another life! I would go to hell, if hell there were, sooner than see her face,—sooner than hear her ask of you at *my* hands."

"Hush! Have I not said *I* forgive?"

The soft and solemn cadence of the mournful words seemed to fall upon his ear with a deep calm he dared not, or cared not, to break; he lay silent some moments, breathing heavily, while his drooped lids hung as though in sleep; then with a sudden upleaping of the vivid life within him, he raised himself once more, while the careless melody of his sweet laugh echoed with its old chime through the air.

"I have been a coward all my life. Well—I will die like a hero. They will make me a martyr when I am gone! Why not? Let my epitaph lie as it will, it cannot lie like a priest's or a king's! So this is the end of it all; the drama is not worth the playing. They have taken Palermo, I tell you. Well! they revile us, but after all, we have truth in us; the people will see that one day. The capital is all in confusion. They could only leave you a half-dozen guards. Lousada and Veni, and a few others, thought we could do something if we struck well,—they have got a brigantine, too,—if you fly at once, you will be safe."

The incoherent fragments of speech were panted rapidly out; scarce pausing for breath, he looked once more upward at Erceldoune, with the old unquenched hatred still burning dark in his glance.

"You will have the Vassalis' fief! Ah! that cuts harder than the sabre. I would give twenty lives now to keep you asunder from her. But—she stung my memory; conscience, fools call it; I could not free her without freeing you, or I would have done. You hate me?"

"I pity you—beyond all words."

"Because I lie here like a shot cur?"

"No. Because you wronged her."

There was a meaning in the grave and weary answer that checked the fretting and galled passions of the dying man.

"Yes, I wronged her. It was for Julian's wealth that I hated her. Sir—you swore to deal me my mortal stroke. Keep your oath. Pluck that broken steel out of my loins; I shall not live a minute. You will not? Why, you break your vow! Christ!—how the pain burns! Look here, then!"

With a sudden movement he drew the blade out from the wound in which it was bedded; the pent-up blood, let loose, poured from it: he smiled. It seemed as though in that hour the courage of his Achæan fathers flowed into the veins that were fast changing to ice beneath the throes of dissolution.

"My life has disgraced you: my death will not," he said, as his heavy eyes were lifted to hers. "Can you forgive all?"

"God is my witness,—all."

"Ah, you were ever generous! Idalia——"

And with her name thus latest upon his utterance, as it had been the

latest utterance of so many, his head fell back upon her bosom, and through his parted lips the lingering breath came in one long deep-drawn sigh.

When that sigh ceased to quiver in the silence, he lay dead in the morning light.

The low dark entrance had filled in that moment with armed men; their weapons dropped blood, their faces were hot with the heat of war and of victory, their passions were at white heat with the madness of joy; they were of that nature which long before showed its southern grandeur in the midnight charge of the Aurelian trench, and made the five hundred of the Legion pierce their way through the dense and hostile host at Mazzarene. At their head was the young boy Berto; all his slender limbs quivering with the glory of triumph, and his fair face, with the yellow hair flung back, transfigured like the face of some angel of vengeance. He came eagerly through the gloom of the porchway, followed by the Italians, who obeyed him as though he were a god; he had received the baptism of blood when his mother had been shot down by the Papal troops; he was the son of a great patriot who had fallen at the gates of Rome; and whilst yet in the first years of his infancy he had stood at the knee of the Liberator, and laughed to see the balls pour down upon the Savarelli roof around them, while the hands of Ugo Bassi had been laid in benediction upon the golden curls of the young child of liberty. His word was the law, his sword was the sceptre, of the men who came with him now.

Breathless, covered with dust, bruised, wounded, but with a marvellous luminance beaming through the calm unchanged repose of his colourless face, he came to her in the flush of his triumph.

"Eccellenza, we bring you the best gifts of life!—we bring you liberty. We bring you vengeance."

Then as he saw the dead man lying there his proud and glad voice dropped; he made a soft backward movement of his hand, signing his followers to pause upon the threshold; he bent his delicate head in reverence.

"He has won higher guerdon than we," he said, gravely; "he has died for you."

For he had no knowledge that this one hour of remorse had been the single narrow thread of gold unravelled from the long, twisted, tangled, poisoned web of a lifetime of wrong.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

"LOST IN THE NIGHT, AND THE LIGHT OF THE SEA."

AROUND the high-leaping flames of a fresh pile of pine-boughs, that flashed their lustre on the hanging crystals and the hollow depths of the cavern by the sea, the Italians who had freed her were gathered when the night had fallen.

They stood in a half-circle about the great pyramid of fire, whose heavy aromatic scent rolled out down the vaulted space; the light and shadow played upon their bronzed faces, on the metal of the rifles, on those muzzles they leaned their hands, and in the darkness of their eyes

that were lustrous with longing rage, and impatient joy. Joy for the sweetness of the surpassing hope that the past day had brought, Palermo won, Naples would follow, their sail once loosened to the touch, they would be with the Thousand of Marsala, with the deliverers of Sicily. Rage against a prisoner set in their midst, a prisoner who had been false to Italy, and false to the woman whom they loved, as soldier and servant noble and minstrel alike loved Mary Stuart. The silence was unbroken even by a loud-drawn breath; the sound of the flame consuming the lithe limbs of the wood was the only thing that stirred it. They waited for her judgment, and they had known that judgment inexorable as those given from the stone justice-seat in the early ages of her own city of the Violet Crown. With his arms bound behind him, whilst they stood around him, ready to spring at a word upon him and sheathe their steel in his body with the fierce swift justice of the south, they held captive the man who had sold her to Giulio Villaflor.

To this end had his high ambitions come!

He had known that, soon or late, his sin of treachery would surely find him out; would reach him though he were housed within kings' palaces; would strike him down even amidst those gods of gold and silver for which he had bartered his brethren. Yet the vengeance he had looked for had been the concrete vengeance, for his outraged oath, of his forsaken order; of that body politic to which he had sworn the secret vows of his implicit obedience; and even this vengeance, in the oversight of that intelligence which deems itself safe enough and sure enough to play with all, and remain true to none, he had held lightly. Rulers who wore the purple of power had been scarcely less false to such oaths than he, and he had thought that for him as for them the blow might be temporised with, warded off, bought off, until he, like them, should have risen too high for even that unerring and invisible hand to reach. But now, by the men whom he had scorned with all the scorn of his astute abilities as the mere raw material that may be turned to the statesman's successes, the fools of patriotic visions and rude honesties, of childish faith, and of barbarian warfare; by these he had been baffled, checked, vanquished, meshed in the intricate web of his own treacheries; by these he had been conquered and dragged down, to stand in his dishonour before the one glance which had power to make that dishonour worse to him than a thousand pangs of death. To this end had his life come!

An end more bitter to him it could never have reached if his limbs had swung in the hot air of Naples from the hangman's chains. The hooting lips and ravenous eyes of the million of upturned faces of a railing populace would have been powerless to bring home to him his shame as one regard bent on him brought it now.

For, beyond the undulating wave of flame, and with that gulf of fire and of shadow parting them, the gaze of Idalia rested on him.

At her side Erceldoune stood. His head was bent, his eyes were on the ground, and his arms were folded on his breast; he knew that if he looked up or unloosed his hand he should break the word that he had passed to leave their vengeance with her—he should forestal the death-stroke that the soldiers of the revolution waited there to strike.

She faced them in the hush of the silence; so intense, that through the cavern the far-off chiming of the waters on the shore could be faintly

heard. The warm glow of the pine-flames, like the red sun that burns on the Nile, fell about her in a splendour of hot tawny gold. Her eyes were dark and dreaming, as with the memories and secrets of innumerable ages, like the unfathomable lustre of the eyes that poets give to Cleopatra; her mouth was grave and weary as with the languor of past and deadly pain; her brow was in shadow, as though the shade of the thorn-crown of those who suffer for the people still was there, yet on her face there was a light beyond that which the burning sea-pines shed; it was the light of the dawn of freedom.

She never spoke; but her gaze rested on the man who had betrayed her into captivity—who had spoken falsely against her honour—who had given her beauty to the scourge, her freedom to the chains of her enemies; and he who was no coward, but bold and sure, and of self-control passing those of most men, closed his own eyes involuntarily, as though the lightning smote them, and wavered downward like a shrinking dog.

For what that long, deep, silent gaze had quoted against him was wrong far heavier than that against her own life; wrong against all manhood, as in him stained; against all human nature, as by him scared; against all bonds that bind man to man, as by his treachery dissevered; against all liberty sought for by the nations, as, by his false adoption of its fair name, prostituted.

It was this which that one unvarying gaze spoke to him; and there was soul enough left in him to make him know its deepest meaning and taste its deepest agony.

"A traitor!"

Her lips had never spoken the word; but its shame ate into his heart as it ate into the heart of Iscariot. In that one moment the austere, the divine, the supreme majesty that lies in truth was revealed to him, and blinded him as the blaze of the heavens blinded Saul of Tarsus. In that one moment he knew what he had denied all his years through—that men who, for it, render their lives desolate and barren, and, for it, die unloved and forsaken of the world, may know in life and in death a beauty that never comes to the multitude who grasp at gold, at power, at the sweetness of lascivious ease, and at the wide fools' paradise of lies.

The Italians who stood around him, leaning on their loaded rifles, while ever and again upon him turned the waiting savage brilliance of their glances, gave an impatient movement that shook the clangour from their arms out in a shrill echo.

"His sentence, Eccellenza!"

They were thirsty to deal him a traitor's due; to lead him out yonder on to the starlit sand, and with one volley fired on the still night air, give him the death that all deserters meet, and see this justice done ere their boat should be thrust through the foam, and their oars should cleave the waters apart, and their vessel should be reached, that would bear them southward to where the Sicilies lay.

She made them no reply. Still with her eyes fixed on him she stood with the light that was like the after-glow of Egypt full upon her. To him she ceased to be the woman he had loved and coveted; she seemed to him transfigured; with that mystery of thought, with that infinitude of reproach, with that passionless scorn, and with that passionless pity on

her face, she looked to him like the avenging shape of the honour he had sold, of the land he had betrayed, of the freedom he had surrendered, of the cause he had forsaken. The rebuke of her regard was not hers, but the rebuke of the peoples, weary and abandoned by the leader who bartered them for gold; the scorn of her gaze was the scorn of the martyrs of liberty, who through all ages perish willingly if with their bodies they can purchase one ray of higher light for the world which knows them not until too late.

By her he saw how vile he had become.

By her he saw how high he might have reached.

She had her vengeance.

The impatient fire of the same demand ran afresh through the revolutionists around him:

"His sentence, Eccellenza!"

He never heard. He had passed through all the bitterness of death; it was her look that killed him.

The cry rose louder:

"His sentence!"

Then at last she answered them:

"Loose him, and let him go."

A sullen furious yell of dissent, that not even their loyalty to her could still, rolled through the vault.

"A traitor dies! A traitor dies!"

By his crime they claimed their justice.

A heavy sigh parted her lips; then the full sweet melody of her voice came on the clamour like music that moves men to tears.

"A traitor—yes! And for that you would deal him death? Nay, think me not gentler than you. I meant to deliver him up to your hands. I bade him be brought to my judgment, that your vengeance might strike him, and lay him dead at my feet. I am no holier than you. There was an hour in which I longed for his life with that thirst you know now; there was an hour in which I would have taken it, and not spared, though his mother had prayed to me. Ah, friends! such hours come to all. But now, the darkness has passed. I see clearer. Death is not ours to deal. And were it ours, should we give him the nameless mystic mercy which all men live to crave—give it as the chastisement of crime? Death! It is rest to the aged, it is oblivion to the atheist, it is immortality to the poet. It is a vast, dim, exhaustless pity to all the world. And would you summon it as your hardest cruelty to sin?"

They were silent; she stirred their souls—she had not bound their passions.

"A traitor merits death," they muttered.

"Merits it! Not so. The martyr, the liberator, the seeker of truth, may deserve its peace; how has the traitor won them? You deem yourselves just; your justice errs. If you would give him justice, make him live. Live to know fear lest every wind among the leaves may whisper of his secret; live to feel the look of a young child's eyes a shame to him; live to envy every peasant whose bread has not been bought with tainted coin; live to hear ever in his path the stealing step of haunted retribution; live to see his brethren pass by him as a thing accurst; live to

listen in his age to white-haired men, who once had been his comrades, tell to the youth about them the unforgotten story of his shame. Make him live thus if you would have justice."

They answered nothing; a shudder ran through them as they heard.

"And—if you have as I—a deliverance that forbids you even so much harshness, still let him live, and bury his transgression in your hearts. Say to him as I say;—'Your sin was great, go forth and sin no more.'"

Then, as the words left her lips, she moved to him from out the light, and stooped, and severed the bonds that bound him, and left him free; and none dared touch that which she had made sacred, but stood mute, and afraid, as those who stand in the presence of a soul that is greater than their own.

And the man who had sinned against her fell at her feet.

"Oh, God! If I had known you as I know you now!"

"You never had betrayed me. No!—Live, then, to be true to greater things than I."

While the night was still young, a ship glided southward through the wide white radiance of the moon. The waters stretched, one calm and gleaming sheet of violet light; from the fast-retreating shore a fair wind came, bearing the fragrance of a thousand hills and plains, of golden fruits and flowers of snow, and passion-blossoms of purple, and the scarlet heart of ripe pomegranates; through the silence sounded the cool fresh ripple of the waves as the vessel left her track upon the phospho-silver, and above, from a million stars, a purer day seemed to dawn on all the aromatic perfumes of the air, and all the dim unmeasured freedom of the seas. And she, who went to freedom, looked, and looked, and looked, as though never could her sight rest long enough upon the limitless radiance, nor her lips drink enough in of the sweet fresh delicious treasure that the waters gave and the winds brought;—the treasure of her liberty.

"You come to my kingdom!" she said softly, while her dreaming eyes met her lover's.

And he who had cleaved to her with that surpassing love which calumny but strengthens, and fire but purifies, which fear cannot enter and death cannot appal, drew her beauty closer to his breast:

"My kingdom is here!"

And the ship swept on through the stillness of the hushed hours, through the glory of the light, to glide out through the eternal sea-gates of the old Roman world, and pass into the cloudless glow of Eastern skies, where already through the voluptuous night the star of morning rose.

EGYPT: AND A JOURNEY TO PALESTINE, *VIA* MOUNT SINAI AND PETRA.*

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL R. H. MILES.

XII.

On my first visit to Upper Egypt in 1845, I was particularly struck with the very great resemblance which the "profile" delineations of the ancient Egyptians on the walls of the different temples and tombs in that country bore to the countenances, as well as to the figures and forms, of the Sepoys of Upper India. Take the faces, or the contour, and in several instances even the very expression of the countenance, as well as the nature and shape of the garb in which they are clothed (the familiar Hindostanee *d'hōtee*, or waistcloth, or garment of cotton cloth, folded around their loins); and, lastly, the exact tint, or hue, or colour of the skin of the whole full-length body as portrayed on the stone walls of the places above named; and look well at each of the above points and peculiarities, and, without any great stretch of the imagination, you have the Indian Sepoy of the Upper Provinces of Hindoostan prominently before your gaze. The above features, as handed down to us of the "outward man" of the ancient Egyptian, I likewise particularly noticed on this my last visit to Egypt. That the modern Sepoys are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians I cannot doubt, seeing that I have, first, the evidence of the Holy Scriptures in support of my assumption; and, secondly, the identical worship of the ox; and, thirdly, the system of "caste." The idea is my own—at least I borrow it from no other source—and I note it in this place, before finally quitting the Land of Egypt, for what it is worth. To many persons it may probably appear as "fanciful" as "Pocock's India in Greece."

To commence with the evidence which I shall adduce on the first point, I will refer the reader to the Book of Ezekiel, xxix. 12, wherein the prophet, speaking by the inspiration of the Almighty (as we learn from the preceding verses, 1, 2, 3, and 8), had declared "that God would scatter the Egyptians *among the nations*, and *would disperse them through the countries*." The same prediction is repeated in chapter xxx., verses 23 and 26. The second evidence is, that it is a well-known fact the ancient Egyptians worshipped the ox (or rather the bull) under the title of the god "Apis;" and at Memphis, the ancient capital of Egypt, a large vault or chamber, called the "sepulchre of the sacred bulls," has within the last few years only been discovered, and the deep mass of superincumbent sand removed away therefrom, through the unwearied exertions and the untiring zeal of Marriette Bey, the French *savant* and Egyptian antiquary, and the whole laid bare to the inspection of the numerous visitors who annually flock to Egypt, but very few of whom fail to bend their steps towards the modern village of Sakkārra, which stands between the river Nile and the "sand-buried" ruins of ancient Memphis (Hosea, ix. 6). We all know that the Hindoo Sepoys reverence and

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worship the bull as well as the cow, and that they would prefer to suffer all the pangs of hunger, and even to die of famine, rather than partake of beef as food to sustain life. It is, moreover, an historical fact, that when the Hindoo portion of the native soldiers who were despatched from India under the command of Sir David Baird reached Kéneh (a small and miserable village situated on the right or eastern bank of the Nile), after having been disembarked at Kosseir (an Egyptian seaport on the western shores of the Red Sea, which stands about halfway between the ruins of the ancient town of Berenice—which was founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and so called in honour of his daughter—and the entrance to the Gulf of Suez), where they were encamped for some little time, and whence they obtained leave to cross the river over to Denděra to visit its ancient temple—found their way into the chapel or shrine of "Isis," which forms a portion thereof, they were greatly as well as agreeably surprised at seeing depicted on the walls thereof a representation of a cow, before which they at once prostrated themselves in worship and in gladdened homage to their deity, and exclaiming one to another, "Dekh-ho to, Bhae-yā! Misree kee mōōlk men, Hindōō Jāt bhee chulta, uor Hindōō Thakoor ko pooja kurta,"* and highly delighted at having found a race of beings who had been of the same "caste" as themselves.

Thirdly. The ancient Egyptians were, it would seem by a reference to the Book of Genesis, xliii. 32, *the originators* of the system of "caste," which is so perseveringly upheld, even to the present day, by the Hindoo Sepoys, as well as by all Hindōōs.

The camels have all left the ground, and our dromedaries are ready for us to mount and to continue our journey; and now the moment has arrived for the last payment to be made, namely, the settlement by the dragoman with the "purveying" monk belonging to the convent—who has but only just arrived in camp—for the coffee we had drunk on the day of our arrival, as well as for what the monks had sent up for our use to the summit of Mount Sinai the day previous, in the shape of bread, coffee, sugar, and charcoal, together with the expected "fee," or customary *buckshēēsh*, for our having been shown over the inside of the convent. The above figured on the debit side of our own private account with the monks, whilst the dragoman had his separate bill to settle with this monk, for having been furnished with the necessary leaven, firewood, and the use of the convent oven, as well as the labour expended in first making into dough, and then baking several scores of small loaves, from the supply of flour which he (the dragoman) had brought from Cairo for our use on the journey. The sum total came to sixty-seven francs and a half, or 2*l.* 14s. The monk, however, like our young friend Oliver Twist, was by no means satisfied, but "asked for more." These lazy drones, who lead such an idle existence, and who are supported by the holy offerings of the various classes of travellers, tourists, and religious enthusiasts who come to visit this spot, are never contented, and many and frequent are the complaints, published as well as unpublished, of their grasping cupidity. Perceiving that we were losing time whilst this altercation was going on

* "Just look, why in Egypt, even, people of the 'Hindōō persuasion' are to be met with, and who offer incense to the Hindōō deity!"

between our dragoman and the monk, I told the former to explain to the latter that we considered we had paid amply for what we had been supplied with from the convent's stores, and that for the matter of visiting the interior of their building, we had already, previous to our departure from Cairo, paid a "fee" of one napoleon for that privilege, and that the two American gentlemen had paid the sum of ten francs, in addition to the above sum, through their own consul at Cairo, for the like permission. In the course of my travels throughout this wide world, I have always found that the Americans, with their excellent system of consulate arrangements, could travel at far less cost and "outlay," for the hire of either *dahabiéhs* to proceed up the Nile, or for the hire of their camels to convey them and their baggage across the desert, either to Mount Sinai or to Palestine, or in the terms of their engagement with a dragoman, than the unfortunate and "ever-plucked" Britishers could do.

The sum total of our disbursements, therefore, at the convent of Mount Sinai came to in all within a fraction of four pounds sterling. At 11 A.M. we quitted the encamping-ground, delighted at having accomplished our visit to Mount Sinai, and looking anxiously forward for some new object of interest to occupy as well as to divert our minds.

We were all agreed not on any account to sleep inside the convent walls, on account of the *mauvaise réputation* which the rooms therein enjoyed, in consequence of the vermin which were the "live stock" of the various beds, couches, sofas, and "divans" standing therein, and of whose terrible nightly attacks preceding "tourists" had warned us in their published as well as by their *vivâ voce* accounts of their own visit to this spot. The monks have for sale occasionally (for the article is scarce, and the first visitors of the season generally buy it all up, to take away with them to Europe) some of the "manna" of the desert, which they employ the Bédouins to gather for them. One of our party (a "clerico") purchased a small earthenware jarful. It did not look particularly inviting to the eye; for it was either intentionally beat up into a pasty-looking substance resembling dirty butter, or the heat had caused it to run into one compact mass. It was the same stuff, however, which we had first met with in the Wady Ghurundul, only not so nice and clean-looking as when shining like so many little pale yellow-coloured buttons, in its pure, fresh, and ungathered state, on the tamarisk-trees and shrubs.

During our journey this day we passed the footprints in several places of the wild goat. Indeed, the day after our arrival at Mount Sinai, a Bédouin shot one of these shy animals and disposed of it to our dragoman, who had it cut up into joints, and served up at our table as a substitute for roast mutton. The flesh was dark in colour, and likewise hard and coarse to the taste. It lasted us until we reached Akăbah. From Sinai to Akăbah we were six days on the road, and which journey proved a very fatiguing one. The new dromedaries turned out as bad, if not inferior to the former ones, and obliged more than one of our party to have recourse to one of the baggage camels for an easier "mount."

During this first day's march from Sinai we traversed a good portion of the long Wady-es-Shaick, and after the expiration of a little better than an hour's travelling, we passed a whitewashed building, with a sort of low cupola roof, which stood all alone in this extensive

valley, or plain, and which was the tomb of the Shaick Saleh, after whom the wady is called. This small building is likewise a mosque, around which lie a few small tombstones. In the far distance, and long before we came up with it, this white building appeared to be an encampment of white canvas tents. Quitting the Wady-es-Shaick, we entered the Wady -"Seyul," at the farthest extremity of which stood prominent to view a large rock, or fragment of the mountain, on our left hand, on the smooth face of which, and not very much raised from the ground, were representations cut in the stone of ibexes, camels, ostriches, and, if I mistake not, also of an Arab *bugla*, or vessel. There were, likewise, one or two Greek inscriptions, as well as several Sinaitic ones. This rock, from its fanciful resemblance in the eyes of the Bédouins to a bastion of a fortress, is called by them *Qulāāt al-Abdōōlah* (or Abdoolah's citadel). Before we reached this spot, we passed over a dreary expanse of deep white sand, the country undulating, with frequent "ups and downs." On the face of the above rock I noticed the names of a couple of most persevering English travellers, who had stopped here to cut or chisel the same thereon, together with the date, and this in the month of May, too, and "grilling" work it must have been whilst so employed, at such a season of the year, and in such a sandy and rocky region!

Game was extremely scarce, seemingly, in the Sinaitic peninsula, for between Suez and Mount Sinai we saw only three partridges; and between Sinai and Akăbah we saw only a small herd of five wild goats, in pursuit of which one of our party whose great "*shuoq*" (or hobby) was to be the camp "*shikarree*" (or sportsman), hastened over the brow of the adjacent hill on foot, but he was unsuccessful in coming up with them. The latter half (or the last three marches) of the journey was by far the pleasantest, for on the fourth day's march from Sinai, when we had travelled about one-fourth of the distance from our last encamping-ground towards the new one, we entered the Wady-et-Ain (or "the valley of springs"), in which were a few trees (oleanders and palms), as well as some shrubs and bushes, and, above all, a fine flow of fresh water, which branched off at its source into several very shallow channels. Here we stopped a short time to have our water-casks refilled. The road was very good, and was, moreover, one gentle and very easy descent from this spot the whole way to the shores of the Elanitic Gulf (or Gulf of Akăbah), the first sight of which gladdened our eyes, wearied and almost blinded as they had become by the constant looking upon such wide tracts of white sand, and hideous, naked, and arid rocks and mountains. It took us upwards of an hour, after having first caught a distant view of the waters of the gulf, before we reached the high *plateau* which overlooked its shores; from whence, on quitting the wady, we turned due north, traversing this broad and elevated plain, until by a very gradual descent we arrived at a small plantation of fine palm and date-trees, under whose refreshing and most welcome shade, with the waters of the Elanitic Gulf close to us, whose *niveau* we had now reached, we lunched and took an hour and a half's *siesta*, after having first of all had a swim in the sea. A few pretty shells were picked up at this spot—the green grass growing around (for there was a small spring of fresh water near at hand) was another refreshing oasis in our desert travelling,

and on reaching our ground we found the tents nearly all pitched, and the "culinary preparations" in a forward state. Ever since we quitted Suez, we had never been able, except on those occasions when we halted on the Sabbath, to sit down to dinner before eight o'clock—indeed, it was frequently half-after eight, and, on one occasion, a quarter to nine o'clock before we sat down to table; for the camel-men were too much occupied, after having unladen their beasts of burden, with driving them away from the camp in search of some sort of pasture after their hard day's work, to be able to render any service in the way of aiding our own establishment to pitch the several tents, and arrange the beds, bedding, carpets, &c. &c., as well as in placing the several articles of "passengers' baggage" therein, under cover for the night.

By dint of the offer of a *buckshēēsh*, however, we were enabled to obtain, occasionally only, for we could not by any means count thereon, the services of two or perhaps three of the camel-drivers, at most. Our own servants certainly worked very hard, and really good and serviceable men they proved themselves throughout this most wearisome and fatiguing journey. In addition to our dragoman, who was in constant demand (being, poor man, continually at the "beck and call" of each of his nine masters, and having the superintendence of the "cuisine" department on his shoulders, in addition to the "well ordering" of the entire camp, and adjusting the frequent disputes and squabbles between the camel-men, who were continually "bickering" about the weight of an extra small package or so, which had been allotted or apportioned to a particular camel, whose owner would refuse to take charge thereof, &c.), we had a cook, and an under-cook, as well as three other servants, to wait at table, and to pitch the tents, and arrange the "interior economies" of the same.

This day's encamping-ground faced the north, for at this spot there was a slight curve or indentation of the shore of the gulf towards the west, where the water was very shallow, and where the bottom was too stony and too full of rough and coarse-looking white coral and slippery slabs of rock to render bathing either safe or agreeable; but we all took to the sea, nevertheless, "for better or for worse," as a bathe in salt as well as in tidal waters was a luxury not to be despised after a hot day's camel ride. One of our party, however, in coming out of the water, cut the sole of his foot very severely by having unfortunately trodden upon a piece of coral, which laid the flesh open and caused a very great and long-enduring hemorrhage, which was with much difficulty stopped, and from the effects of which wound the injured party suffered acute pain all the way to Jerusalem, where the lameness caused thereby had only begun to take its departure. The water was extremely shallow for some distance from the shore.

At Suez, strange to say, although situated on the very shores of the Red Sea, the inhabitants are extremely badly off for a supply of fish. Now and then a few small ones, about the size of the *chelwa's* of India (which they somewhat resembled in size as well as in flavour), were served up at the *table d'hôte* at the hotel of the P. and O. Company; but then these were not purchased in the bazaar, but caught with the rod at high tide immediately in front of the entrance to the hotel by some of the *employés* and servants, who evinced a great "*shuoq*" for this sort of thing as an amusement.

Shortly after our arrival in camp, we were most agreeably surprised at finding a Bédouin fisherman coming towards our tents with a small basket made of the leaves of the date-palm in his hands, in which were two or three different kinds of fish, which he disposed of to our dragoman for a most reasonable sum, and which amply served us both for dinner as well as for breakfast the next morning. They were certainly not only pleasing to the eye, resembling in size as well as in appearance, as several thereof did, our own grey mullet, but were deliciously flavoured likewise. The fifth day's march was along the shores of this sea, and we amused ourselves in gathering several of the different sorts of rose-coloured shells with which the sea-shore was literally covered, and which were lying about in the most profuse disorder, most of them either broken or damaged, however. At our encamping-ground this day (March 10), which was situated in a small retired nook surrounded by mountains, with the sea-shore due east of us and contiguous to camp, we were again enabled to enjoy the great luxury as well as comfort of a swim in salt water previous to dining. At this spot, however, neither fish nor fishermen were forthcoming.

March 11.—This was our sixth and last day's march into Akăbah, and a very warm one it proved, for the sun's rays were most powerful, and we could not find a particle of shade the whole way. The journey was, however, by no means an uninteresting one, for after we had left our encamping-ground, and had proceeded on our way for about an hour, or maybe better, all of which was an easy and gradual ascent from the camp, although in some places the rugged and stony pathway was sufficiently steep for the laden camels, we arrived at a particularly ugly spot, which we had to go over. This was no other than the mountain called by the Bédouins "Nukb-Huwein-Irat," the ascent of which appeared to be at an angle of 45 deg., the pathway across which was in several places over and along ledges of rock polished and slippery as glass or even ice itself, and requiring the greatest care and skilful management on the part of the camel-drivers to prevent their heavily-laden animals from either falling or slipping, or even sliding downwards over some portions more slippery than others, on the sloping track across this mountain. Of course we all dismounted from our dromedaries, and it required the utmost precautions to prevent our slipping and sliding away. This mountain was perpendicular to the sea-shore, and as the water was said to be very deep, no roadway was practicable in that direction. It was, therefore, "Hobson's choice." The spot where we crossed it was at some little distance inland from the sea.

Our dragoman had apprised us of this slippery mountain pass a couple of days previous to our reaching it. The descent on the other, or northern side, was certainly rough, and the pathway narrow and encumbered with loose stones and large fragments of rock, but was not slippery. This accomplished, it was a pleasure, indeed, to get on to the sands of the sea-shore once more, the whole sandy littoral of which was covered as far as the eye could reach with marine shells of different sorts and sizes as well as colours—white, brown, pink, and roseate, together with a few spotted ones—the greater portion of which, however, were either broken or damaged. In going over the ground these shells gave out a sound,

under the impress of the camels' feet, like that of treading over heaps of broken pottery. It was a pity to see so much fine material absolutely wasted for want of both the conveniences of removing it as well as of capitalists to advance the necessary funds towards the expenses of its removal. I saw enough shells on the sea-shore on the western side of the Gulf of Akābah to fill the hull of a five-hundred ton vessel. Some of my readers may wonder to what use and purpose these broken shells could be put. I reply, to make the finest as well as the most beautiful-looking mortar in the world!

Those who, like myself, have attended Divine service, as well by broad daylight in the forenoon as by wax and cocoa-nut oil lights of an evening, at St. George's Cathedral, at Madras, will have remarked how extremely beautiful (I allude to some six-and-thirty years ago) the interior thereof looked. The several large round pillars, as well as the walls around, bore on their outward surface a gloss, a soft white polish, akin to the purest Parian marble. So delicate did the above look to the eye of the astonished beholder, that he imagined he was inside a building constructed of the whitest, as well as the highest polished, marble. On my inquiring of what material these walls, and pillars, and rounded columns consisted, if it was not really and truly marble, which it so much resembled, I was informed the walls and pillars were built of bricks, plastered and stuccoed over with a mortar made from the white sea-shells found in abundance on the beach all along the Coromandel coast, as well as in front of Madras itself. Now, it struck me, these shells from the Elanitic Gulf would make a mortar equally as fine, if not finer, in all probability, than the shells found on the Indian beach; and, if there should arise a demand for them to be made into mortar, they could be brought to Suez in Arab *buglahs*, or sloops, several of which are always lying idle and unemployed in the inner harbour at Suez, and whose owners would be very glad of a chance of obtaining employment so near their own homes. I imagine it would take (according to how the wind and the tide suited) from four to six days' coasting it from Suez down the gulf, and round Cape Ras Mahomed up the Elanitic Gulf, and the same, or perhaps eight days, in returning, and a couple of days or so to load each vessel; but, as yellow-coloured alabaster is preferred in Egypt for the adornment, inner as well as outer, of the mosques, and as it is to be procured in the country, shell-lime is consequently at a heavy discount, while the expense of its transmission to Europe would operate probably against its exportation.

The whole length of the sea-shore, and extending to a distance therefrom of from five to ten yards, and in several places even considerably farther, inland, along which we had been travelling for the last two days, was what an undertaker would call a "necropolis" of *shells*, but without the "bodies" therein.

Journeying onwards, we at last arrived abreast of a small island, resembling a mountain of friable rocks and stones, detached from the mainland, which was situated at a short distance from it, and which, in days of yore, was called Graia, but which, among the Arabs of the present day, goes by the name of Qālāa el Derr (or the fortified monastery). This ancient citadel was one entire mass of ruins, with the exception of a

solitary narrow square tower and a few vestiges of upright walls, still standing, which had not yet quite crumbled to decay. The Romans kept a garrison here, when the land of Idumæa (Edom or Mount Seir) belonged to them. At the present day not a living soul was to be seen, either on the island or in its neighbourhood, for miles and miles; nor was a boat, or a canoe, or raft even, to be obtained, so that a visit to this island was entirely out of the question. After journeying for some distance farther along the sea-shore, under the rays of a burning sun, and with the noise of the shells constantly crackling, like broken pottery, under our dromedaries' feet, we at length reached the head of the gulf, around which, to the opposite shore, our road lay. The glare from off the bright clear waters of the gulf, as well as from the shining and sparkling white sands which hemmed us in on every side, quite dazzled our eyesight. As we proceeded along the northern shores of this gulf, the shells dwindled down to comparatively few in number, and did not lie nearly so thick on the ground. When half way round the head of the gulf, I drew up my dromedary to obtain a good view of the "bearings" of the spot, and I particularly noticed the site of the modern town, or rather the dirty and miserable-looking village, of El-Akăbah, which, however, to do it justice, did certainly look from the western as well as from the northern shores, as we journeyed towards it, a very lovely and most inviting oasis in this dreary "wilderness," for it was situated close to the sea-shore, at the north-eastern corner of the Elanitic Gulf, at a very short distance only from the head thereof, and perfectly embosomed in palm-trees and vegetation, whose green hues proved, by their agreeable contrast to the hillocks of white sand which surrounded the place, so unspeakably refreshing to the eyes of the European traveller.

The truth will out, however, and it must be confessed we found, after our arrival at Akăbah (which we reached at 3.20 P.M.), that the date as well as the other palms, and its acacias, and a few other kinds of trees, such as orange and lemon, constituted its only agreeable and pleasing features. From the spot where I had drawn up my dromedary I could command an extensive view all around me, and particularly up the broad sandy valley (or wady) of Zin (Book of Numbers xx. 1), which is called at the present day by the Bédouins the "Wady Arăbah," through which the Israelites passed after quitting Mount Sinai and Hazeroth, and, after looking at the nature of the country, its present configuration, the several broad gullies, or wide and deep ravines, which opened out from the sides of the lofty range of mountains on the eastern side of this wady, presenting as they did so many channels for the passage of quantities of sand, as well as other *débris* and *detritus*, which in the course of every successive winter are brought down into this wide valley after the heavy storms of rain which fall—(which valley I should observe has a very perceptible rise, and a continual although gradual ascent, for nearly the whole distance to where the road branches off to the right hand to enter into the "coasts of the land of Edom" (Numbers xx. 23), and where this spot, the wady here having attained its highest elevation, forms what is called the water-shed of the country, for on proceeding hence, in a northerly direction, as we afterwards found from experience, the incline is northerly)—and bestowing thereon some moments' reflection, and after

weighing the subject over in my own mind, I felt convinced (and I recollect having made an observation to that effect to one of our party who happened to be nearest to me at the time, and whose attention I drew to the nature of the country and its present configuration) that the face thereof was most certainly not the same as obtained in the remote times of Jewish history, and in the days of King Solomon, and that I felt certain, from the above premises, that the modern village of El-Akăbah (which signifies an "ascent," or a mountain "pass," in the Arabic language, and which appellation is given to this village from its having been built at the foot of the long "ascent," which commences immediately *behind* it to the eastward, and not *fronting* it to the westward, as some have imagined, and gone and published forth to the world, and up which lies the "pilgrims'" road to Mecca) was not the site of the ancient Ezion-Geber (Numbers xxxiii. 36; and 1 Kings ix. 26), as is commonly held to be the case by Biblical commentators.

Whilst observant travellers cannot fail, from ocular demonstration, to notice the extreme shallowness of the water at the head of the ancient Elanitic Gulf at the present day, as well as the filling up of the ancient level or bed of the southernmost portions of the "Valley of Zin" by the copious flow of sand which the surrounding mountains annually poured therein, through the several gorges I have above alluded to, it may not, therefore, be considered so improbable that the site of the ancient Ezion-Geber stood some twenty or even thirty miles more to the northward than the modern Akăbah does. With which observations my fellow-traveller, after I had drawn his attention to the above points, seemed to coincide; and he thought with me, that the "downflow" of such quantities of sand, during the several centuries that had elapsed since Ezion-Geber was a Jewish seaport, had filled up the ancient head of this said Elanitic Gulf, and had forced its waters to recede in a southerly direction, like as we *know*, by ocular demonstration and by the conviction of our senses, the waters of the Gulf of Suez have receded from the centre of the isthmus, up to which they flowed of old, and to which this comparatively modern town has now given its name.*

The above "idea," fresh as it entered my head, I send forth for whatever it may be considered to be worth in the several coteries which "affect" the discussion as well as the solution of "geographical problems."

In support, however, of this "idea" (or theory), I think I am borne out by one particular portion of the narrative of the forty-two different marches (or "journeys"), as handed down to us in the Book of Numbers, wherein, on a reference to chapter xxxiii. and verses 36 and 37, we learn the Israelites, with their enormous camp, and "hampered and saddled," as they were, with their women and children, and their flocks and herds,

* The ancient Arabian historian, Ebn Saēed, has left on record that the waters of the Red Sea were once so close to those of the Mediterranean, that it was intended to cut a canal through the isthmus, but that the carrying out of the "idea" was "shelved" from *political* motives! Verily the *politics* of this world have ever been a great stumbling-block in the way of "progress," and of the civilisation of the human race. Fortunately, for the benefit as well as the happiness of the present rising generation, *on a changé tout cela.*

"*even very much cattle*" (Exodus xii. 37, 38), reached (the foot of) Mount Hor from Ezion-Geber *in two days' march*. Now, as it took our light "caravan," marching from eighteen to twenty miles on an average each day, *four days* (or just double the number of marches) to accomplish this same distance, I cannot admit, after the great experience I have had in India, as well as in Egypt, that a "monster encampment" —the numbers of the Jewish *men* alone being set down at six hundred thousand, *in addition* to whom a *mixed multitude* (of slaves and male servants) travelled also with their camp—and, encumbered as they were with young children and a "fearful lot" of baggage, I cannot admit that the Israelites accomplished more than from eight to ten miles (if even so many) a day through such a deep sandy soil; and this very circumstance alone would be all-sufficient to place the site of Ezion-Geber more to the northward of El-Akăbah itself. We all amused ourselves during the four days we were compelled to remain there, until the despotic ruler of the surrounding country, who is the chief or head of the *Allowēēn* tribe of Bédouins, Shaick Mahomed by name, and the son of that notorious scoundrel, Shaick Hoossain, who has now been dead some few years, chose to give us a fresh supply of camels and dromedaries to enable us to continue our journey towards the land of Edom.

HAND IN HAND.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

A TRUCE to jars that vex the mind, let passions have respite,
And bid dissension and its cares a long and last good night.
In social love let all be one, or if contend we must,
Why, let us try which patriot-heart can be most true and just.
If man would aid his fellow-man, by fickle fate unblest,
What noble ardour would inspire each kind and thoughtful breast!
The golden days that bards lament would smile in all their worth,
And hand in hand each generous band would make a heaven of earth!

Years roll apace, and life, we know, is but a passing gleam—
A shadow of the moment seen upon the world's wide stream;
And some can brave an adverse wave, with fortune for their shield,
While others to the current's power are oft compell'd to yield:
But if, with one firm honest will some mortals would unite,
To smoothe the path that others tread, and make their burdens light,
The golden days that bards lament would smile in all their worth,
And hand in hand each generous band would make a heaven of earth!

SNOWED UP.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

X.

The Spirit's Prophecy.

I.

SILVERDALE IS SOLD, AND HECTOR DETERMINES TO LEAVE THE ISLAND.

The changes made by death are often very sudden, and sometimes very sad, but still worse are the changes made by bankruptcies, when unsuspecting strangers, who have entrusted their money to firms of long standing, of apparently the highest respectability, and greatest reputed wealth, find themselves awakened from their happy dreams of security to meet severe losses, actual poverty, or perhaps utter ruin!

Too many a once cheerful hearth has been rendered gloomy, if not totally deserted—too many a once happy flourishing family has been scattered like chaff before the wind—by the late fearful crashes in the moneyed and mercantile world, for people not to understand the magnitude of the evils thus occasioned. Bankruptcies are very far from being always the result of dishonesty or carelessness, but most frequently they may be attributed either to thoughtless extravagance or wild speculations. If to speculation, there is always the hope on the part of the speculators to make lucky hits and large profits, and the gamblers never admit to themselves the probability of ruin, the impossibility of paying back to the owners the money they are squandering in the pursuit of phantom gains.

But Mr. Craft was no speculator; Mr. Craft had met with no losses; he was simply a swindler, and a swindler of the very worst calibre. He betrayed his trust, ruined his unsuspecting ward, and decamped with the amount of his systematic thefts.

Hector had intended to attach his uncle's estate for a part, at least, of the money of which he had been defrauded. But he found that this could not be done, and he was obliged to let Mr. Achilles Gumbs take possession of it without the slightest molestation.

That worthy behaved, upon the whole, with very decent propriety. Mrs. Craft was not hurried or annoyed more than was absolutely necessary, but she had "to flit," as the Scotch say, and this was a terrible grievance to her. Mr. Gumbs, who could not well live in an empty house, took over a portion of her furniture at a tolerably high valuation, and she removed with her treasures, silver chessmen and all, to the small house on the little estate still left to her.

Everybody felt very much for her, everybody paid her great attention, and handsome presents were poured in upon her; so that, in reality, she had not to encounter much discomfort.

But poor Hector—her worthless husband's victim! For him there was neither revenge nor redress, nor anything to fall back upon.

In vain Mr. Balfour laboured to make some arrangement favourable to

him which should not injure the interests of his employers; the estate owed so much to the English firm that it was necessary to bring it to a sale. The question was, would its sale cover the debts which Mr. Craft had thought fit so scandalously to incur on it?

Poor Mr. Balfour was exceedingly unhappy. He said to himself:

"What will Miss Linda think if her sister's affianced husband is totally ruined? She will blame *me* for not insisting on other measures being taken, and Hector Graham being allowed to keep his estate and try to clear it. I am sure I have done my very best; and if she only could see the letters I have written to the people at home, she would allow that I have tried my utmost to befriend him. I wish that fellow Craft had been at——well, I won't say where, but where he is sure to go by-and-by, before he brought all this trouble upon us. The last time I met Linda St. Clair she looked so coldly at me that I felt as if I had been committing a crime. Yet Heaven knows I have had Hector's interest more at heart than perhaps I ought to have had. I can't go against positive orders; I *must* bring the estate to sale. How I wish the painful task had devolved on any one else!"

Silverdale was accordingly advertised for sale, and great was Minna St. Clair's wrath and grief when she saw the announcement in the local newspapers.

"See!" she cried, "Linda, here is that hypocritical fellow, Mr. Balfour, who makes such a fuss about you, and pretends to care so much for you and for us all, actually advertising poor dear Hector's estate for sale! The wretch! I will never speak to him again, nor to you, Linda, if you marry him!"

"There is no chance of my marrying Mr. Balfour," said Linda, quietly. "That is entirely out of the question; but I do not see why you should be so angry at him. Hector himself allows that Mr. Balfour has been most friendly to him, and I am certain, had it depended upon him, Hector might have kept Silverdale, and paid the debts Mr. Craft so wickedly contracted on it at his convenience. He is only an agent, and if these people in England insist on the sale of the estate, what can he do? If he refused to follow their imperative directions, he would only be dismissed from their employment, and some one else would be found to do their bidding, perhaps in a rough and unfeeling manner. They would probably send some one out here who would have no consideration for poor Hector. Be reasonable, my dear Minna."

"Reasonable! How you speak! I am frantic at the idea of poor dear Hector's misfortunes. What has he done to be ruined as he is? If that Mr. Craft could be caught, he deserves to be hanged, and I think these English fellows are downright cheats, too; they have no business to advance money without knowing whether the owner of the estate wished it or not. In fact, I believe they played into Mr. Craft's hands for their own purposes. *I* have no faith in the boasted integrity of English merchants and bankers. To get money anyhow is their object."

"Nay, nay, Minna dear," said Linda. "There are many men of integrity among them, though, of course, there are some black sheep."

"Oh, poor, poor Hector," sobbed Minna, who had burst into a fit of tears.

"I trust things may not go so badly as you anticipate, Minna," said Linda, trying to soothe the poor girl. "I am sure that papa will help him."

"How can papa help him?" asked Minna, fretfully.

"He can lend money to buy in the estate, or he can be security for the purchase-money. Perhaps the creditors may be got to make some tolerable terms, to take a portion of the money down, and the rest by instalments; with economy and good crops this shocking debt might be paid off in a few years."

"Do you think papa will assist Hector?" inquired poor Minna, anxiously.

"I am convinced that he will," replied her sister; and Minna dried her tears and went to prepare for her evening ride, but there was no Hector to escort her, and she became again very low spirited.

Not a few in the island believed, with Minna, that the English creditors had not acted *quite* correctly, and that they had played into Mr. Craft's hands for their own purposes. But this was only a surmise; there was no proof of any collusion, and even Mr. Johnson, the lawyer, said that nothing could be done to prevent the English creditors from carrying out their resolution. Silverdale must be sold.

Mr. St. Clair felt deeply for his young friend, and determined to come to his aid. He had money safely invested in England, and he proposed to make over a portion of that money at once to the English house, and, in conjunction with another rich planter, who had also been a friend of Hector's father, to become security for the payment, in a given time, of the remainder of the debt.

He mentioned his plan to Hector in the kindest manner possible, and pressed the arrangement upon him, but Hector, though with grateful thanks, declined to accept of his assistance.

"I cannot become a dependent even upon you, my dear Mr. St. Clair," he answered.

"You would not become a dependent, my dear fellow," replied the old gentleman. "The only thing would be that *I* should be your creditor instead of these English gentry. The estate put in proper order, and properly worked, would pay off its debt in time without going out of your possession."

But not all Mr. St. Clair's arguments nor Linda's attempts at persuasion, nor even Minna's tears, could induce Hector to place himself under such a deep obligation to any one. Perhaps Mr. St. Clair's speech, made in a moment of irritation at Hector's apparent indifference to his own interests and foolish confidence in his aunt's husband, was rankling in his mind; perhaps it was the natural feeling of a man of honour and spirit, but so it was that Hector Graham positively refused to accept the proffered aid, and his estate was brought to sale, and bought in, as every one expected, by the English creditors.

Mr. St. Clair and several other of the gentlemen in the island attended the sale, and the estate was bid up to an amount which not only covered the debts, but allowed poor Hector a small surplus. Mr. Balfour was delighted at this; he felt very indignant at his employers because they had not made some allowance for the manner in which poor Hector had been swindled.

But, alas! how few make allowance where money is concerned! It is shocking to see the strife and ill will which are occasioned by the division of, or the fancied rights even to, small sums! Money is an element of mischief, and if the want of it leads sometimes to crime, the superabundance of it leads also to evil. It is a potent engine in the hands of Beelzebub, the heart-burnings, the envyings, the hatred that it creates! Alas! that frail mortals who brought nothing into the world with them, and can take nothing out of it, should be so devoted to gold!

Silverdale was gone, and what was poor Hector to do? His aunt's small house certainly afforded him a shelter for the time being, but he could not vegetate there always. He received a pressing invitation to take up his abode at Clair Hall; Mrs. Sutherland offered him the hospitality of her house, Mr. Balfour begged him to come and stay with him, and many other persons kindly invited him, so that he might easily have spent several months among his friends. But to be an idle hanger-on—to be "the recipient of charity," as he called it, was an idea too humiliating to be entertained by Hector Graham.

"No," he said to his aunt, when she asked him why he could not live quietly on with her, as he had been doing, "no—I must do something for myself. I must work for my bread, but how to do that is the question. I can see no opening in this island; therefore, sad as it will be to leave those I love best on earth, I must go somewhere else."

"Dear me, what nonsense, Hector," said his aunt. "If you don't like to live in my house for nothing, you can pay me a small board, and I dare say we shall make out very comfortably. And Mr. St. Clair, of course, will settle something handsome on Minna when you marry her; he has only two daughters now to give his money to."

"The worst part of the ruin which has fallen upon me, my dear aunt, is just that I cannot now marry my dearest Minna. I have now no home to offer her, no means of maintaining her, and I am not going to drag her from a life of luxury to meet the privations of poverty. Nor will I, even if her father, for her sake, would support me, be so mean, so despicable, as to live in dependence on his bounty."

"But you were not brought up to any profession—you are not a doctor, or a lawyer, or a clergyman—and you know nothing about business, and you would only be cheated if you took up a store."

"Yes, it is a great misfortune to me that I was not brought up to some profession, and I shall never cease to regret that my *kind* guardian would not give his consent to my going into the army, as I wished to have done; I can only suppose, knowing him as I do now, that he did not feel inclined to part with the money to purchase my commission, for no doubt he had begun his depredations so far back as then. I have been all along too facile, and I am now suffering for having been an idiot."

Mrs. Craft no longer defended her runaway husband; on the contrary, she was very bitter against him, therefore Hector never hesitated to blame him whenever he pleased.

His aunt soon got her quietus; but it was a much more difficult task for poor Hector to deal with the family at Clair Hall. He was assailed with expostulations, entreaties, and advice. Mr. St. Clair hinted rather broadly that he might marry Minna at once, and either live at Clair Hall, or at the other estate belonging to the family, or take a house in

town if he preferred it; and Minna was willing and anxious for some such arrangement.

"What is ours will be yours then, dear Hector," she said, "and papa will be happier when you are his son, and you can help him to look after the estates; I am sure you will be useful to him in a hundred ways."

"Yes, indeed," added Linda, "you will be the stay and prop of his old age. He has no son of his own, which I have often heard him regret, and you will be one to him."

But Hector's scruples could not be overcome. He reflected well on his own position, and came to the conclusion that he could not do anything for himself in the island. He knew nothing of planting, therefore he could not take a manager's situation, and to be a mere subordinate on any estate to learn the work, was what he could not bring his pride to encounter. No, he must go away, and try to obtain occupation elsewhere. What had been the Spanish colonies, and were now the infant republics of South America, promised a wider field for exertion than the limited circles of a small West India island. General Mentilla was doubtless a man of great influence in Venezuela, and, if he went thither, he could ask Mentilla's countenance and advice. Hector did not feel inclined to go to the United States of America, and in England he thought he would have no chance of success.

The only members of the St. Clair family who encouraged Hector in his plan of going to what was still called "the Spanish Main," were Linda and Mrs. Rivers, both of whom seemed to put great confidence in General Mentilla's friendship, and wish, if not ability, to assist his views. But poor Minna could not bear the thought of his going, and told him, in accents of despair, that, if he went, it would be for ever.

Hector tried his best to combat her fears, by assuring her that the climate was very healthy, that he was not going to join the patriots as a volunteer, that the war was almost over, that a brisk trade was already going on with St. Thomas, and there would soon be free intercourse with Great Britain, and all the old Spanish restrictions would be abolished.

But the poor girl only exclaimed over and over again:

"If you go, Hector, I shall never see you more!"

"You will see me very often, dearest Minna," said Hector. "I am not going to the antipodes, our islands lie quite near the shores of South America, and I shall run over every now and then to see you and report progress. By-and-by we shall have a pretty quinta, amidst a forest of flowers, and Linda and your father will come and stay with us as long as they please. I know who will be very glad to see you, Linda, and perhaps he may prevail on you to remain there altogether."

Poor Hector tried hard to appear in the good spirits which he did not feel, but the parting was a very sad trial both to him who went and to her who remained. Ah! what deep sorrow—what dire disappointment—Mr. Craft's villany had occasioned!

II.

THE ARRIVAL OF HECTOR GRAHAM AT CARACCAS.

THE patriots were not equally successful in all the revolted provinces; in Carthagena, for instance, they met with some severe reverses. Morillo, a Spanish general, had arrived from Spain with ten thousand troops, and attacked the city of Carthagena. It made a most desperate resistance, and, though twice bombarded, it did not yield until the number of deaths, from famine, amounted to one hundred per diem. When, at last, the royalists entered the town, they found the streets and houses filled with dead bodies, or people just expiring; and the atmosphere was almost in a pestilential state!

The Venezuelans were more fortunate. Under their gallant leaders, Bolivar, Arismendi, Paez, and Mentilla, and their Admiral Brion, they overcame the royalists, who were finally expelled from Venezuela, and Bolivar was named the supreme chief, while Arismendi was second in command, and Brion was appointed admiral of the Venezuelan naval forces.

Brion, as has been before mentioned, was a native of the island of Curaçoa; he had served in the Venezuelan flotilla, and had been naturalised a citizen of Carthagena as a reward for his services in that province. Brion, being a man of large property, and assisted by some other patriots, defrayed the expenses of an attack upon the royalists, who had seized on the island of Margurita, and it was retaken by the Independents in eighteen hundred and sixteen.

Joseph Antonio Paez, one of the most distinguished of the patriot leaders, was born in seventeen hundred and eighty, in the city of Aragua, of Indian parents of low extraction, whose employment consisted principally in raising cattle and cultivating some land. He was an uneducated and illiterate man, and very rough in his manners and habits. He might often have been seen riding about equipped in some very coarse nether garments, and the upper part of his person enveloped in a blanket, his head being thrust through a hole in the centre of the blanket, while his two arms made their appearance through two smaller holes, or slits. But even in this singular garb he looked well on horseback, for he was a fearless and graceful rider. He had been brought up from his infancy to endure privations, to despise what civilisation calls "comforts," and not only to brave, but to court dangers. Such a man was, of course, bold and determined to an extent. He had an iron will, and was quite impervious to flattery, but woe betided those who offended him. General Bolivar had sometimes a hard task to manage him.

Bolivar and Mentilla were great friends, and both had ardently at heart the good of the young republic. But there was much to be done to restore order throughout the country, and establish a good government.

General Mentilla was at Caraccas, busily engaged in assisting in this useful work, when one day he was exceedingly surprised, being told that a stranger wished to see him, on beholding his West India acquaintance, Hector Graham!

"Hector! Hector Graham!" he exclaimed, for he had acquired the habit among the St. Clairs of calling Mr. Graham by his baptismal name.

"*You* here! What is the matter? Has anything happened to Linda, or to Mr. St. Clair?"

"Nothing has happened to either of them; the family are all quite well," replied Hector, quickly, in order to relieve the poor man's evident anxiety. "They all send their kindest remembrances to you, and I have brought you a large packet of letters, and some little souvenirs from them."

"Is dear Minna with you?" inquired Mentilla, supposing that Hector had taken the fancy into his head of making a voyage to the South American continent for his wedding trip.

"Alas, no!" replied poor Hector, looking all at once very dejected. "I know not if ever I shall see that dear girl again."

"Good Heavens, my friend! Can it be possible that Mr. St. Clair, who refused that unfortunate Adela to Alvaez, can have broken off Minna's engagement to you? Does he wish to make nuns of his daughters?"

Hector could not help smiling at the absurdity of the idea, and he replied:

"Mr. St. Clair cannot wish his daughters to be old maids, for he wanted Linda to marry that man the attorney-general, who proposed to her soon after you left the island, but she peremptorily refused him, and the worthy has been in the sulks ever since."

"How dare *he* ask her to marry him?" cried Mentilla, with flashing eyes.

"Oh! he thinks a great deal of himself, and doubtless he considered her much honoured by his offer."

"I should like to . . . ." Mentilla began, but he stopped short, and asked Hector to tell him about himself and Minna.

Much shocked and distressed General Mentilla was when he heard of the ruin that had overtaken poor Hector through his uncle's shameful conduct. He applauded him for not having consented to become a dependent on Mr. St. Clair's bounty, though he sympathised much with him in having to leave poor Minna.

"I have come here," said Hector, "to try to get some employment—something that may afford me a living, however scanty; and if you, dear General Mentilla, can assist my views without putting yourself to inconvenience, I shall be exceedingly obliged to you, and so will be Linda and Minna St. Clair. In fact, it was Linda and Mrs. Rivers who urged me to come; Mr. St. Clair and my poor Minna were both averse to my plan."

"I shall only be too happy to do anything and everything that I can for you, my dear friend," replied General Mentilla. "I shall go at once to Bolivar, and consult with him what situation can be found suitable to you. He may want an English secretary.* You know already a little Spanish, and could soon acquire more knowledge of the language; and as you understand French, you would be very useful. In the mean time, do me the great favour to make my house your home, and allow me the opportunity of returning in some small degree the extreme kindness and hospitality I—a complete stranger—received from you and your friends

* The writer of this little tale was well acquainted with a former secretary of General Bolivar, a clever French gentleman, now dead.

in the dear little West India island, where I spent so many happy days."

Hector frankly accepted the hospitality so kindly offered, and removed from the comfortless *hostel* at which he had been deposited on crossing the Silla from La Guayra to Caraccas, to the more agreeable abode of his friend General Mentilla.

"There is one individual in my small establishment," said Mentilla, "who, I am sure, will be delighted to see you—a countryman of your own. I mean that poor youth Harry St. Clair, whom we now call Enrico. As you have no doubt heard, he smuggled himself on board our little sloop when we left your island, and begged so hard to be taken into my service, that I made him my page. He wished to fight as a volunteer, but I would not permit that, the poor boy seemed so far from strong. He was a most kind and faithful attendant on me when I was ill, after I was wounded at the battle of Bocachica, and I really feel that I owe him quite a debt of gratitude."

"He must be much improved, then," said Hector, "for he used to be a discontented, presumptuous, troublesome lad. Mr. St. Clair and daughters were very kind to him, but he never seemed to be either thankful or satisfied, and only wanted to play the fine gentleman among his inferiors, and lead a life of utter idleness."

"Well, he has no hard work here," replied General Mentilla; "and as he is not looked upon as a menial, perhaps he is better satisfied. He seems a clever youth, and I intend to get him some situation which will be suitable to his position in life, and at the same time procure him an opportunity of rising, if he be steady and willing to work."

But General Mentilla and even Hector were surprised that Enrico kept out of the way. They both naturally thought the young West Indian would have gladly greeted one from his native island who could have told him of his friends there.

"I suppose," said Mentilla, "that the boy feels awkward at the idea of seeing you, remembering in what a clandestine manner he left his home."

"I dare say," replied Hector, "that he thinks I will give him a good rowing, and also that his pride revolts at the idea of hearing about his old grandmother."

But whatever might have been Enrico's reasons for making himself scarce, he could not long avoid seeing, or rather being seen, by Hector Graham. And very great indeed was Hector's surprise on meeting him. He absolutely started when first he saw Enrico, and could not help looking most scrutinisingly at him.

"What a strong likeness to Adela!" he exclaimed to himself. "Harry St. Clair had always a resemblance to her, but this resemblance appears to me to have increased tenfold. There is an anxious look on his face, too, when it is not averted from me, that staggers me. Can that young person be Adela herself in disguise? Yet this is a foolish idea. What could tempt Adela to leave her happy home, her father and her sisters, to follow the fortunes of two strangers, and these strangers men upon whom she had no claim? I cannot think that so sensible a girl as Adela could have taken such a wild fancy into her head. Even if she had cared for Don Alonzo Alvaez, and was distressed at her father's refusal of him,

she would hardly have been so imprudent as to enter on such a mad adventure. I must watch this Enrico narrowly, but I shall *not* mention my suspicion to Mentilla, for, after all, it may be quite groundless. By-the-by, I remember that Adela was much more taken up about Mentilla than about Alvaez, whom she seemed to look upon somewhat as a bore. I don't think she ever observed Mentilla's preference for Linda, though it was evident to all the rest of us, and indeed to every one else."

Don Alonzo Alvaez was also much pleased to meet Hector, and welcomed him warmly to Venezuela.

"Ah," he said, "seeing you again is indeed a great pleasure; but, alas! it is a pleasure mingled with pain, for the past is so forcibly recalled to me—the past, with all its blighted hopes! That beautiful, that beloved Adela! why was she snatched so suddenly from this world? How cruel of fate! It is so terrible to think of her drowned so close to those who would have given their lives to have saved hers. Would that I had perished with her, and we had slept together in yonder sandy bed, with the deep waters rushing over us!"

Poor Don Alonzo was very much affected, and Hector did not know what to say to comfort him. He remained silent for a time, and then he spoke out, not all, but part of what was passing in his own mind.

"Poor Adela is spoken of as one numbered with the dead, and mourned as dead, but we have no proof of her death, no actual knowledge of it. A boat belonging to a poor outcast, a very strange individual, was found keel upwards, drifted on shore, and as the owner of the boat had been seen in it in the harbour there could be no doubt of *his* fate, poor fellow. But how should a young lady in Adela's position of life have been the companion of such a person? It is a manifest impossibility."

"Then where is she? If she was not drowned in that boat, what has become of her? You will not deny her strange disappearance, nor that she has never been seen or heard of since?"

"I know all this too well. Have I not witnessed the deep grief of her father, and sisters, and aunt? Have I not sorrowed much for her myself? Still I say it is possible she may yet be living. A vessel left our harbour that very evening shortly before you sailed. She might have been picked up by their boat, and taken on board that ship. Their boat was certainly at the wharf that evening. I think the vessel was bound for some port in Mexico."

"But there has been time for her to have returned, or at least written from thence," said Don Alonzo, sighing.

"I don't know that," replied Hector. "If we consider the very unsettled state of Mexico, that the war is raging there still with great fury, that there is scarcely ever any communication between that distracted country and the English West India islands, that if she got among the Spaniards, and they allowed her to go, she would naturally be sent first to Spain, to find her way as best she could to England, and from thence home, or if she got among the patriots, she would probably have to remain where she was until better times——"

"Hush, hush!" cried Don Alonzo, writhing almost with the torturing ideas presented to him. "If she fell into the hands of the cruel, lawless royalists, Heaven only knows what she may have suffered, or how dreadful may have been her fate; if into those of the patriots, she would

hardly have been better off. May God have protected her from the ruffians on either side! You think she may still be living, and living in that wild country! The thought of what that dear angel may be enduring is enough to drive me mad."

"She may have met with good Samaritans," replied Hector. "Her beauty, her pleasing manners, and her helplessness may have interested some kind-hearted persons in her."

"Alas, no!" said Don Alonzo Alvaez, bitterly. "Her beauty would be but a temptation, her helplessness an excuse for . . . for . . . God help me, I groan at the bare idea of what may have befallen her! But dead or alive, I will seek her—her whom I love so fervently. I will immediately obtain letters from General Bolivar to General Mina in Mexico, who is now at the head of the patriots, and to some of the other chiefs.

"Poor Hidalgo, that worthy priest who was equally devoted to the services of his God and of his country, was shamefully betrayed into the hands of his enemies, the royalists, by one of the independent chiefs, in order to secure his own pardon, and was put to death; and Morilos," continued Don Alonzo, warming with his subject, "that glorious Morilos, who had so hotly defended the cause of the patriots, and defeated the royalists over and over, when on his way to join some fresh troops that had arrived with arms and ammunition, was surprised by the Spaniards, defeated, made prisoner, and shot in the back, as a traitor, in a village near Mexico. Shall those wretches prosper? No, no! But my Adela—my dearest Adela, how my thoughts ever revert to her!"

"But Mexico is a large country," said the more reasonable Hector, "and how will it be possible for you to find out a perfectly unknown individual, a mere girl, among the hordes of contending parties who infest that unfortunate portion of the Western World?"

"I can but try," replied the excitable Don Alonzo. "I will traverse every nook of the country—in disguise, if needs be—until I find my Adela, if she be still in this world."

"It will be like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay," thought Hector; but he did not make this remark to his South American friend. He only advised him to think well before he engaged in what certainly appeared a very unpromising search.

But the idea of finding Adela in Mexico had taken possession of Don Alonzo's brain and heart, and he entered into the project with all the warmth of his Southern temperament.

III.

A CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION.

General Mentilla had read with the greatest interest the despatches brought to him from the family at Clair Hall and Mrs. Rivers. Linda's letters were treasures to him, and he perused them again and again, kissing the paper traced by her hand every now and then. Her expressions of deep affection for him and entire confidence in him gratified and touched him excessively, but he grieved to see how unhappy she was at the deceit she was practising on her kind father.

"Set me free, dearest Diego," she wrote, "from my vow of secresy, and let me confess all to my good father. Believe me, he will forgive us, and welcome you as a dear son, when circumstances permit you to return to us. It is very, very trying, I assure you, to live under the knowledge that I am acting a lie. For your dear sake I would do anything. I think I would sell my very soul; but there is actually no need for this prolonged concealment. Still, if you continue to wish it, I would not open my mouth were I on my death-bed. My aunt is much afraid of papa's anger. *I* am not at all so. Why should he be angry? He should rather be proud that one so superior to me as you are should have bestowed your affection on me, and been willing to make me your partner for life."

It was thus that the poor girl pleaded, and General Mentilla felt the truth of what she said. Their marriage must be declared some time or other. Why not put Linda's heart at ease, and place himself in his proper position in respect to her by admitting it without delay? Of course he must expect much blame and some coldness at first, but Mr. St. Clair was too fond of his daughter to withhold his forgiveness long, or to cherish angry feelings against her, or even against him who loved her so much. General Mentilla revolved all this in his mind, and after a good deal of hesitation he determined to do as Linda wished. Men who have not been long married, or have been very long married, are generally amenable to reason—perhaps it would be better to say amenable to the wishes—if earnestly expressed, of their young or old wives. And poor Linda's wish was not unreasonable. She had committed a very great fault in entering on a clandestine marriage. This error weighed upon her heart, and she naturally desired to confess her imprudence and want of duty, and to obtain forgiveness from her good father.

"I must speak to Hector," said General Mentilla to himself. "He knows Mr. St. Clair better than I do, and will be able to give me a hint, perhaps, how to proceed."

The announcement of the departure of Don Alonzo Alvaez for Mexico, however, came in the way of Mentilla's immediate confidential communication to Hector Graham. Both Hector and Mentilla tried to dissuade him from his projected expedition. General Mentilla said it was a quixotic fancy, which could be productive of no result but bitter disappointment. Hector hinted that it was a mental hallucination, and that his friends should take steps to prevent his carrying his insane idea into execution.

But Alvaez was a free agent, and no one could prevent him from committing any folly he pleased. Even the West Indian youth, Enrico, seemed astonished and sorry when he heard that Don Alonzo, who had been very kind to him, was going to Mexico to look for Miss Adela. When Alvaez bade him good-bye, the lad seemed much affected; tears were in his eyes, and he even ventured to beseech the patriot officer not to go.

"Señor," he said, "pray, pray do not risk your life in such a vain search. Depend on it, Miss Adela is *not* in Mexico. If you are taken prisoner by those horrible royalists (Enrico had been so much among the patriots that he had acquired all their feelings in regard to the Spaniards),

Heaven only knows what may happen to you. They may shoot you, señor. Oh! do not go."

"My dear good boy," said Don Alonzo, "I thank you very much for your kind interest in me, but *you* can have no idea of the motives that actuate me. Adieu. I hope I shall find you well and happy when I come back, if I live to return."

And poor Don Alonzo Alvaez departed on his wild-goose chase.

"Hector," said General Mentilla, one day very soon after, to his West India guest, "come with me into my cabinet. I want to speak to you on a subject of great importance to myself."

Hector immediately accompanied him into his private sitting-room, in which the general kept his various papers, and where he usually wrote his letters and other documents. Maps hung on the walls on one side of the room, while swords, sabres, pistols, &c. &c., were displayed, either hanging from pegs or on a shelf upon the opposite wall. In the centre of the room was a table, on which lay several bundles of papers tied up, and labelled in Spanish according to their contents. His desk also stood on it. There were two doors to this cabinet, one leading from the interior of the house, another opening on a long wide terrace, with a flight of steps at each end. By one of these flights of steps the inmates of the house might descend into a pretty garden, well stocked with flowers and fruit; the flight of steps at the other end of the terrace led down to a bridle-path, which passed the house on that side of it, and also the garden, from which it was separated by a high thick hedge, gay with flowers of brilliant hues. General Mentilla placed himself before his desk, which he opened, and from which he took out two or three letters and a large sheet of paper, carefully folded, on which was written the words, "Marriage Certificate." A sheet of paper, on which he had apparently commenced writing, was also placed on his desk.

"I have a confession to make, my friend, which doubtless will astonish you exceedingly, and which will probably elicit much blame from you. But I can only plead in my excuse my warm and devoted love for Mr. St. Clair's charming daughter."

Hector's face turned crimson as the thought flashed across his mind.

"He is going to confess his abduction of poor Adela, and my suspicion was correct. Enrico is Adela. Adela living in *his* house! Can he have married her?"

The expression of Hector's face was so unmistakable that Mentilla exclaimed:

"Do not prejudge me—do not condemn me unheard! I know I was wrong, very wrong, yet some excuse may be made for me, especially by you, who know what love is, for the terrible fear which haunted me of losing her for ever—a fear which induced me to take the—the step I did."

"Go on," said Hector, rather impatiently.

"First let me say that the sweet girl herself consented to the proposal I made to her. After Mr. St. Clair's rather abrupt and very decided refusal of dear Adela to Don Alonzo Alvaez, we thought there was no chance of his accepting me; and we determined not *then* to ask his consent——"

"And so, General Mentilla, you repaid Mr. St. Clair's hospitality to

you by inducing his daughter to elope with you. Was that well done?" cried Hector, interrupting him, without much attention to the rules of good breeding.

"Elope with me!"

"Yes, elope with you," repeated Hector, in a tone of rebuke, and fixing his eyes steadily on the general's face. "Do you think I did not see through the flimsy disguise?"

"What disguise, and of whom are you speaking? I have a right to know."

"Of Adela St. Clair, who disappeared when you left our island. You best know what . . . what you have made of that unfortunate girl."

"What *I* have made of her? Really, Mr. Graham, your tone, and manner, and insinuations are so insol . . ."—*insolent*, he was going to say, but he checked himself, and changed the word to "so strange, that I am quite mystified by them. I would not condescend either to give explanations to any one else, nor ask any explanations from any one else, but remembering your connexion with the St. Clair family, I excuse the doubts you seem to cast upon my honour—doubts which no other man should cast unchastised—and merely request you to allow me to comprehend your meaning, while at the same time I declare that I have not beheld Miss Adela St. Clair since I saw her at the dinner-table of her aunt Mrs. Rivers, on the evening when I left your island."

"Then I sincerely beg your pardon," said Hector, in his usual frank manner. "The truth is, I have been very much struck with the youth you call 'Enrico,' and who you said was Harry St. Clair. The idea has occurred to me that your page is—I know I shall surprise you—no other than Adela herself. And, excuse me, that strongly suspecting this, I naturally thought, when you spoke of having done wrong, and blamed yourself for some step you had taken, I thought that she had gone off with you. I have been debating in my own mind since I came here whether Adela—if your page *be* Adela—accompanied you with your consent, or unknown to you. I knew that Don Alonzo was quite innocent of her abduction, or he would not have grieved so much for her disappearance, or gone to Mexico to look for her."

General Mentilla opened his eyes, and looked at Hector as at one who was relating either a dream or a wild and improbable tale.

There was a dead silence for a few moments. At length, Mentilla exclaimed, almost in breathless agitation:

"Enrico—my page—Harry St. Clair—Adela! Impossible! How could *she* have found her way on board our sloop? How could she have concealed her sex all this time? Why should she have done this? It was from no prompting or cognisance of mine, I swear to you, Hector. She was not the Miss St. Clair I loved. It was her sister Linda, my adored Linda; and—and the wrong of which I but now spoke to you was—I will no longer conceal it—making *her*, Linda, my wife!"

"What! Linda your wife!" exclaimed Hector, in amazement.

"Yes, Linda is my wife. I loved her ardently, and the dear girl returned my love. We had intended to have mentioned our feelings for each other to her father, and begged him to sanction our union. But his refusal of Alvaez threw us into despair. If he refused Alvaez for Adela, why should he accept me for Linda? I was broken-hearted at

the idea of leaving her, to be wooed, and, through her father's influence over her, perhaps won, by some more fortunate person. I knew how much she was admired in the island, and I heard that she and her family were soon going to England for a year or two. She might have been lost to me. And therefore, Hector, my despair prompted me to do what I knew was wrong—to propose to her a secret marriage. She at first positively refused to marry without her father's consent; but—I will not go into details—she at last agreed to grant my prayer, and we were married."

"But how on earth did you manage a secret marriage in our island, where everything so soon gets wind?" said Hector, who was quite astonished at the communication just made to him.

"My dearest Linda took her aunt, Mrs. Rivers, into her confidence. That good lady permitted the marriage ceremony to take place in her house. The Roman Catholic priest of the neighbouring town officiated, under a promise of secresy. And no one knew of it except the priest, Mrs. Rivers, and an old servant of hers, who had been Linda's nurse, and was much attached to her. We determined not to communicate our marriage either to Adela or Minna, but to wait until an opportunity should offer of informing Mr. St. Clair of it, and entreating his forgiveness."

Hector listened with the deepest attention, and when General Mentilla had finisheds peaking, he rose, and, approaching him, he seized his hand, shook it cordially, and cried:

"Dear General Mentilla! I thank you very much for entrusting me with a secret known to so few others; I am delighted that dear Linda has made so happy a choice, and quite excuse your and her wish to be united, beyond the power of fate, except death, to separate you. Forgive my stupid and unwarrantable suspicions about Adela. I always thought that you preferred Linda."

"See," said General Mentilla, "here is the certificate of marriage given to me by the priest. Linda has a copy of it. I will not show you her letters to me, as they are written only for my own eye; but look how I am commencing a letter to her, and convince yourself that I am true to her."

Mentilla placed a sheet of paper before him, which was apparently the beginning of a letter. It was:

"My darling Linda, my beloved Wife,—I have received with thankfulness and joy your dear letter sent to me by our friend Hector Graham, and I bless God that you are well, and have the strength to bear up under the heavy clouds which obscure our happiness. You wish our secret to be revealed, and require of me to absolve you from the promise you made to me when we bound ourselves to each other by those sacred ties, sanctioned by the will of the Almighty and the laws of man. Perhaps I may think the disclosure rather premature, but it is your wish, and *your* wishes, my dearest Linda, are not to be disputed by your grateful and affectionate husband."

IV.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

So far he had written of his answer to Linda's appeal, and he was showing these few lines to Hector, when a low knock was heard at the door, and without waiting for an answer, Enrico entered the cabinet. He made a sort of obeisance to General Mentilla, and then, approaching the table, said:

"Señor, General Paez is on horseback at the foot of the terrace stairs, and wishes to speak with you for a minute. He says he is in a hurry."

Mentilla laughed, while turning to Hector he said:

"Paez is always in a hurry; he is such an impatient creature that I must not keep him waiting."

"Is he alone, Enrico?" he asked.

"Yes, señor, quite alone," replied the page.

"Then, Hector, perhaps you would like to be introduced to this celebrity of ours? Come with me."

Leaving the letter just commenced to Linda, and the document purporting to be a marriage certificate, out on his desk, General Mentilla, followed by Hector, hurried out to the terrace and down the steps, at the foot of which the bizarre-looking patriot chief was reining in his horse.

General Mentilla never gave a thought to Enrico or his being left in the room, which it was his duty to have quitted immediately.

When the gentlemen returned to the cabinet, they were both much surprised to find Enrico lying on the floor, close to the table, in a state of utter insensibility!

"Good Heavens! this is really dreadful!" exclaimed Mentilla.

"What could have brought on this sudden illness?" cried Hector. "He is in a fit of some sort."

"I will call the housekeeper," said General Mentilla; "she probably knows more of these sort of attacks than we do." And not waiting to ring the bell, he ran himself to the room of his housekeeper, a very respectable elderly woman. She came immediately, accompanied by one of the other female servants, and seeing Enrico, she pronounced that he had fainted. The housekeeper and the housemaid did all they possibly could to restore Enrico to animation, but in vain. Then the general became alarmed, and despatched one of his men-servants for a doctor, requesting him to come without delay.

Hector, meantime, glanced at the letter lying open on the desk, with the certificate of marriage close to it, and from them to the pale, corpse-like figure still stretched on the floor near the table, and his first impression on seeing Enrico returned to him with redoubled force.

"That poor insensible being is Adela," he said to himself; "these papers have discovered to her Mentilla's secret, and the shock has been too much for her."

Such an idea never occurred to General Mentilla, who was only thinking what could be done to restore his poor page to life.

"He is not dead, Dolores, I hope?" he asked anxiously of the housekeeper.

"There is still life in the body, I think, señor," she replied.

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed General Mentilla, fervently.

The doctor soon arrived. He gave orders that a bed should be warmed, and Enrico removed to it, and he desired Dolores and the housemaid to undress the youth, and place him in bed, while he went for some restorative medicine.

The inanimate body of poor Enrico was carried to the room he occupied, and the two women proceeded to take off his outer garments. They were surprised to find that his vest was stuffed round the waist, and still more surprised when, further undressing him to wrap him in a warm blanket, they discovered that the seeming page was—not a young man, but a young woman!

"Dios! What is this?" exclaimed Dolores, trembling in every limb. "Una muger!"

"Can the general be aware of Enrico's being a woman in disguise?" said the housemaid, half fainting herself at the extraordinary discovery.

"No, certainly not," replied Dolores, sternly. "I will stake my life that he always believed Enrico to be a boy. Don Alonzo did, and so does this señor, who has come from the same place."

The doctor returned, and the housekeeper communicated to him the fact she had just ascertained.

"No matter," said he, "whether the young person be boy or girl, we must try to get him, or her, out of this long fainting-fit."

After a little time the efforts used were successful, and Enrico heaved a deep sigh.

At that moment General Mentilla softly entered the room to ask how the poor patient was.

"Go, general, go, I entreat you," said the doctor; "the invalid is just beginning to show signs of life, and must be kept perfectly quiet at present. I will come to let you know how the patient is as soon as possible."

General Mentilla observed the extreme consternation expressed in the countenances of the two women, but he thought they were frightened at seeing his poor page in so critical a state, and silently withdrew.

After a little time had elapsed the doctor came to the cabinet, and carefully closed the door.

"I wish to speak to you, General Mentilla," he said, very gravely. "I have a communication to make to you; it is for your ear alone," he added, glancing towards Hector.

"First tell us how Enrico, poor fellow, is now."

"Getting better, general, I am glad to say. It is about that young person that I desire to speak privately to you."

"You can speak before my friend Mr. Graham. He knew Enrico in his native island, and is quite aware of his history."

The doctor remained silent for a minute or two; he was debating in his own mind whether he ought to mention the sex of the general's page before this stranger or not.

"I will leave you," said Hector, "and take a stroll in the garden, until the doctor has made his communication to you."

He rose, and was proceeding to the door opening on the terrace, when

Mentilla begged him to remain, reminding him that he had quite as much interest in Harry St. Clair as he himself had.

The doctor then, drawing his chair quite close to Mentilla's, and lowering his voice, informed him of the discovery made by Dolores and Maria.

General Mentilla started to his feet, clasped his hands, and became deadly pale, while he exclaimed, in a husky tone:

"Holy Virgin! Can this be true?"

"He acts surprise well," thought the doctor, "if he knew that his page was a girl. And what was to induce a girl to follow him about in such a disguise, if there were not some liaison between them?"

The doctor was not very charitable in his suspicions, but most people would have thought the same.

"It is as true, señor, as that the sun is shining in yonder blue sky."

"This is dreadful dreadful!" cried Mentilla. "Can Enrico be .... Adela, Hector? If so, what will Linda and her father think of me?"

"They cannot blame *you*," said Hector, who was himself much agitated. "I did not tell you, Mentilla, but I suspected something of this. I could scarcely believe that your page was Harry."

Hector prudently avoided mentioning the name of St. Clair.

"Is the young person aware that her secret has become known?" Hector asked of the doctor.

"No, she is not," he replied, "and I have cautioned Dolores and Maria not to say a word to her on the subject. She is in a very weak state, and any excitement would be dangerous to her. She must be kept as quiet as possible."

"I think," said General Mentilla, "that this unfortunate affair had better not be talked of, at least at present, until we ascertain who the young female is, and why she embarked in such a madlike adventure. I hope I may rely on your secresy, doctor?"

"Most assuredly," replied the doctor; "and I shall mention your wish to your housekeeper and to Maria. I shall leave the patient in the charge of Dolores, and shall return in a little time to see her again."

When the doctor had gone, General Mentilla said to Hector,

"If Enrico be really Adela, what a frightful situation for me to be placed in, as well as for her, poor girl! But I cannot believe that Adela would commit such an indiscretion. I cannot imagine what could have been her motive for acting thus. If she came on account of Alvaez, why did she not discover herself to him when he was about to seek her in Mexico?"

"I am almost certain," replied Hector, "that it was not Don Alonzo she followed. I am convinced she thought that it was to her, not to Linda, you were attached; and if she returned this supposed feeling on your part, carried away by her sentiments towards you, she might have formed this wild plan. Your letter to Linda, and the certificate of your marriage, were left on the table. She may have read them, and the shock of finding you married to her sister would naturally strongly affect her nerves."

"I am very, very sorry if it be so," said General Mentilla. "My dearest Linda and her aunt, I think, will believe that I had no hand in Adela's flight, if this young female unhappily turns out to be her. But

Mr. St. Clair may remain unconvinced, and that will add to my difficulties in respect to Linda's marriage. Good Heavens! what could have tempted Adela to leave her home and her family to encounter she knew not what!"

"It is quite inexplicable," replied Hector. "What a surprise it will be to them all when they hear that she is still living, and with you."

"No doubt they will be delighted to hear that she is still in life; but her having come away with *me* will cause them a great deal of pain. I lament this most sincerely."

"You cannot keep her any longer as your page," said Hector. "You will have to send her back to her family. What a terrible mortification for them and her! I am quite distressed about it. It would have been almost better had she died. Their grief for her would have worn out in time; whereas, now, it will be hard to bear the animadversions, the obloquy which will fall upon them, poor things. A woman's reputation is so easily tarnished, that none can be too circumspect in their conduct."

"I must see Dolores, and impress on her and Maria the necessity of silence as to the discovery they have made. Whoever may have personified Harry St. Clair must be protected, as far as possible, from exposure."

General Mentilla sent for his housekeeper and told her that it was his express wish and command that nothing should be said, not a syllable whispered about the sex of his page, until he had had time to inquire who she was, and why she had assumed the appearance and name of a young man. He asked Dolores if she thought the poor sufferer had any idea that her secret was discovered, and was glad to hear that she did not seem aware of it.

"How is she now?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Better, thank you, señor, but she is still very low, and moans piteously from time to time."

"Poor thing! God help her! Dolores, be kind to her, and do everything you can for her. Above all things, *be discreet*, and you will not find me ungrateful for your attention to my wishes, nor will Maria."

The housekeeper promised for herself and Maria the most stringent obedience to the wishes he expressed, and General Mentilla and Hector agreed that nothing more could be done just then.

In the evening the doctor gave the quondam page a composing draught, and before retiring to rest General Mentilla and Hector Graham had the comfort of hearing that the poor young creature, for whom they felt so much, had forgotten her woes in a sound and quiet sleep.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

X.

The end of autumn—always dreary at Seafield—was this year more particularly so than usual, from the indications everything gave of a near and severe winter; and November came on, accompanied by high whistling winds and driving sleety showers. It was on an extremely cold morning towards the end of the month, when Mrs. M'Naughton and Christine were sitting at their frugal breakfast, that the first shower of dry snow began to descend, irresistibly attracting the little girl's eye as she sat opposite to the window, and making everything appear to her vivid imagination dreamy and unreal. Suddenly the door-bell was loudly rung, quickly followed by a little bustle in the hall, then the dining-room door was thrown open, and Peggy appeared with a broad grin on her face. An instant after, two hands, appearing on her shoulders, wheeled her round out of the way; and Guy Douglas, in his midshipman's uniform—slightly powdered with snow—his face glowing with cold and exercise, rushed into the apartment, exclaiming:

"Dear Tiny, I am come to bid you farewell!"

With a scream of joy she sprang up, and threw herself into his arms, quite forgetful of everything but the delight of seeing him again; but on raising her head was recalled to a state of reflection by perceiving the storm on the old lady's brow.

"How do you do, aunt?" exclaimed the dauntless youth, after having warmly embraced his favourite. "I see you look confoundedly crusty at my storming your citadel in spite of your teeth; but to tell you the truth, I don't care a straw whether you are angry or not, for I only came to see Tiny before I go away."

"You are an impertinent ragamuffin!" replied his offended relative with much asperity, and a hectic spot of indignation burning on her cheek; "and I cannot sufficiently admire your impudence in daring to enter my house after your shameful conduct the last time you were here, when I ordered you never again to cross my threshold."

"Bless us, aunt, can you never forgive or forget?" answered the impudent boy. "What was it I did, after all? I only tried a trick Tom Carruthers taught me, to make the cows run about the fields. I wish you had seen them, Tiny, how they twirled up their tails in the air as they flew round and round at full gallop, and ended by leaping the fences and getting into the corn."

"Be silent, sir, or leave my house instantly," burst out the old lady, now actually pale with rage at the recollection of his iniquities, which had spoiled a fine field of wheat.

"Thank you, aunt, but I am not going a step till you give me some breakfast," answered the incipient sailor. "I have only been at home two days, and here I am come on the third to see you and Tiny, so it is not Christian of you—as my mother would say—to receive your dutiful

grand-nephew in such an unkind manner; it is almost as bad as the way that Jane told me mamma had treated my poor little aunty here. I was sure, Tiny, that you would quarrel at last with those little devils, Lucy and George. I hope you cuffed them soundly."

"Hold your tongue, sir," interrupted Mrs. M'Naughton, "or you shall get no breakfast from me. Here, silly girl"—to Christine—"take the key of the tea-caddy, and put in some tea for him, and tell Peggy to bring more butter, and to boil two eggs."

Then turning round towards the fire, she left her at liberty to prepare the repast for the unwelcome visitor, without deigning to pay any further attention to what they were about. Guy winked to Christine, and went on in his usual provoking way:

"I say, great-aunt, I am going to be a sailor; that jolly old boy, Uncle Stanley, has got me appointed, and the day after to-morrow I set off for Plymouth, to join my ship, the *Thunder*."

"The more shame for you!" replied the incensed relative, still with her back turned towards him, and poking the fire. "I am sure it will be a mercy if you are soon knocked on the head, bad boy that you are, to throw away the certainty of making a fortune in an easy and gentleman-like profession, to run after your own wild courses. You and your old uncle, the admiral, would both be well disposed of at the bottom of the sea."

"Thank ye, aunt," returned Guy, laughing immoderately, "but I assure you I intend to have a little fun and fighting before I take possession of the comfortable berth to which you are so anxious to consign me."

Then seizing upon the eggs which Peggy brought in, he addressed himself to the work of eating with much zest and enjoyment, whilst Christine, radiant with happiness, sat at the opposite side of the table pouring out his tea, and providing him plentifully with cream and sugar.

"I say, Tiny," he proceeded, when handing his cup for another supply, "you are not half so pretty as when I went away; you have grown all arms and legs, and your nose, that used to be such a queer little one, has become quite sharp. I am sure I should never have recognised you but for your sparkling grey peepers. I am afraid my aunt starves you."

The child trembled with fear, for the old lady rose from her seat, and regarding him with concentrated indignation, sternly said:

"Guy Douglas, I will permit no more impertinence. I shall order Peggy to give you a mutton-chop at one o'clock, and then you shall leave my house, sir, to return no more. Remember, I have said it, and that I never retract a word once pronounced."

She then left the room, and betook herself to her dairy to skim her milk, as usual.

"Bless us, what a time you must have of it, Tiny!" exclaimed the boy, as his aunt left the apartment. "You were uncomfortable enough in Ainslie Place, but here there is nothing at all to amuse you; and then that confounded old crab constantly carping at everything, and pinching and saving to amass money, which papa and mamma will wheedle her out of at last, and all for Frederick to spend, for he is going on at a fine rate in London, I can tell you—gaming, racing, and what not."

Poor Christine knew nothing of Frederick, and cared less, so she invited Guy up to her room to see how well his flowers had thriven, and to show him how comfortable she was. They found a bright and cheerful fire there, and drawing their chairs close to it, Guy pursued:

"Tell me, Tiny, is there anything I can do for you before I go? for I have only one day more in Edinburgh, and then I am off for Plymouth."

"Oh! there is a great favour you can do me," said Christine, nervously; "a thing I was quite puzzled about how to get managed. Do you know, Guy, that you are very much mistaken in supposing me so uncomfortable here, for my aunt is very kind to me. You see what a nice fire she allows in my room every day, and she lets me have the key of the library to take any book I like; and more than that, she gives me a shilling every week—only think, Guy, a whole shilling!—and I have saved up until I have got a pound. Now, dear Guy, I wish very much to buy Nanny a warm shawl for the winter, and I have written a letter to my cousin Lizzy to ask her to get one for me in Edinburgh, and to send it by the carrier; and if you would be so good as to get the money changed for a note, and give it to Lizzy, with my letter, I should be very, *very* much obliged to you indeed."

"Dear little Tiny!" exclaimed Guy, kissing her fair hair, "I am glad to hear that old crusty is kind to you, and I shall execute your commission this very day, whenever I reach the town. But do you ever sing any of your pretty songs now? or dance as you used to do?"

"Dance! oh no. I have nobody to dance with, you know; but I jump, skip, and caper about when I am alone in the library sometimes, and I sing. Oh! I can't help singing whenever I am here at my work, when I think it will not disturb my aunt."

"Does she ever find fault with you for doing so?"

"Oh, never, *never!* She never found fault with me for singing, but to be sure I never sing before her."

"Do you think she would be angry if I were to send you a guitar?"

"A guitar! Oh, how delightful, Guy! How good of you to think of sending me a guitar! Dear, dear Guy!"

And the affectionate child threw her arms round his neck, and wept her thanks.

"Now you see, Tiny," resumed her companion, "I always thought it a hanged shame that you were not taught the pianoforte, like Lucy, for you have more music in your little finger than all my sisters put together; and so said old Brownie, for she and I spoke about it once, and it was her opinion that you ought to learn the Spanish guitar to accompany yourself in singing; for she said you had a beautiful voice, and that she thought it might afterwards be a source of independence if you should ever be obliged to trust to your own exertions for support, as had been her fate. Not that you will ever be reduced to that as long as I live or can prevent it, dear Tiny; but then I may be killed, or drowned, as my grim great-aunt benevolently wishes. Then I don't know how it is, but I often imagine that I see through characters very clearly, and I don't like the way in which matters go on at home. I sometimes think that my father and mother wish to have all the good things of the world for themselves, and to let nobody else have any. So you see, though I

may not be dead—don't cry, Tiny—yet I may be far away, and unable to assist you. Therefore, if you think you would like a guitar, and could learn to play it by yourself, I will send you one, with books of instruction and little songs; at any rate you could amuse yourself by trying, and you could keep it as a remembrance of me, for I want to give you a present before I go away, being very flush of money. But perhaps you would like something else better?"

"Oh no, no!" replied Christine, sobbing with blended feelings of sorrow and gratitude, "there is nothing in the world I should like so well, and I shall soon learn to play it, I am sure, were it for no other reason than to be able to surprise you when you come back."

"Well, then," decided Guy, "a guitar it shall be; but can't you get Mrs. Gordon, the minister's wife, to show you how to tune it, and play upon it? for I remember her twanging away to me upon a wire-strung one the last time I was here, when I raised the mutiny among the cows."

"But my aunt never goes to church, Guy, and will not let me go either, so I don't like to ask Mrs. Gordon, whom I scarcely know at all, for Mr. Gordon and she have only been here twice to call since I came."

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, Tiny, I shall run over and pay them a farewell visit, and shall ask her to let you go there now and then, that you may learn. I know she will do it, for besides that she has got no cherubs to torment her, she is a kind, frumpsy, good-natured woman, and has a sweet enough pipe of her own. She can show you how to play quite well, if she chooses; and you know, Tiny, that you are so clever, you can learn anything you like. So I shall start over to the Manse as fast as I can, and will be back in time for the mutton-chop before I turn out of old ill-nature's desolate castle."

No sooner said than done. Off scampered Guy across the fields towards the clergyman's house, while Christine watched him disappearing among the fast-falling snow. He returned just in time for the mutton-chop and small beer, and found Christine waiting for him in the dining-room, with the old lady in her chair, gazing as usual at the fire. She scarcely turned her head as he entered, nor seemed to heed what he imparted—half whispering—to his confidant, when telling her that Mrs. Gordon would be delighted to see her whenever she could go to the Manse, and that teaching her the guitar would be a charming amusement during the winter. Down he sat to his light repast, and, according to his common habit, ran on talking without reserve or moderation.

"Do you know, great-aunt, that they have grown more moral and pious than ever at Ainslie Place?"

She vouchsafed him no answer.

"Old Brownie has gone away," he continued to Christine, "poor body! She has gone to take care of the children of her sister who died lately. She was a grumpy, good kind of soul enough, with all her fidgets, and now they have got a Miss Wood, who does not submit to my mother's yoke quite so easily. She told me the other night that she was sick of her life, she was so melancholy, for they never let her go down-stairs at all, not even to dinner, and Lucy is almost always in the drawing-room, to be broken in to good manners and refinement, like Rachel and Carry; then mamma has become so dreadfully primprietous that she will not allow the men- and maid-servants to be together in the

evening, so Miss Wood says that Robert, the under-footman, having taken it into his head to learn the fiddle to amuse himself in his solitude, almost drives her mad with his squeaking and scraping for hours together after tea-time; and she cannot escape from it, as his chamber is just over hers and the schoolroom, mamma having condemned the men-servants to sleep in the attics, and all the women to remain down-stairs. Miss Wood says that it just puts mischief into their heads, for the moment that my father and mother retire to their rooms at night the men glide down from the upper story without their shoes, and then such fun and frolic go on that there never was anything like it. When they are all fairly assembled below, they raise windows, undraw bolts, and admit their friends; then begin the mirth and amusement, and they seldom separate till four o'clock in the morning."

Mrs. M'Naughton groaned audibly at this picture of waste and misrule, little dreaming of her absent books, and many little similar escapades of a humbler description in her own household.

"And then, Tiny, you have no idea how sublime Rachel has grown since she has come out, as they call it; no names are in her mouth but those of barons, earls, and dukes. I am sure she intends to marry a lord at the very least; and poor Carry, who is dying to get to a ball, sits and sighs for participation in the fine things she hears so much of, though she dares not say a word. I should not wonder if Carry danced off with a commoner one of these days, when pa and ma are not expecting it. I am sure if I were at home I should help her."

"Oh, boy—boy!" muttered Mrs. M'Naughton, shaking her head ominously at the fire.

What brilliant rejoinder Guy might have favoured her with is unknown, for at that moment an elegant carriage drew up before the house, which was followed closely by a loud ring, and in another instant the dining-room door was thrown open to admit Mr. and Mrs. John Douglas.

"My son," said the dignified father, sternly looking dark displeasure at the young sailor, "is this the way you conduct yourself in coming to stay a few days with your family before your departure? My dear aunt, we are well aware that this visit has not been made to you, otherwise it would only have given my wife and myself pleasure that this rebellious boy should have wished to show some sense of the respect and affection he ought to feel towards so kind a relation."

"Hang it, father! you would not wish me to dash off expressly to see one who had ordered me out of her house, would you? Well, I acknowledge that I came to see Tiny, and she is my aunt also, you know; so where's the difference, except that she is young and poor? If Tiny had as much money as Aunt M'Naughton, I'll answer for it that you and my mother would come fast enough to see her too."

"Be silent, sir!" exclaimed his mother, who, after having given Mrs. M'Naughton a sweet and meaning smile, accompanied by a tender and expressive shake of the hand, now spoke for the first time. "Your disgraceful manner of conducting yourself——"

"Disgraceful manner of conducting myself!" interrupted her son. "Let me tell you, mother, that your manner of conducting yourself was much more disgraceful than mine when you gave a poor defenceless little girl so hard a blow on the face as almost to knock the teeth down her throat!"

"Guy!" said his father, with a look of tremendous anger, and advancing a step towards him in a menacing attitude.

"Stop, father!" exclaimed the dauntless youth. "No nonsense, if you please; I shall not submit to it; and you know I am very determined. What is it you and my mother are enraged at? That I came to see a near relative whom you have both used shamefully ill?"

Mrs. Douglas's brow contracted fearfully, her lips became compressed, her nostrils slightly dilated, whilst her face assumed a livid tint; but she saw by the fierce looks of her son that another incautious word might make the goblet overflow, so with an immense effort she gulped back the venom of her soul, and, giving her husband a sign to be silent, she said, in a constrained and unnatural tone of voice:

"Guy, your conduct makes me rejoice that you are about to leave us, for the example you set might have a pernicious effect upon our other children, who have had enough of that already in another quarter. Our dear aunt"—turning to the old lady—"will pardon the disagreeable scene to which she has been subjected, and she will, I am sure, excuse the unexpected appearance of my husband and myself in her house, when she knows it is occasioned by our wish to relieve her from the intrusion of one whose former irregularities caused his just banishment from her presence; for although he left us no clue as to where he was gone, yet, for many reasons, we had no doubt he was here."

"My dear aunt," rejoined Mr. Douglas, solemnly, and catching up his wife's words, "Bessy has explained why we have intruded upon you, to whose goodness we have already been so much indebted," glancing slightly at the petrified Christine, to whom neither he nor his wife had vouchsafed the slightest notice on entering—"and all I can say is, that I cannot sufficiently regret that your tranquillity should have been disturbed by so unexpected an annoyance, and that I earnestly trust you may not suffer from it."

This winding up of the speech did for Guy what nothing else could probably have done for him at the moment—it made him smile; and, turning boldly to the old woman, he said, in a frank tone:

"I am very sorry, Aunt M'Naughton, if I have seriously disturbed you; but I could not possibly leave Scotland without bidding Tiny farewell. I came openly, as I shall go back. With *me* there is no double-dealing. I know that you hate me, and I acknowledge that I do not like you, but that is no reason that we should part mortal enemies, when there is little chance that we shall ever meet again. As the snow has now ceased, Tiny will walk down with me to the road to catch the Haddington coach as it passes, and pa and ma may whirl back in the carriage to Edinburgh whenever they like."

The old lady had sat all this time frigid like a statue, but the gleam of her eye showed that not a word, tone, or look had escaped her observation. Mrs. Douglas bit her lip, and her husband drew up his head even higher than usual, while Christine's teeth almost chattered with fear, and she heartily wished herself at the bottom of the Sanghie pool, to be no more in the way of any one.

"Go, you reprobate!" at length uttered Mrs. M'Naughton to Guy. "I wish you no ill, but I much doubt if any good will ever happen to you. You may accompany him," she continued to Christine, "for I wish to speak to your brother and his wife alone."

Poor Christine knew nothing of Frederick, and cared less, so she invited Guy up to her room to see how well his flowers had thriven, and to show him how comfortable she was. They found a bright and cheerful fire there, and drawing their chairs close to it, Guy pursued:

"Tell me, Tiny, is there anything I can do for you before I go? for I have only one day more in Edinburgh, and then I am off for Plymouth."

"Oh! there is a great favour you can do me," said Christine, nervously; "a thing I was quite puzzled about how to get managed. Do you know, Guy, that you are very much mistaken in supposing me so uncomfortable here, for my aunt is very kind to me. You see what a nice fire she allows in my room every day, and she lets me have the key of the library to take any book I like; and more than that, she gives me a shilling every week—only think, Guy, a whole shilling!—and I have saved up until I have got a pound. Now, dear Guy, I wish very much to buy Nanny a warm shawl for the winter, and I have written a letter to my cousin Lizzy to ask her to get one for me in Edinburgh, and to send it by the carrier; and if you would be so good as to get the money changed for a note, and give it to Lizzy, with my letter, I should be very, *very* much obliged to you indeed."

"Dear little Tiny!" exclaimed Guy, kissing her fair hair, "I am glad to hear that old crusty is kind to you, and I shall execute your commission this very day, whenever I reach the town. But do you ever sing any of your pretty songs now? or dance as you used to do?"

"Dance! oh no. I have nobody to dance with, you know; but I jump, skip, and caper about when I am alone in the library sometimes, and I sing. Oh! I can't help singing whenever I am here at my work, when I think it will not disturb my aunt."

"Does she ever find fault with you for doing so?"

"Oh, never, *never!* She never found fault with me for singing, but to be sure I never sing before her."

"Do you think she would be angry if I were to send you a guitar?"

"A guitar! Oh, how delightful, Guy! How good of you to think of sending me a guitar! Dear, dear Guy!"

And the affectionate child threw her arms round his neck, and wept her thanks.

"Now you see, Tiny," resumed her companion, "I always thought it a hanged shame that you were not taught the pianoforte, like Lucy, for you have more music in your little finger than all my sisters put together; and so said old Brownie, for she and I spoke about it once, and it was her opinion that you ought to learn the Spanish guitar to accompany yourself in singing; for she said you had a beautiful voice, and that she thought it might afterwards be a source of independence if you should ever be obliged to trust to your own exertions for support, as had been her fate. Not that you will ever be reduced to that as long as I live or can prevent it, dear Tiny; but then I may be killed, or drowned, as my grim great-aunt benevolently wishes. Then I don't know how it is, but I often imagine that I see through characters very clearly, and I don't like the way in which matters go on at home. I sometimes think that my father and mother wish to have all the good things of the world for themselves, and to let nobody else have any. So you see, though I

may not be dead—don't cry, Tiny—yet I may be far away, and unable to assist you. Therefore, if you think you would like a guitar, and could learn to play it by yourself, I will send you one, with books of instruction and little songs; at any rate you could amuse yourself by trying, and you could keep it as a remembrance of me, for I want to give you a present before I go away, being very flush of money. But perhaps you would like something else better?"

"Oh no, no!" replied Christine, sobbing with blended feelings of sorrow and gratitude, "there is nothing in the world I should like so well, and I shall soon learn to play it, I am sure, were it for no other reason than to be able to surprise you when you come back."

"Well, then," decided Guy, "a guitar it shall be; but can't you get Mrs. Gordon, the minister's wife, to show you how to tune it, and play upon it? for I remember her twanging away to me upon a wire-strung one the last time I was here, when I raised the mutiny among the cows."

"But my aunt never goes to church, Guy, and will not let me go either, so I don't like to ask Mrs. Gordon, whom I scarcely know at all, for Mr. Gordon and she have only been here twice to call since I came."

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"And then, Tiny, you have no idea how sublime Rachel has grown since she has come out, as they call it; no names are in her mouth but those of barons, earls, and dukes. I am sure she intends to marry a lord at the very least; and poor Carry, who is dying to get to a ball, sits and sighs for participation in the fine things she hears so much of, though she dares not say a word. I should not wonder if Carry danced off with a commoner one of these days, when pa and ma are not expecting it. I am sure if I were at home I should help her."

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"Be silent, sir!" exclaimed his mother, who, after having given Mrs. M'Naughton a sweet and meaning smile, accompanied by a tender and expressive shake of the hand, now spoke for the first time. "Your disgraceful manner of conducting yourself——"

"Disgraceful manner of conducting myself!" interrupted her son. "Let me tell you, mother, that your manner of conducting yourself was much more disgraceful than mine when you gave a poor defenceless little girl so hard a blow on the face as almost to knock the teeth down her throat!"

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"My dear aunt," rejoined Mr. Douglas, solemnly, and catching up his wife's words, "Bessy has explained why we have intruded upon you, to whose goodness we have already been so much indebted," glancing slightly at the petrified Christine, to whom neither he nor his wife had vouchsafed the slightest notice on entering—"and all I can say is, that I cannot sufficiently regret that your tranquillity should have been disturbed by so unexpected an annoyance, and that I earnestly trust you may not suffer from it."

This winding up of the speech did for Guy what nothing else could probably have done for him at the moment—it made him smile; and, turning boldly to the old woman, he said, in a frank tone:

"I am very sorry, Aunt M'Naughton, if I have seriously disturbed you; but I could not possibly leave Scotland without bidding Tiny farewell. I came openly, as I shall go back. With *me* there is no double-dealing. I know that you hate me, and I acknowledge that I do not like you, but that is no reason that we should part mortal enemies, when there is little chance that we shall ever meet again. As the snow has now ceased, Tiny will walk down with me to the road to catch the Haddington coach as it passes, and pa and ma may whirl back in the carriage to Edinburgh whenever they like."

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"Go, you reprobate!" at length uttered Mrs. M'Naughton to Guy. "I wish you no ill, but I much doubt if any good will ever happen to you. You may accompany him," she continued to Christine, "for I wish to speak to your brother and his wife alone."

Mr. Douglas started; he thought the word "brother" sounded ominously, and he felt nervous when the young people left the room. The old lady turned again and looked intently at the fire, while her nephew stood with dignity in front of the chimney with his back to it, and Mrs. Douglas seated herself opposite gazing on the awful aunt—with what Jane had formerly termed a needle expression of eyes, which seemed to wish to pierce into the bosom of the person she fixed them upon.

"You both dislike this girl extremely?" at last observed the grim relative, after a moment's pause, and without turning her head.

"We think we have had sufficient reason for so doing," hastily replied the wife, evidently wishing to prevent her husband speaking, who had turned half round, raised his eyebrows, and looked down at the unconscious old lady with an expression of indignant contempt, "don't you, my dear aunt?"

"I do not," answered the singular woman, laconically.

Mrs. Douglas shivered; a strange fear crept over her and almost took away her breath, whilst she faltered out:

"You have, perhaps, imbibed a better opinion of her than she deserves, from her being here without having any competitors to call her evil qualities into play."

"I do not see that she has any evil qualities," quietly replied Mrs. M'Naughton.

"Indeed!" majestically and interrogatively ejaculated Mrs. Douglas.

"I do not, indeed; she is a delicate, nervous, impressionable girl; but I see nothing else to regret. I think she will be extremely pretty, and I consider her singularly clever."

The pair were thunderstruck at those words; they could scarcely credit their senses that such should be her impressions after all the pains they had taken to give her a bias against Christine—both at the time when she was first sent to the country and in their after visits. With all their cunning—and the extreme cleverness of the female party—still they were not sufficiently penetrating in the mysteries of the human mind to calculate the chances of decidedly depreciating any one to a positively bad-tempered person like Mrs. M'Naughton—people of a similar description being almost always actuated by a spirit of contradiction. Jealousy and rage seized upon Mrs. Douglas's mind; but as she was one of those individuals who never give passionate demonstration of their feelings, when interest is at stake, she disguised her emotions under a careless bantering manner, and, with a sort of bitter-sweet smile, playfully rejoined,

"Perhaps, my dear aunt, we may find a rival in Christine. Since you think so very favourably of her, you may change your good intentions towards John and our children, and make *her* your heiress, and, I am sure, whatever you do will be done after due deliberation, and according to the principles of rigid justice."

Had the suppressed rage of the pattern woman but allowed her to reflect a moment, she would not have touched on so very delicate a subject as the old lady's inheritance; but her boiling venom had carried her out of the depth of her usual cunning, though the slip was in no way productive of the consequences that might reasonably have been expected. Mrs. M'Naughton drew herself up in her chair, and fixed her gleaming eyes on the speaker with a look of stern displeasure.

"Mrs. John Douglas," she said, "Margaret M'Naughton is incapable either of injustice or deceit. What she has said, she will do. My nephew is my nephew; he and his children are all that remain of my blood, and to them goes my fortune; but his sister is likewise his sister, and he is bound to do her the justice that, as a brother, he owes her. The child, poor thing! is not to blame for the circumstances to which she owes her birth, and as his mother was a kind and generous mother to him, he should at least not neglect the helpless creature she left unprovided for behind her."

The couple were much relieved by the first part of the speech, although considerably startled by the attack at the end; but the certainty of their interests being secure—which the general sense conveyed—enabled Mr. Douglas to regain his self-possession; so he turned towards his relative with a suave smile, at the same time extending his hand graciously, and observed:

"You are always kind and considerate, my dear aunt, and be assured that Bessy and I will lay your observations to heart, and will do all we can to provide suitably for this little girl, since you feel so much interested in her. You must not be surprised and displeased, however, that the equivocal circumstances of her birth should be a source of infinite mortification and annoyance to us, particularly when she is associated with our children. You are aware that my mother's second marriage—if it *did* take place—never appeared in the newspapers, nor was the birth of this unlucky child registered; and being bequeathed by my mother to my care by the name of Christine 'Douglas,' we really felt at a great loss, and do not know what to say when she is with us, and people inquire who she is."

"So far I can understand your feelings, John," answered his aunt; "but still you must permit me to say, that although I always considered your mother a soft, silly woman, yet I never could entirely give credit to your supposition that she had not been married to the Italian, when she said she was. In these days, my good lad, people abroad, who enter into connexions of another description, take precious care to keep them to themselves; therefore it is my opinion that Christine is a legitimate child, and as such should be considered."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the more politic wife; "and since you have conceived a favourable opinion of the girl, John and I will consider what is right and best to be done with regard to her. And now," she said, rising from her seat, "we must leave you, my dear aunt, for I saw Christine return a few minutes ago; so I conclude that that wild and ungovernable boy is by this time on his way to Edinburgh."

"It will be better for you all when he is fairly gone," answered Mrs. M'Naughton, giving her withered hand to the fair lady, "for I am sure that no good can come of his remaining where he is. He appears to me to fear neither God nor the devil."

"John," exclaimed the alarmed wife, pulling up the carriage window as they drove from the door, "we must take that unlucky child back to Ainslie Place, and keep her there as long as the old woman lives, otherwise there is no saying what may happen. It is a much more serious business than you imagine, and, notwithstanding all her holding forth about justice and relationship, I should not wonder if she left her everything she has."

Mr. Douglas turned round and looked at his amiable helpmate with fear and surprise, for he had the most complete reliance on her penetration and judgment.

"Listen," she continued, eagerly, as if afraid to lose a moment in imparting her ideas. "The frightfully extravagant way in which Frederick is going on threatens to plunge us all in embarrassment. Already the money for which your mother insured her life has gone to pay his debts, and no one can anticipate how deeply he may yet dip before we can manage to get him exchanged into another regiment, in order to send him out of the way of mischief; therefore it is to your aunt's fifty thousand pounds we must look to get our daughters suitably settled in the world. If Rachel were but well married, I should have no fears for Caroline and Lucy, even with inferior portions, for they are both very fine-looking girls, and I can depend upon my cousin, Lord Fitzhenry, getting a civil appointment for George in India whenever he is ready for it. It is therefore for our girls' sake that we must be cautious, otherwise their chances will be lost. As for Guy," she added, after a moment's moody and agitated silence, "I give him up. I renounce all further interest in his welfare—ungrateful, unnatural child that he is!" Then, hurrying on in a tone hoarse with suppressed emotion, she continued: "His will be the merit of the work, if we lose this fortune; for it is his partiality for this wretched girl that has raised her in the estimation of the contradictious old woman, and his audacious attacks upon us have persuaded her that we have been cruel and unjust towards her. "John!" she vehemently repeated, half provoked at his puzzled look, "do you understand me? We must take the dangerous and insolent creature back, and keep her with us till your aunt is dead and my daughters' fortunes secure."

"Shall we send for her immediately?" demanded the obsequious husband.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, impatiently, "that would rouse suspicion of our motives. We must let some time elapse, and then appear to act upon the old woman's suggestions."

"I am sure, dear Bessy, that you will manage the business prudently and well," observed Mr. Douglas, quiescently, "and I am convinced that you are right in this, as in everything else."

Mrs. Douglas tossed her head haughtily in the air, with a disdainful smile on her lip, as she threw herself back in the carriage, and quickly sank into a fit of deep cogitation, while her husband, quite tired with the excitement of the morning's work, quietly composed himself to take a comfortable nap during their progress towards the town.

At Seafield, meanwhile, Mrs. M'Naughton continued to sit beside her fire in a greater fit of abstraction than usual until the dinner-hour, when Christine appeared before her in a state of inexpressible terror, and with her eyes swollen and red with weeping; but, contrary to her expectations, the old lady was unusually mild and quiet, probably from the adventures of the few previous hours having given her something to think about, which had acted as a sedative to her irascible tendencies.

Two days after came the guitar with a farewell note from Guy, in which he told Christine that he had delivered her letter and the money to Lizzy, and had likewise accompanied her to buy the shawl for Nanny,

generously concealing that he had added a few more shillings to the pound in order to send a better one than her little store could purchase. She also received a few lines from Lizzy, accompanying a box containing Mrs. Douglas's watch, which Mrs. Macintosh now thought Christine old enough to take care of, and giving her the love and best wishes of the family, expressing also their regret that they could not go to Seafield to see her, as Mrs. M'Naughton and they had long been at declared war. She also informed her that old Donald the pony had died in the course of the summer, in consequence of a kick on the head from one of the farm horses, which intelligence caused poor Christine's tears to flow afresh, and for some days she only looked at Guy's beautiful present and her mother's watch, without having the heart to touch them. Upon their arrival she had shown the guitar to her aunt, and preferred her petition of being permitted to go to the Manse, from time to time, to learn how to play from Mrs. Gordon. The old lady regarded the instrument with a contemptuous glance, dryly remarking that "a fool and his money were soon parted;" and upon the little girl timidly repeating her question about being allowed to receive instruction from the clergyman's wife,

"Oh, go, go—by all means go!" she replied; "anything is better than idleness."

It would have been difficult to say what were her own occupations.

XI.

Fine, hard frosty weather having set in, Christine so far profited by it as to go across the fields to the Manse with her guitar at least two or three times a week, to receive the willingly-imparted instructions of the good-natured Mrs. Gordon. She quickly acquired the simple rules of playing the instrument, and soon became able to tune it to perfection; but learning to read music was a much more difficult affair, and, after close application to it for about an hour every day, she always ended in rewarding herself by accompanying from the ear some little favourite song. On such occasions she looked like the youthful genius of music, when with the guitar slung round her neck by a blue ribbon, and sitting in a graceful attitude, with her bright eyes looking upwards, she poured forth the rich vocal strain, sometimes in a voice full of energy and power, at others, soft, melting, and melancholy, as the prevailing tone of her mind at the moment might inspire. Her intimacy with Mrs. Gordon was likewise a great addition to her happiness; it filled her thoughts and time, besides enlarging her circle of sympathies, and although her new acquaintance was but a simple, unpretending woman, with her thoughts full of home duties, yet from her having lived previous to her marriage in the capacity of a governess, she was delighted with her gentle and earnest pupil, and wondered at the facility with which she caught up her instructions, being so very unlike what she had ever met with before in the course of teaching.

Singular to say, Mrs. M'Naughton seemed to enter into the pleasure which the little girl experienced in her new pursuit, even extending her urbanity so far as to permit her to accompany her kind teacher to church occasionally, and although Christine was not aware of it, she never failed to open the dining-room door when she heard her begin to sing, and used

at such moments to contemplate the fire, while listening, with a smile of pleasure.

When Mr. and Mrs. John Douglas came to pay her a visit, she decidedly negatived all proposals for Christine going back to Ainslie Place, and although the prudent couple never failed to inquire kindly for "her young charge," and always expressed a wish to see her, yet it was but seldom that she sent for her to come down to meet them. Mrs. Douglas became more and more uneasy at the evidently increasing partiality of the old lady, who, true to the spirit of contradiction, often held forth on the uncommon talent which the child possessed for music, quite clearly perceiving that on this subject more than any other the *mother* was sensitive, it being one in which her own girls were remarkably deficient.

"I never could at any time of my life endure," she one day observed to her nephew and his wife, "to hear stupid creatures hammering away on the pianoforte, or screaming out ditties without ear either for time or tune. It is a real penance to be compelled to listen to such exhibitions. Now, Christine only needs once to hear a song to pick it up perfectly; and then whatever she sings, it is with such expression that it is quite delightful to listen to her. It is her Italian blood that speaks in her voice. Ah, those Italians! *they* alone know how to sing. It has been by her ear that your mother has been caught, John, for she used to sing very sweetly herself—for a Scotchwoman; it was that which captivated your father, for, like me, he was very fond of music, poor man! though he marred all with discord after he married, for he had a Douglas temper of his own."

A light flashed across the mist of Mrs. Douglas's mind.

"Don't you think, my dear aunt, that with so great a talent for music as you seem to think Christine possesses, it is a pity that she should not have the benefit of good teaching now that she is of an age to profit by it? This guitar—which you tell me Guy gave her—might be made a beautiful accompaniment for the voice if taught by a first-rate master; and there is a Spaniard now in Edinburgh who teaches in a superior manner. Let her come to us for a few months to receive lessons, and by summer-time—if you wish to take her back—she will be able to give you great pleasure indeed."

The old lady started.

"I am now accustomed to her," she replied. "She would leave an immense blank here; and yet, poor thing! it would be for her advantage. Who knows but that one day this beautiful voice of hers may be a source of independence when she has little else to look to? I will think of what you propose, Mrs. John, and let you know my decision the next time you come here."

"You must not hesitate long," replied the pattern woman, with a sweet smile, "for spring will soon be round again, and then we shall be off to England, as I have promised to take the girls to pay some visits among my relations next summer."

"Well, well, I shall consider the subject, and let you know my determination in a few days."

The amiable pair went away, and the old lady continued to sit in her chair, though not in her usual tranquil manner. She changed her position from time to time, and rapped the floor with her foot more loudly than was generally her habit; then she got up, poked the fire, sat down

again, but continued as restless as ever. At length Peggy appeared to lay the cloth for dinner, and, having brought in the humble meal, vociferated at the bottom of the stairs for "Miss Christy to cum down." A moment after, her light step was heard descending, and the next she was in the room, glancing nervously at her aunt—an irresistible impulse always leading her to scan the expression of her face after she had received a visit from Mr. and Mrs. John Douglas.

"Christine," said the old lady, as soon as Peggy made her exit, "how should you like to return to Ainslie Place?"

"Return to Ainslie Place!" exclaimed the little girl, with her eyes staring wildly, and becoming pale as death. "Oh, aunt!"

This exclamation, almost of horror, was anything but disagreeable to her interrogator, so she rejoined, mildly:

"Yes, for a short time, to learn to play the guitar properly, and take some lessons in singing."

"But Mrs. Gordon says that she likes to teach me," faltered out the poor trembling child, with difficulty restraining her tears, "and I am learning it very fast."

"Yes, my dear"—how wonderful that first *dear* sounded to Christine!—"but she does not know all the difficulties of the Spanish guitar, and there is a famous master at present in Edinburgh who teaches it to perfection, and who would make you a proficient in a few months. Your brother and all the family set off to England in June, and when they go away you would return here to me."

"Never to leave you again?" asked the unsophisticated child, looking at her old connexion with her bright eyes swimming in tears.

Mrs. M'Naughton averted hers, and remained silent for a few moments, then calmly observed:

"I am a very old woman, Christine, and, in the course of nature, must soon be gathered to my forefathers. My word is pledged to leave all my wealth to my natural heirs, and God only knows what may be before *you* in future years; therefore, child, it is desirable that you should cultivate a talent that may contribute to render your situation in after-life more comfortable, so it is my wish that you should avail yourself of this opportunity; and, when you return, you can remain with me as long as you may wish it, and I am spared—I pledge my word *for this.*" Then, observing the tears that streamed into the plate over which Christine bent her head, she added, in a voice peculiarly low, soft, and expressive, "We shall say no more upon the subject at present; you can consider it well in your own little room after dinner, and tell me your resolution at tea; but be assured, if you do not wish to leave me, I shall be very glad, indeed, to keep you here."

It was in vain that the agitated child tried to swallow a few mouthfuls of food; she felt sick at heart, while she trembled all over, and at the first instant that she could do so with propriety she left the dining-room, and regained her own little retreat. A few red embers still remained of her morning fire, and, gathering them together in the grate to warm her shivering frame, she sank on her knees before her usual seat beside the chimney-piece, and buried her face on her crossed arms. Her thoughts were in a chaos, nor could she clearly arrange them for some time; her mind became filled with a strange undefinable sense of danger that seemed around her, which she could not have explained even if she had

tried to do so. "To return to Ainslie Place!" She had never for an instant admitted the possibility of such a circumstance. "How dreary it would be! Mrs. Brownlow no longer there, Guy far away, everything gloomy and everybody hostile." Yes, *hostile* she *felt* was the word, for Mrs. Douglas hated her—she saw it in every expression of her countenance, however much she tried to disguise it—and there was no one in the house who was not subservient to her will. This new governess, Miss Wood, might not be so much so as the others, but Christine did not like her. She could not be a good woman, she naturally argued, who could speak to a boy like Guy so freely of his parents, whatever they might be. But her aunt wished her to go to learn the guitar, as it might enable her to be independent in after-life, and that was also the strongest wish of her own heart. The old lady evidently thought that she had a great talent for music; Guy, Mrs. Brownlow, and Mrs. Gordon thought so too. Then came back upon her memory a speech she had heard Mrs. Mordaunt once make to her cousin when they were not aware that she was within hearing. She had known that they were listening to her singing behind the hedge beside her bower, and she had sung one or two of her songs with great spirit to give pleasure to the English lady; when she had finished, her quick ear plainly distinguished Mrs. Mordaunt's voice say, in answer to some observation made by her companion, as they turned to go away, "Believe me, my dear Miss Lizzy, that if this little girl lives, she will possess a fortune in her voice."

"A fortune in her voice"—those words had often recurred to her mind and puzzled her, but now she thought she understood them perfectly. She started to her feet at this idea.

"I will go," she said to herself, "and will try all I can to learn, and when I am grown up I will be a teacher. I shall be independent, have Nanny to live with me, and shall trouble no one any more."

She then sat down, wiped the tears from her cheek, and became calm in having made up her mind. She waited patiently, until she heard Peggy taking in the tea-things, then went down-stairs, and, quietly walking up to Mrs. M'Naughton as she sat in her usual place, said, in a low and distinct voice:

"I have decided to go, aunt. I will try all I can to learn, and hope that you will be pleased with me when I come back."

The old lady extended her hand, and took that of Christine, which she gently shook.

"You are a good, reasonable little girl," she said, "and I am sure that, if you live, you will be an honour to all connected with you."

This speech cheered the poor child; tea passed off much less gloomily than dinner had done, and when Christine retired to bed, Mrs. M'Naughton drew her writing materials towards her and indited the following epistle in her bold, beautiful, old-fashioned hand, which, if writing is any indication of character, proved hers to be of a peculiarly clear, strong, and decided texture, as it was utterly devoid of all lines betraying weakness; and every letter announced a contempt for superfluous ornament:

"My dear Mistress John" (she always addressed Mrs. Douglas as "Mrs. John," because she knew that she particularly disliked it, as being undignified),—"I have talked with Christine about your proposal, and

the sensible child wishes to return to Edinburgh to benefit by the instructions of the guitar-master you mentioned, therefore you may send the carriage for her the day after to-morrow. It is my desire that she should receive the best instructions in every branch of education suited to her age; and as I shall take all the expense upon myself, you must give the different masters my address, and desire them to send their bills *direct here* when she returns to me. As this outlay is for my own pleasure and satisfaction, no one has any right to interfere on the subject. I shall feel lonely until the child comes back.

"Ever your sincere well-wisher,

"MARGARET M'NAUGHTON."

It would be difficult to imagine a frown more deep than the one with which Mrs. Douglas read this missive, for in it she saw a confirmation of her worst fears—not that she believed Mrs. M'Naughton had at the present moment changed in the least her intentions of leaving them all her money, but it was the future she feared, when the favourite should return to the shelter of her roof, and infirmities increase with advancing years. To prevent her ever going back was therefore the point she was most anxious to attain, but how to effect this was the difficult thing, without awakening suspicion. There appeared but one means of so doing, and to bring it about was what she must look to when she went to England, and, in the mean time, she would propitiate the rich aunt by forwarding the education of Christine as much as possible, and make her apparent anxiety on this subject an excuse for keeping her apart from her daughters, and out of the observation of other people. On the day appointed, the carriage appeared at Seafield to carry the object so much dreaded back to her splendid prison; and, with truly heroic moral courage, Christine appeared ready at the moment to obey the dreaded decree. There were no agonies of weeping or nervous excitement, such as had almost deprived her of consciousness on her leaving Broombank, but her cheek was deadly pale, and her eyes looked immense from the black ring that surrounded them, betokening excessive weakness and want of sleep. Her wardrobe and her guitar were the only things which she prepared to accompany her; all the other objects that were dear to her were carefully laid aside in her room, the door of which she locked, consigning the key to her aunt, along with that of the library, where she had replaced in order all the books she had been reading. Guy's rosebush and geranium were the only things she removed down-stairs; she placed them in the hall, and then went with diffidence to ask Mrs. M'Naughton if she would have the goodness to remind Peggy to give them a little water every evening. To her surprise the old lady desired her to bring them into the dining-room, and put them in one of the windows, assuring her at the same time that she would attend to them herself; and then kissing —actually kissing—the child, she told her to be a good girl and not to get into any scrapes, to profit by her lessons, and to write her a short letter every week to let her know how she was going on. She then bade her farewell, and stood at the window to see her get into the carriage, which she watched driving away. When she could no longer distinguish it, she returned to her seat beside the fire, and sank into a fit of abstraction, which continued until the usual hour brought Peggy to lay the cloth for dinner. The dinner, however, was not now the same thing; there

was no young, intelligent face sitting opposite to her; no sweet, innocent voice to break the monotony of the heavy hour, or light step heard crossing the hall or bounding down the stairs in answer to Peggy's unceremonious summons. The old lady drooped that afternoon, and retired much earlier than usual to her now solitary chamber; she started when, on entering, she saw Christine's little empty bed, hardly being able to persuade herself at first that she was really gone; and during the night she often rose up, half dreaming, from her pillow to listen for the low breathing of the sound, tranquil sleep of childhood, as yet unbroken by anxieties about the dark future. The morning imparted a calming influence, however; she reflected that she had sacrificed her own pleasure to promote the benefit of the little girl, so she consoled herself with this idea, descended to the dining-room, carefully watered the rose-bush and geranium, and then sat down with a good conscience to take her breakfast.

Christine, meanwhile, on arriving at Ainslie Place had been ushered into the well-remembered drawing-room, where she had been ceremoniously greeted by her brother and his wife, coldly recognised by the young ladies, and introduced to Miss Wood, a rather pretty, demure, not very prepossessing-looking person, somewhere between five-and-twenty and thirty; she was then conducted to her old apartment, and left to her own reflections. Strange and uncomfortable were her thoughts on entering the room. The favourite objects she had been accustomed to see and occupy herself with were no longer there, and there was nothing to think of or to be met with down-stairs to cheer her. There was no Guy, no Mrs. Brownlow, not even the familiar faces of Jane, John, and the other servants—everybody being new in this heartless household except the principals themselves; and Christine's quick perception had instantly discovered that she was a most unwelcome guest, whatever was the motive to which she owed her readmittance into the exclusive circle. She sat down at the window, and looked at the dark and lowering sky that hung over the Firth of Forth. "What will become of me?" she asked herself, mentally, "and why am I here?" Then the conversation with Mrs. M'Naughton occurred to her mind, and brought back the recollection of her resolutions to become independent.

From this train of thought she was roused by a summons to dinner, and on descending she found that in future she was to take her meals alone with Miss Wood. She received from her a *programme* of her studies—to commence the following day—by which she found that scarcely an hour would be left unoccupied, except the short space of time allowed for exercise.

This would have been a trial to a girl of a less pliant tone of character than Christine; but misfortune and change had so moulded her mind, and her natural elasticity was such, that without bestowing a regret on the unlimited liberty of thought and occupation she had lost, she determined firmly to bend all her energies to profit to the utmost by the instructions she was about to receive. In this praiseworthy resolution she was not more decided by the deep anxiety she felt to become independent by her own exertions hereafter, than by the anxious desire she experienced to give satisfaction to her old connexion, and to surprise "dear Guy" by her acquirements, if she were ever fated to meet with him again.

The next and following days brought the guitar-master, the singing-master, in short, teachers for everything in modern accomplishments, while Miss Wood superintended the preparing her lessons for the different instructors. A week of hard labour passed, and Christine wrote the promised letter to Mrs. M'Naughton, telling her that she feared she should not be able to make the improvement she expected, "except, perhaps, on the guitar and in the singing, but that she would try all she could," as she simply expressed herself. The second week cleared her difficulties; she began to understand better what she was about, and to enter with zest into her different occupations. The liberal table at the Douglas's strengthened her physical forces, and cleared her head proportionally; for it is but too true that the mind depends in a great degree on the bodily strength, when exertion and application are required. Everything was so well regulated and arranged as to admit of no petty cares and disadvantages to interrupt and distract, and an insurmountable and increasing dislike to Miss Wood fixed her attention entirely upon the pursuits in which she was anxious to excel. The Spaniard who taught the guitar, and the Italian who was her singing-master, were both infinitely pleased with their new pupil; the first declaring that he had never met with one who possessed so great a facility for learning the instrument, and the other maintaining that her voice was magnificent, possessing as it did a compass of three octaves, an immense richness of tone and power of expression, combined with a distinctness of articulation quite astonishing in a Scozzese. In pronouncing his opinion to Mrs. Douglas, he wound up by saying that if the young lady became strong as she got older, her voice would be one of the finest ever heard; but that if she became delicate, the *organe* would, of course, suffer proportionally. So intense was Christine's love of music that she gave herself up with devotion, not only to the cultivation she received in it particularly, but also to acquiring the beautiful language which renders singing doubly delicious; and although she did not say so, still she remembered that she was Italian by her father's side, and felt a secret pride in possessing the talent for which his country-people are remarkable.

Her weekly letter to her aunt became more hopeful as to progress, and at last she ceased to dwell much upon the subject, being internally rejoiced at the certainty that she could not fail of both surprising and pleasing her when she returned to her protection at Seafield. Miss Wood, being extremely accomplished, was an able auxiliary in helping her with her studies, which she did at the hours when she was not engaged downstairs with Lucy; but their sympathy stopped there. Christine—remembering Mrs. M'Naughton's advice about not getting into scrapes—shunned all gossiping about the people under whose roof she was, and the lady in question, perceiving this, soon learnt to keep her at a studied distance, in imitation of the other members of the family. Accident likewise betrayed to the girl that when the heads of the house retired for the night, there were other individuals in it besides the servants who availed themselves of freedom from thraldom, and that Caroline Douglas constantly admitted Miss Wood to her room for the purpose of talking unrestrainedly when the rest were buried in repose, and this Christine's natural good sense led her to feel was reprehensible, although she thought but little about it.

Rachel, the eldest daughter, was the counterpart of what her mother

must have been at the same age, except that she was neither so pretty nor so clever; but, owing to this circumstance, she was decidedly the favourite with both her parents, and entered accordingly into their views on every subject in which she was admitted to confidence. Lucy had become a tall, handsome, and very stout girl, with an inexpressible look of insolence in her appearance, but quiet and subdued in her manner when in presence of her father and mother; whilst Caroline was extremely pretty, and, notwithstanding a mixture of recklessness and shyness in her expression of physiognomy, was decidedly the most attractive and lovable of the three. Christine seldom saw any of them, except at morning prayers; but during that time she could not help remarking that Miss Wood assumed an uncommonly demure aspect, shaking her head, and closing her eyes in a pious way, as if in emulation of Mr. Douglas himself; but occasionally a meaning glance and smile, exchanged between her and Caroline when the others were not observing, convinced Christine that she sought to impose on the credulity of the heads of the house, and amused herself at their expense with her confidante in their clandestine conversations.

Christine had gone to Ainslie Place towards the end of January, and they had now reached the beginning of May. She had in that short space of time acquired thoroughly the rudiments of everything she had been taught. Her looks had singularly improved also; she was not only taller and stronger, but she had become fair and plump; and perhaps few girls entering their thirteenth year ever gave more promise of superior personal and mental endowments.

WANDERINGS THROUGH ITALY IN SEARCH OF ITS ANCIENT REMAINS.

BY CRAUFURD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D.

XIX.

WHATEVER fault we may find with this people for their superstition and ignorance, there is a lovableness in their character which I am not utilitarian enough in my philosophy to resist. Amidst much superstition there is also a great deal of genuine piety and humble submission to the severest strokes of Providence, and I sometimes wish that my own countrymen were equally attentive to the performance of their religious duties. My worthy host was a good specimen of the higher class of Italians, of amiable character, strict in his devotions, and though firmly attached to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic religion, tolerant to those, like myself, who differed from him in opinion. I had an interesting conversation with him on the subject of religion, and stated many of the usual objections which Protestants bring against the corruptions of Popery, and, among other things, I drew his attention to the circumstance that the Bible, which we considered to be the "Word of God," was not allowed to be circulated or read by the people. He had the common answer, that it would be dangerous to put it into the hands of the ignorant, as they would wrest it to their own destruction; but

opening a desk he brought out an Italian Bible, and said, "Here it is, and I value it above all books!" He said that there was an abstract of the Old and New Testament, and this could be read without danger by the least learned. Besides, he maintained that the doctrine of his Church was that Jesus Christ had established a church on earth, and an order of succession in the priesthood, and that to this priesthood were entrusted the inspired writings as the guide of that church, and through them alone was instruction to be communicated to the people; they were ordained to *preach* the Gospel to all nations. The question had evidently been considered by him, and he was armed at all points.

I objected to the indulgences for sins which the Pope is in the habit of granting; but he maintained that this was one of the calumnies of the Protestants, and that he gave no such indulgences. He granted, indeed, abatements of purgatory, and explained it in this way. They believe that the devil has permission to torment the saints in purgatory for a certain space of time, to cleanse them from the pollutions they may have contracted in this world, and thus make them fit for heaven. Now the Pope has the power of abating this space, and from what I afterwards learnt it seems as if, by proper management, the devil might be in a great measure cheated of his right. There are certain crosses in and about Rome, the kissing of which clears off so many days; and the holy staircase—that is the staircase of Pilate's judgment-hall, which has been brought to Rome and there preserved—if you climb up on your knees you will succeed in making a very serious impression on the period you are to be confined in purgatory.

The family of the Sotto-Intendente resided at Castel Vetere, and he pressed me so strongly to remain a day with them that I yielded to his wishes. I left Gerace a little after daybreak. The country through which I passed differed little from that which I had traversed on my way to visit the ruins of Locri. There was the same want of cultivation, the same feeling of loneliness as yesterday. Proceeding along the sea-coast I reached a few huts called Roccella, I then turned my steps into the interior, up the channel of a winter torrent, at this time without water. In the winter I do not see how intercourse can be kept up between the different villages. As I advanced, the country presented still greater desolation. It appeared as if some awful convulsion of nature had torn the hills asunder, and then thrown them together at random. The soil was of a dry clayey nature, and being without herbage or trees, the spot was a strange contrast with the usual scenery of Italy.

The small village of Castel Vetere was seen at some distance on the summit of a hill, which seemed perpendicular on all sides; but its gloomy appearance served only to increase the melancholy feelings which the scenery around was calculated to excite. The rock on which Castel Vetere stands is ascended by a winding path, and before the invention of artillery might have sustained a considerable siege. I was received with kindness by the friends of the Sotto-Intendente, and the day passed quickly away in very agreeable conversation. I found here Baron Musco, a gentleman well acquainted with the English language, and who had spent much time in the society of the English. He is now residing on his property, and showed me some valuable gold rings and bracelets which had been found in some sepulchres at Giosa,

in this vicinity. On one of the rings were the letters P H V, without any device to determine to what epoch it belonged.

Caulon, or Caulonia, one of the earliest Greek colonies founded on these shores, stood somewhere in the neighbourhood. It was destroyed by Dionysius the Elder, B.C. 389, and its inhabitants removed to Syracuse; it must again, however, have risen from its ruins, as we find it espousing the cause of Pyrrhus, and subsequently attacked by the Romans during the second Punic war. It is said to have stood on an elevated situation, which would suit very well with Castel Vetere, if it were not stated at the same time that it was near the sea, while Castel Vetere is at least four miles distant. Besides, no ancient remains, cameos, or coins have been discovered here, while at a place called Calamona, about one mile from the sea, and three from Castel Vetere, many sepulchres are visible, and coins of various Greek colonies have been found there. Near this spot, on a hill called Foca, are the remains of buildings, and from a personal inspection of the ground I should be inclined to place the site of the ancient Caulonia there. When I visited it the site was covered with the prickly pear, and hedged round by the gigantic aloe. Beneath it stretches a plain nearly two miles in breadth, through which flows the small stream Alaro, which there is little doubt is the ancient Sagras. It was on the banks of this river that the inhabitants of Croton sustained a memorable defeat from the Locrians; and so extraordinary was the result that it gave rise to a proverbial expression, "more true than the event that happened at the Sagras." In talking to the inhabitants of the country, I could hear of no other level piece of ground within twenty miles where two large armies could be drawn up. There is a spot in the plain called "Sanguinaro," which may be considered a corruption of "sanguinarius," the Latin word for "bloody."

During our conversation, the Baron Musco said of a child belonging to one of his friends in Naples, that it was "un fanciullo della Madonna," —"a child of the Madonna;" and on inquiring what he meant, he said that it was a custom in this country, when a woman loses her child in birth, to take a foundling and bring it up in its stead; this is called taking a child from the Madonna.

This morning, mounting my mule, I proceeded on my journey, undecided whether I should seek Squillace by the sea-coast or try to reach it through the mountains. I crept slowly through the plain of the Sagras, where the battle is thought to have taken place, and then leaving the sea crossed a hilly country for several miles. On either side of me I saw small villages perched on heights. Intending to visit the iron mines worked by government here, I received from my friends of Castel Vetere a letter of introduction to the overseer, Capitano Natzi, who resided at a village called Pazzano. Being disappointed in finding him, I pushed forward to the mines, which were about three miles in the mountains. My road lay up a deep glen, with the mountains rising on both sides to a great height, and thickly covered with wood. The scenery was most magnificent, and I determined to bid defiance to the brigands and penetrate through these passes. On reaching the mines by a road which was kept in a good state of repair, I could perceive no appearance of any human being, but after much hallooing a little boy came forward. I proposed to accompany him into the mine, though we had no light, as I found that the workmen were now employed in the shaft. He attempted

to frighten me by extraordinary stories of a spirit who haunted the mine, and had a great antipathy to strangers. To this I of course paid no attention, but tying a strong cord round his arm to prevent his escape, I ordered him to precede me, and threatened summary punishment if he dared to play any trick. As we were proceeding to enter, one of the head workmen came up, and I then found no further difficulty. There are four shafts, of which only one is productive. The vein is three to four feet in breadth, and I found that they had penetrated about half a mile into the mountain, and that the vein is descending.

The southern part of Italy is rich in mines, which were worked in former times. In the vicinity of Locri there were four silver mines, and in the district of Caulon there were several at Bivonica, Argentaria, Fiumara, and Stilo. In the territory of Amantea, at Monte Cocuzzo, there were mines of rubies and emeralds, but no attempt has been made in the present day to derive any advantage from them. The government claims the possession of all the mineral riches of the kingdom, and one of its greatest errors is that it will neither itself attempt to explore, nor give permission to others to do so.

The miners recommended that I should keep along the coast. I was so charmed, however, with the appearance of the mountains and the coolness of the air, that I resolved to face the brigands. Accordingly I proceeded to ascend the mountain-range, which was covered with magnificent oaks, beeches, and gloomy pines, that had borne the blast of many a winter. Every step presented new beauties, and opened to the eye fresh objects of admiration. There was a wildness in the scenery, and a gloom in the darkly-wooded mountains, that overpowered the mind. All was silent save the sound of some distant waterfall, or the low moaning of the breeze through the aged forest. At times the piercing scream of the eagle startled the ear, or some wild goat would dart away to its secret recess. I afterwards heard that the woods abounded in foxes, weasels, polecats, squirrels, and even wolves are scattered over them. While I was thus quietly admiring the beauties of nature I was alarmed at the appearance of a large body of armed men, reclining under the trees. The gleam of their muskets first attracted my eye, and I soon perceived by a movement among them that my approach was not unobserved. Several ponies and mules were quietly grazing beside them, while panniers and cloaks lay scattered on the ground. I cannot say that I did not begin to repent having allowed my admiration of scenery to lead me into this dangerous rencontre. I had sufficient time, before I reached them, to recal to my recollection all the barbarities that the brigands of the mountains are accused of having committed. As I approached the spot where they were assembled, a person, who seemed by his dress and superior bearing to be the Robin Hood of the party, stepped forward, and relieved me from all anxiety by addressing me in French. He said that he saw by my appearance that I was a foreigner, and requested me to join their party at dinner, an invitation which I was noways loth to accept. I found that they belonged to the iron-foundry at Mongiana, and were employed in marking trees to be cut down for charcoal. They were guarded by a body of wild-looking peasantry, whom I should not have cared to encounter in my solitary ride. They told me I had only to proceed a few miles farther to reach Mongiana, the village where the foundry was situated, but that I had acted with great foolhardiness in

advancing into this part of Calabria without a guard. They never ventured beyond their village unless protected by a body of armed men, nor does it appear that they were safe from attack even then, as is well illustrated by the following story which they told me: "A short time ago, when the government ordered all the arms in the country to be collected in the capital of each province, a band of twelve brigands had marched through some village in the vicinity, and proceeding to the house of the curate had carried him off to their fastnesses, regardless of the excommunications of the Church. They fixed on a large sum for his ransom, and despatched a shepherd to convey the information to the village. As the curate was beloved by his parishioners the money was collected, and the poor clergyman released from his unpleasant thraldom." This may give you some idea what degree of security there is in travelling through this country, and I confess that I shall not be sorry when I have left it.

In the distance, my companions pointed to a village called Fabrizia, the inhabitants of which are said to be of a ruder and wilder character than their neighbours. If a father be slain, and the years of his son preclude immediate vengeance, the bloody shirt is preserved as a memorial, and is presented to the son when he arrives at the age of manhood. It is thus that the feuds between rival families never cease, but are transmitted from one generation to another. When the only son of a family dies here, the father and mother tinge their under-clothing with legnuolo, and wear them till they are destroyed by age.

I found the iron-foundry of Mongiana to be of considerable size, but foolishly erected at a great distance from the mines. It was intended that the foundry should be surrounded by wood, from which charcoal might be procured, as no mineral coal has yet been discovered in this vicinity. On leaving Mongiana, I proceeded across a level plain several miles in extent, which had none of the characteristics of an Italian climate. The fields were covered with green grass, or the grain was just springing up, while the coolness of the air made me feel that I was less warmly clothed than the climate required. It was a miniature table-land on the top of the Apennines, which I could perceive grew narrower as the mountains proceeded to the south, till they became nearly perpendicular at the spot where I had crossed them near Gerace. The temperature is very cold during the winter season, and snow continues more or less from the end of November till the beginning of April. Crowds of peasants were returning from the fair of Serra. They were much taller, and of a more masculine frame of body, than the inhabitants of the sea-coast, and their women rivalled them in strength and height.

Having reached the small village of Serra, I found it to consist principally of wooden houses of the most miserable description. The frequent earthquakes to which they are subject render it the only material to which they can have recourse with any degree of safety. Serra possesses nothing to interest a stranger, and is only worthy of a visit from the picturesque nature of the scenery with which it is surrounded. Everything betokened a temperate climate; the vine was no doubt there, producing grapes, but the cold weather sets in too early to admit of their reaching such maturity as to enable wine to be made, while apricots and peaches never ripen.

There are several small churches built, like the houses, principally of wood; the belfries have a strange appearance from this circumstance. At no great distance are the ruins of the monastery of St. Stefano del Bosco,

the most ancient of the Carthusian establishments in the kingdom, having been founded by St. Bruno himself, and where his remains were deposited. It was levelled to the ground in less than three minutes by the earthquake of 1783, and all its magnificence passed away like as it had never been.

XX.

You will be glad to see that, having reached Catanzaro, I am again in a part of the country somewhat more civilised than that through which I have been lately passing. I am not sorry that I should have spent a couple of days in those wild and mountainous regions, though it was not without risk. I have no doubt that the people are the genuine descendants of the Bruttii, the ancient inhabitants of this part of Italy, as few would think the possession of their country worthy of a contest. These Bruttii are first mentioned in history B.C. 356, and have no high origin to boast of, as they are said to have been the runaway slaves of the Lucani, a more northern tribe. This may likely be a mere scandal on their origin, as shortly after B.C. 335 we find them making common cause with the Lucani against the Greek cities on the coast. Terina, Tempsa, and Hipponium, all of which I have already mentioned, fell into their hands; and after the defeat of Alexander, King of the Molossi, B.C. 326, nearly the whole of the southern parts of the peninsula, as far as the rivers Lao and Crathis, acknowledged their power. They assisted Pyrrhus, B.C. 280, in his invasion of Italy, and this called down the vengeance of the Romans, who overran their country, and obliged them to yield at least a nominal dependence on Rome. Matters continued thus till the second Punic war, B.C. 218, when, after the battle of Cannæ, B.C. 216, the Bruttii, as well as all the rest of the south of Italy, joined the standard of the Carthaginian general. In the later period of the contest, when the Romans became decidedly superior, Hannibal maintained himself in this mountainous country for several years. The revolt of the Bruttii was severely punished by the Romans; still we hear of no steps being taken to remove them from their country, as we know to have been the case in other instances. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that the great body of the nation remained in their mountain fastnesses, and that the present inhabitants are their descendants.

This morning I continued on foot my course to the north without a guide, passing through the village Spatola, famed in this quarter for its cheese, yet still more wretched in appearance than Serra; and as I had heard that it contained a church called Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, I was desirous to ascertain whether there were any ancient remains. Velleius Paterculus (i. 15) mentions that Minervium was colonised at the same time with Scyllacium. I waited on the clergyman, whom I found in a hut nearly devoid of furniture, and you may imagine that he stared when he was made acquainted with the reason that had induced me to call upon him. No one had ever visited his village on the same errand, and I might have spared myself the trouble for any information that I gained. The church, he said, had once possessed an ancient altar, but he could give no account of the manner in which it had disappeared. He had never heard of any ancient remains in this quarter.

All the villages through which I passed were equally miserable, though the country was beautiful, and the scenery of a different kind from that

which I had traversed yesterday. The descent was gradual, and the mountains had less of an Alpine character. There were magnificent chesnuts and oaks, while the hedges were formed of the holly, the sweet-briar, and woodbine. I was struck by the abundant crop of wild strawberries, and the cherry-orchards in full bearing; indeed, along this coast I found this fruit most delicious. When I reached San Vito, I determined to strike again into the mountains, that I might visit the black-lead mine at Olivadi, said to be the only mine of this material in Italy. Again I was warned by the chief magistrate that it was unsafe, and, as it was necessary that I should take a guide, he sent with me one of the armed police. All these villages through which I have passed continue to be built of wood, having an open gallery in front overhung with vines. Our path lay through a thick wood, and as we proceeded, I cannot say that I felt my spirits raised by having the spots pointed out where robberies had lately taken place. We entered a deep glen, which my guide assured me had been the scene of several murders, but my luck still adhered to me, for we met not a single individual. On reaching Olivadi, I was hailed by a sentinel, who ordered me to halt and give an account of my intentions. In this I had no difficulty, and received permission to call on the superintendent of the mine. The examination of the mine scarcely rewarded me for the labour and danger I had undergone. The lead is found in nodules, and, as the mine belongs to government, a very little portion of it had as yet been wrought.

On my way to Squillace, I passed through a wood of oaks and chesnut-trees, of the largest size I had yet seen. One of the oaks was twenty feet in circumference, at the distance of three feet from the ground, and a chesnut-tree exceeded thirty-five feet. Of course this is nothing compared with Damory's oak in Dorsetshire, which was sixty-eight feet in circumference, and, according to the common calculation, was two thousand years of age. The Boddington oak, in the vale of Gloucester, was fifty-four feet in circumference. Still, how many generations must have passed away since these trees sprang from the ground! After passing through the village of Palormiti, I came within sight of Squillace, situated on a rising ground about three miles from the sea, and I was glad when I got safely within its walls. I have been received with much kindness by a friend of the Sotto-Intendente of Gerace,[1] who seemed to take pleasure in showing me whatever is worthy of my attention.

Squillace is a city of considerable importance, and, with the exception of Cosenza, has more appearance of commercial activity than any I have yet visited. The ancient Scylacium was situated nearer to the sea, where the ruins of the monastery Vivariense are found. This monastery was built by Cassiodorus, a native of this place, secretary and intimate friend of Theodoric, King of the Goths, towards the end of the fifth century. Cassiodorus spent the latter years of his life within its walls, and close to it the inhabitants point out a fountain, which they call Fontana di Cassiodoro. The remains of the monastery prove that it must have covered a large space of ground. From an inscription that has been found, it appears that the Emperor Antoninus had contributed a considerable sum of money from his treasury to convey water from a distant spring. Three noble arches of this aqueduct are still to be seen at a spot called Simari, and if a more minute examination was made than my time allowed, I have no doubt that it might be traced from a considerable dis-

tance. It was the assistance granted by the Emperors Adrian, Trajan, and the Antonines for the erection of such useful public works in the provincial cities of the empire that rendered them so justly popular. Another curious inscription in the Greek language has been found here, which shows that Greek games were celebrated in this city to a late period of the empire.

Squillace was at one time under the Patriarch of Constantinople; it has long since submitted to the authority of the Pope. One part of the town is called Quartiere de' Giudei, showing that the Jews had formerly occupied a portion of it. The ruins of the castle are picturesque, and the cathedral, which is a building of some pretensions, possesses holy reliques, valuable in the eyes of the superstitious devotee, such as a small fragment of the holy cross, and a portion of the hair of the Virgin Mary and of Mary Magdalene. They were shown to me as of the most sacred character, and I have no doubt that it was expected that I should show them some honour, but I made no sign.

On inquiring whether the bay of Squillace was still subject to sudden storms, as I knew from a passage in Virgil (Æn. iii. 553) it had been in former times, I was told that they had long since ceased, and as this appeared a curious natural phenomenon, of which I was of course sceptical, I inquired if they could at all account for the change. They told me that the storms had been caused by a set of evil spirits, who had taken up their abode in a grotto close to the village Stallati, but they had been put to flight by a band of angels, who had wafted the body of the holy Saint Gregory to this grotto, to whom it is now consecrated. The evil spirits have never since made their appearance, and the storms that infested the bay no longer bring disaster on the mariner. I went down to the shore, but there is no harbour or anchoring-place except when wind is off land. The water is said to be very deep close to the shore, and consequently there is no shelter in case of vessels finding themselves on a lee shore with a strong gale of wind. I decline, therefore, to believe that the coast of the bay of Squillace is more safe than it was in former times.

Feudal habits and customs still maintain their ground in this remote part of the world, and I find that every village possesses its noble families, who pride themselves on the purity of their blood. Feudal enactments, which have no longer the force of law, still exercise an influence over the customs of the people. There used to be a particular dress for each class in society, and severe penalties were enacted against the use of swallow-tailed coats by any person who could not satisfactorily prove his title to nobility. Though this law is no longer in force, the different ranks are still to be distinguished by their dress, and in the costume of the women it is still more marked.

On leaving Squillace this morning I descended into the eastern part of the plain which I had crossed about ten days ago between Nicastro and Maida. About twenty miles before me rose once more the lofty mountains of the Sila in all their gloom, and with no pleasing associations connected with them. The road lay through extensive fields of wheat and Indian corn, with groves of mulberry-trees as food for their silkworms. I had been informed that I should pass the remains of an ancient temple at a spot called Roccelletta, close to the shore; I was a little disappointed to find it a large building of the middle ages, of which

it was impossible to determine the use. At all events, it was neither of Roman nor Greek construction, and the tradition is that it was destroyed a few centuries ago by the Turks, who used to keep all this part of Italy in a constant state of terror. It is here, however, that geographers place Castra Hannibalis, and here possibly it might have been, but I could find not a vestige of ancient remains. I find this part of the isthmus more fertile and better cultivated than the western side. It is composed of undulating ridges, clothed with the olive and the vine, while the numerous villas of the more opulent inhabitants of Catanzaro gave a liveliness to the scene to which my eye had long been unaccustomed, and contrasting strongly with the desolation through which I had for some time been passing. There was an appearance of industry and activity, announcing my approach to a provincial capital; but on entering Catanzaro the exterior of the houses did not impress me with a high idea of its opulence, and the opportunity I have since enjoyed of examining the interior of some of them has fully confirmed my first impressions. It contains several shops, which had a respectable appearance, and seemed to be well filled even with English cloth. Indeed, I have been much surprised to observe in every part of Calabria that neither the cutlery nor the cloth of England have failed to penetrate into the country in defiance of the fiscal regulations of government, while there is the greatest abundance of sugar and coffee supplied by the contraband trade. The immense extent of coast renders it nearly impossible to prevent smuggling, and the officer stationed at each tower, who starves on eightpence a day, can scarcely be expected to possess sufficient resolution to withstand a bribe; and even if it were so, it would be no difficult matter to elude him. Malta, the Ionian Islands, and Gibraltar serve as an entrepôt for our goods, and from them the inhabitants of Calabria are furnished with many comforts at a cheaper rate than the fiscal regulations would allow them. The higher authorities even are said to connive at this infraction of the law.

I had a letter to the royal governor of the province, but learning that he was in bad health, I forwarded the letter, and took up my abode at the Giglio d'Oro—the Golden Lily. I inquired if there were any booksellers' shops in Catanzaro, as I have lost a copy of Horace which I had brought with me, and which I wished to replace. Their answers in the affirmative delighted me; I was disappointed, however, when I found that it contained nothing but prayer-books in Latin, and such catechisms as the following: "Question. Define monarchy. Answer. It is a power which is born of God, and created by the hands of man. Q. But are not kings sometimes tyrants? A. That is a calumny of foolish and silly men. Wrongs never proceed from kings, but arise from the corruption and malice of human nature. Q. Can the people be its own legislator, or originate political reforms? A. Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, and the National Convention, of impious memory, show how far that is possible. Q. Why were our ancestors more fortunate, or less unfortunate, than we are? A. Because they preferred their petitions to their princes for everything, and thus only obtained things that were useful and just. Q. What is the most glorious attribute of the Neapolitans? A. To be faithful to their king." Such is a specimen of the silly nonsense to which the government grants its protection, and the kind of learning which it would wish to diffuse among the people.